

A REVIEW AND COMPILATION OF THE WRITINGS OF
TED KACZYNSKI AS THEY PERTAIN TO POSSIBLE
PSYCHOLOGICAL AND CRIMINAL INTENT RELATED ISSUES

PRESENTED TO

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BY

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INTRODUCTION

This report is the result of a careful and studied review of all of the documents written by Ted Kaczynski currently in the possession of the Unabom Task Force (UTF). Its purpose is to present to Dr. Park Dietz the documents which most fit the criterion for him to begin his assessment of Kaczynski. It was prepared by FBI Supervisory Special Agent James R. Fitzgerald, of the Profiling and Behavioral Assessment Unit, Quantico, Virginia, and Special Agent Kathleen M. Puckett, of the UTF, San Francisco Division. It was presented to Dr. Dietz on October 23, 1996.

This report is divided into four basic sections (see the Table of Contents on the following page). Sections 2 and 3 of this report are copies of certain of Kaczynski's documents, some of which are included in their entirety, others of which contain only portions of the particular documents. The highlighted writings of each document represent the critical passages as they are applicable to either section. Each document is listed chronologically by the date on which it was written by Kaczynski and contains the document number (and date) at the top of the first page of each document.

The "T" or Ted documents refer to all of the documents/letters that were produced prior to the search of Kaczynski's Montana cabin and are generally letters turned over to the UTF by his brother, mother and others. The "C" or Cabin documents are documents/letters retrieved from his cabin pursuant to the search warrant in April of 1996. Many of those documents are in the form of journals, notes, Kaczynski's autobiography, and generally his writings to himself. The "U" or Unabom documents represent the letters sent to the various victims and/or the media by "FC".

Hopefully, this report will assist the reader in forming a preliminary assessment of Kaczynski, as seen through his own written words.

- 9 YEARS

...I am told that I had three bad experiences before I was old enough to remember. I pulled a pot of boiling water off the stove and was scalded very severely. I fell on my chin with my tongue between my teeth, so that my tongue was badly injured and needed a great deal of stitching-up. I had an undiagnosed allergy to eggs, which caused me to swell up enormously all over my body. I was hospitalized for, I think, a week, with the allergy.

Apparently I took the hospitalization very badly. I am told that my parents were not permitted to spend much time visiting me, that I was much tormented (inadvertently) by inquisitive doctors, and that I was made extremely frightened and miserable by all this. My parents say that by the time I came out of the hospital I had become completely inert and would neither smile, nor cry, nor respond to attention in any other way. I conjecture that this experience is responsible for my stubbornness and for my high resistance to physical and especially to psychological pain...

...Adam and I were friends and became much attached to each other...

...the attachment formed by the age of 3 was evidently deep...The mention of Adam's name, or the prospect of meeting him, used to give me a particular kind of thrill, somewhat like the thrill connected with a woman to whom one is attracted sexually in a much more than physical way...

...But I found that the sense of promise and the pleasurable excitement I had felt at the idea of associating with Adam was illusory; in actually playing with him there was no more reward than in playing with other kids...

...No doubt some people will suspect a whiff of homo-sexuality in this attachment. Certainly there was no hint of physical sex in it. Whether there was any other kind of sex involved is a question that I will not try to answer, but I do believe that the relationship was perfectly normal...

...in our second home on Marshfield I formed another attachment, not quite as strong as the one with Adam. This was with Barbara Podejma, the adopted daughter of the people who lived on the first floor of the house. ~~Barbara was pretty, beyond which~~ But I have nothing particular to say ~~on this subject.~~ about this...

...here's something for the Freudian-type speculators to play with. When I was about 3 years old there was a period when I must have suffered from constipation because I was given enemas fairly often. At first I hated them, but after a bit I began to enjoy them. When my parents perceived this they stopped giving me enemas.

...If I couldn't be the leader, I would not, at any rate, be a follower. I was

filled with contempt for these kids who would so slavishly follow a leader...

...All through grammar school, by the way, I hated arithmetic. I found the principles easy to understand, but hated the effort required to avoid errors. **At times I liked school, but, on the whole, I think I disliked it...**

...I got along pretty well with the other kids. But there were too many hours of boredom...

...One curious incident occurred when I was maybe 8 or 9 years old; looking back on it now, I find it extremely funny. Johnny Krolak evidently had heard somewhere about "fucking," but had only the haziest idea of what it was...

...I walked home with Mary Kay. Just before we got home I screwed up my courage and said to her, "Would you like to fuck with me?" She said, "No, but ask Beverly. She likes you. She would do it..."

...When I was around 8 years old, I began being somewhat isolated socially from the bunch of kids that I knew around home. (This did not happen at school; if anything I was a little less socially to my school-fellows when I was 8 or 9.)...

...Previously, I had always been dealt with as an equal by these kids; but now **the majority of them seemed to regard me as "one of the little kids", even though they were only a year or so older than me...**

...Their interests were changing, they were associating more with some rather bad boys whom I disliked, and some of them had been involved in some rather naughty escapades, such as trying to set fire to somebody's garage. I was a very good boy and would have nothing to do with anything shady...

...as it would have been humiliating to continue seeking their company in such circumstances, I ceased to do so.

My parents observed this, and they often expressed [s/o] to me their concern that there might be something wrong with me because I was not social enough...

...Though teeth were drilled without anesthetics in those days, I never cried or showed any sign of pain at the dentist's. My parents praised me for this stoicism...

...Even at a very early age I seem to have had a capacity for independent thought, and a willingness to trust my own judgement before that of others...

...When I was 5 years old I told a lie. For some reason my mother's reprimand stung more than usual, and I promised my mother that I would never tell another lie. I kept the promise pretty well, too. I recall that **when I was 10 years old I was proud to boast that I had never told a lie since I was 5...**

...usually I was sufficiently well-behaved so that my mother not infrequently praised me for being a "good boy." In fact, **there was a period during which my special pride and joy was the fact that I was a "good boy. I preened myself on it...**

...One day, while thinking about morals, it occurred to me that there was no logical reason for being good, unless maybe personal advantage - but self-interest is not a moral motive and to be good solely for personal advantage is not a moral act. Thinking about this further, I came, in effect, to the realization that a value-judgement can never be deduced from facts. (This of course is well known to all modern logicians.) Of course, I was not able to clearly state or explain this principle at that age, but I had intuitively grasped the essence of it. I went and told my mother about my conclusion. She refused to accept it, and gave naive answers that I saw through immediately. I argued with her only briefly, because I knew she had a fixed idea that would never change, and it was perfectly clear to me that I was right. I was between 6 and 8 years old at the time of this incident. **It was already becoming evident to me that I could think more clearly than my parents or the other adults I knew...**

...Nevertheless, I decided I would make the choice of being good - just for the sake of being good, as I put it to myself. [s/o] However, I felt somewhat crestfallen about the fact that there was no logical justification for morality, and, after that, I usually did not feel any special pride about being a good boy...

...I have always had a strong tendency to admit an unpleasant truth to myself, rather than trying to push it away with self-deception or rationalization...

...This requires an important qualification. **Starting somewhere around the age of 7 to 9, I began to practice a kind of doublethink.** For instance, I would tell myself that I would live forever, and that by means of superior intelligence I could do anything whatsoever, even contrary to the laws of nature. At the same time I clearly recognized the hard facts of the matter. **Thus I could think on two levels...**

...whenever I wanted, I could please myself by switching to the doublethink level and tell myself that I was the most intelligent person in the world, and so forth. This technique may have helped me think more objectively on the realistic level, because **after I had admitted an unpleasant conclusion I could always comfort myself by jumping to the doublethink level.** Eventually, my use of doublethink gradually declined, and by the time I was 20 or so, I had ceased almost entirely to use doublethink...

Even at a very early age I was attracted by power and aggression.
(For example, I tended to identify with the aggressor in war.)

I have a feeling that I was attracted by these things rather more than the average boy of my age, but I have no objective confirmation of this, so I may be wrong. **I do remember that I was more inclined than other kids to favor strict enforcement of rules and strict punishment for infractions...**

...I was made to feel that I was the most important member of our family, in the sense that my parents' main task in life was to bring me up properly. Thus, I tended to feel that I was a particularly important person and superior to most of the rest of the human race. Generally speaking, there was nothing arrogant or egotistical in this feeling, nor did I ever express any such feeling outside the immediate family. **It just came to me as naturally as breathing to feel that I was someone special...**

...My parents were far from authoritarian - they let me have my own way a good deal. Their punishments were mild, and when I showed real contrition for having been bad I think they usually did not punish me...

...My brother David was born when I was 7½. I considered this a pleasant event. I was interested in the baby and enjoyed being allowed to hold it...

One night I had a bad dream: There had been a war and I saw my new baby brother as starved to skin and bones. This filled me with pity and sadness. Next day (and at other times thereafter) **I felt a sense of pity and love toward my brother, and a determination to protect him all I could in the event of a war or other catastrophe...**

...except for a period of strong resentment during my teens, I have generally felt a real affection for my brother. I think my parents were aware of the problem of "sibling rivalry" and made a conscious effort to avoid this problem when the new baby came...

...Until I was, say, 5 or 6 years old, I think my father was warm and affectionate toward me...

...However, as I grew older, my father began to refrain from physical expressions of affection toward me, and a certain element of coldness sometimes appeared in his behavior...

...One day, when I might have been about 6 years old, my mother, father, and I were all set to go out somewhere. I was in a joyful mood. I ran up to my father and announced that I wanted to kiss him. He said, "You're like a little girl, always wanting to kiss." I immediately turned cold and drew back resentfully. My father immediately regretted what he had done and said, "Oh, that's alright. You can kiss if you want to." But there was no warmth in his voice. Of course, I didn't kiss him then. I recall that there was a period of a few years when I had a marked aversion to kissing. Perhaps this goes back to the incident just described...

But the reader should be careful not to get an exaggerated idea of the coldness that my father occasionally exhibited - **generally speaking I felt I had a good relationship with my parents that didn't show any serious deterioration until I was about 11 years old...**

...Ever since very early childhood I was attracted to the woods and to the idea of being physically independent of society. My father was fond of the woods and I have memories, going back very early, of pleasant excursions with him...

...As far back as I can remember, my view of girls and women always included a substantial element of contempt...

...it was a contempt for femininity as a general concept. Femininity represented weakness...

...Having observed that women were more passive and physically weaker, **my liking for power and aggression would naturally incline me toward contempt for the feminine...**

...Now I will describe my childhood sex life. I have already mentioned that I like enemas...and that I tried to seduce Mary Kay Foley...

...Some time between the ages of 6 and 8 I began to occasionally have fantasies of myself as a cripple...

...For example I might lie on my bed keeping my legs perfectly relaxed and motionless, and pretend they were paralysed. This gave me a feeling of soft, feminine passivity in the lower part of my body...**When I discovered that I could get this sexual feeling more strongly by pretending I was a girl, I lost interest in the cripple-fantasies. Thereafter, from time to time, I would have fantasies of myself as a girl...**

I might have been about 8 when I had my first orgasm. I didn't produce any semen, of course, but I experienced the rhythmic muscular spasms that would have squirted out the semen if there had been any semen to squirt out. This happened when I was holding my dick between my legs, pretending to be a girl...

...I experienced marked revulsion after orgasm. I had a sense of shame connected with these activities and fantasies, as is illustrated by the fact that, a few times, I had unpleasant dreams of being outdoors naked and running around trying unsuccessfully to get into the house...

...in defence of my own feminine fantasies, I would point out that some psychologists maintain that all men have a feminine element...

...Once my mother was reading a story to me in which stubbornness was presented as a fault. I objected, saying I approved of stubbornness...

...The last fable was about a dog and a wolf...Wolf says, "What is that mark on your neck?" Dog says, "Mark is from my collar. My master ties me with a leash." Wolf leaves dog, saying, "That is too high a price for being well fed. Give me liberty or give me death." I strongly approved of this fable, but my mother (the socialistic bitch) disagreed with my taste in this instance.

(circled) 20

C-4B (AUTOBIOGRAPHY) [written in 1978 - 79 in Chicago]

10 - 15 YEARS

...As a kid I usually didn't like
play activities that were organized and supervised by adults, other than my parents...

...My parents got very angry, and concluded that there must be something wrong with me - no doubt because I was not social enough. My father angrily declared that I would have to join the Boy Scouts, and stay in the Scouts until it was time for me to go to college. I was extremely reluctant to join the scouts and did so only because I was flatly ordered to. My father took me to a couple of meetings and stayed to watch. When he saw that I was unhappy there, he told me I would not have to go to any more meetings, so I didn't...

...It was during this year [5TH Grade, 1952] that I had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of a "guidance councillor." It seems that, as a matter of routine, I was given certain tests, like reading - achievement tests and so forth. Because my scores were very high, I was given further tests, including a fairly elaborate IQ test. Apparently I did extremely well on this. Anyhow, this councillor - an old maid by the name of Vera Frye - phoned my parents and told them I had the potential to be another Einstein and blah blah blah blah...

...Little did she know that my mother was all too ready to receive such information with excessive enthusiasm, because it coincided with her fondest dreams...

...She immediately called up some of our relatives to brag about the news which I thought was in very bad taste. Her excessive exhibitions of pleasure were almost childish...

...She admonished me not to tell these things to anyone, because "Miss Frye said we're not supposed to tell you - but we feel we can treat you as an adult." That line, "we feel we can treat you as an adult," is something I heard often from my parents in the following years...

Of course, I was extremely pleased by all this, because it was enormously gratifying to my pride, or vanity...

...it was decided that, instead of going into 6th grade the next year, I should be pushed up to 7th grade. I was excited by this prospect.

Many years later, my mother told me that part of the reason for this decision was that Miss Frye claimed I had been drawing "pictures of killing" in my spare time in class. Apparently Miss Frye assumed that putting me in 7th grade would cure me of hostile impulses. This assumption seems unbelievably naive. It may be that my mother's account is distorted, as she is not noted for the accuracy of her stories...

...If it is true that I drew such pictures more frequently than others, I can think of the following possible explanations: (a) I think I had a mild sadistic tendency going back to earliest childhood, (b) My hostility toward the dominant clique of boys may have been seeking an outlet, (c) Absence of a satisfactory goal in life may have tended to cause frustration. Other possible explanations could be conjectured; but it is difficult to see how any of the factors would be permanently affected by putting me in 7th grade...

Be that as it may, I did skip 6th grade. It seems fairly obvious that it was this event which eventually led to my becoming practically a social cripple and deprived me of sex, love, and (perhaps) marriage...

On the other hand, it is possible that the consequences of this event threatened me. It is also possible that, if I had never skipped 6th grade, I could never have broken away from society and taken to the woods; in which case I think I would ultimately have felt my life to be empty and unsatisfactory, no matter how much love and marriage I might have. But now we are slipping into the realm of conjecture. Who can tell what course my life would have taken?...

...once I was in 7th grade, I quickly slid to the bottom of the pecking-order...

...jealousy was probably roused by the fact that I was supposed to be vastly smarter than them; and my shyness in a new situation may have been interpreted as coldness or a superior air...

...By the time I left high school, I was definitely regarded as a freak by a large segment of the student body. I was subject to very little physical abuse...

...Soon after entering 7th grade I became thoroughly cowed (as I said, I was at the bottom of the pecking-order), and I stayed that way all through high school. I was usually afraid to defend myself when insulted or abused, unless the offenders were (like me) in the lower part of the pecking-order...

...instead of becoming aggressive, I simply ignored the insults as best I could.....This was a purely social problem - it had nothing to do with any lack of physical courage. It was some psychological

mechanism connected with dominance - relationships...I am rather lightly built, and being with kids first one year older and later 2 years older than me put me at a great disadvantage in muscle...

3
...After finishing 10th grade, I was put into 12th grade, thus finishing high school in 3 years...I felt less hostility toward me among the 12th-graders (but I still had plenty of opportunity to receive hostility from the 11th-graders). However, many of the 12th graders were condescending toward me, and this was at least as bad as the hostility of my earlier classmates.

...Not daring to fight back, and not wishing to show weakness, my only choice in the face of hostility was to be cold and stoical...The cold impression was often accentuated by shyness, and I suspect that my apparent cold aloofness may have alienated some kids who might otherwise have been friendly...

...In 12th grade, a 12th-grader named Terry Lundgren made some social advances to me, and we soon struck up a friendship. He was the most congenial personality whom I met in high school. We had similar interests, and especially, we had the same kind of sense of humor (unrestrained and slightly sadistic).

I don't like to be beaten at anything; but I still remember with pleasure an occasion when Terry Lundgren outsmarted me, because it was such a neat trick...

...Terry had followed the same reasoning I did, but had carried it one step further. In a grumbling way, I complimented him on his cleverness...

...In my early teens I conducted my search for power by experimenting with home-made explosives - mostly surreptitiously, without my parents' permission. This resulted in a couple of incidents in school.

...On one occasion in Chemistry lab I finished my experiment early, and then set to thinking about explosives. On theoretical grounds, I thought a mixture of red phosphorus and potassium chlorate would be promising...

...a fellow named Keith Hriebe...became very excited and demanded to know what the stuff was that I had mixed up. So I told him - which turned out to be a big mistake. I didn't know at the time that red phosphorous and potassium chlorate is an extremely dangerous mixture, almost impossible to handle, because the slightest friction may set it off...

...Hriebe was kicked out of Chemistry altogether. My lab partner and I were suspended from lab work for 2 weeks...Of course, the news of this incident was all over the school within a very short time.

I suspect that I had quite a reputation in high school. In fact, there is reason to suspect that in some quarters of the student body, knowing me even conferred a kind of left-handed prestige - the kind of prestige that one might get from being personally acquainted with the Devil. (or with a mad genius, as I was supposed to be.)...

B
...The chief "guidance counselor" in my high school was one Lois Skillen. She was not very old, but too homely to hope for marriage. She developed a maternal crush on me. By that I mean that she became emotionally involved with me as a substitute for the son of her own that she would have liked to have. I hated her...

...I believe she was the one who put my parents onto the idea that I should go to Harvard, and I think she impressed them with the high standards I would have to live up to in order to go there. I would get all this crap from my parents, "Miss Skillen says this and that and the other."...

...Actually, I didn't give a fuck about whether I got into Harvard. But I had to pretend to be interested in all that crap just so as not to shock my parents...

...by the time I reached my last year or so of high school, I had become resentful of the pressure put on me to get A's. I took no pride in my grades and resented the school. So a couple of times I did cheat on exams. I never felt ashamed of this. I would have cheated more if I had felt it safe...

...My frustrated resentment toward school, parents, and student body often found an outlet through snotty behavior in the classroom, which often took a sarcastic or crudely humorous turn...

For instance, I once hanged a teacher in effigy by sticking up on a bulletin board a small rag doll with a noose around its neck and the teacher's name attached. In another case...When a large, heavy girl came to sit on the chair, I deftly pulled it out at just the right instant so that she fell plop on the floor...

...The only form of athletics in which I was ever outstanding was wrestling. I was never on a team and never wrestled according to the official rules, but in rough-and-tumble wrestling I could beat almost anyone my own weight...

...I attribute this ability to the following factors: moderately good $2\sqrt{\text{strength}}/3\sqrt{\text{weight}}$ ratio; good endurance; flexible body enabling me to squirm out of holds; and, especially, determination and ferocity...

...In the Summer of 1955, just before I entered high school, my parents forced me to go to Summer camp for 2 weeks because they said it would be good for me. They felt I was not social enough...

...I felt rather homesick at this place, but not excessively so. I got along alright. I made 2 friends there...

...I showed promise on the trombone, [and] my father began taking me for lessons to a private teacher. This teacher was an old man named Jaroslav Cimera who had an excellent reputation both as a teacher and as a trombone virtuoso. He had been with Sousa's Band and other famous bands in the days when brass-and-woodwind bands had been a big thing. He was

somewhat of an anachronism in that he still concentrated on that old-fashioned type of music which few people listened to any more in the days when I knew him (the 1950's). Still, I had a good deal of respect for him, because he was a really fine craftsman in the old-time sense. He took a liking to me, and I was one of his best pupils...

I think the reason the trombone was so important to me was that it gratified my need for some form of ego-gratification that had to be earned through effort and self-discipline. (School-work was too mechanical, offered little sense of achievement; it largely bored me.) Not until I was 13 did music begin to have any deep emotional significance for me...

When I was 8 or 9, I think the first traces appeared of a kind of demoralization that occurred in our household...

...during my teens...my parents were simply irritable...

...When I was in my teens, my parents allowed themselves to get considerably overweight. My mother's behind became really enormous...

My mother let herself go, not only physically, but psychologically. She lost her dignity...

...When I was small, family entertainments often involved my father playing the piano, games, and stuff like that. In my teens, we all just sat squalidly in front of the television set, shoveling junk food into our mouths...

...When my brother was 4 years old and I was 12 (if I remember correctly), my father gave each of us a glass bottle with a squirting attachment so that we could "fight" by squirting each other. This was fine until my brother climbed up on a chair and then fell off with the bottle in his hand, cutting himself very badly...I screamed and howled for my parents, who came running. They took my brother in the house, but quickly decided that he was bleeding so badly that they would have to rush him to the hospital...What disgusted me was that, before they left, my mother delayed to dab some make-up on her face. My brother was possibly bleeding to death, and she had to stop to smear paint on her face. I made a contemptuous remark about this, but she just scolded back...

...Because I had a strong affection for my brother, I was very upset about his injury...there was no reason why I should be blamed for the incident. Nevertheless, **the doctors told my parents that my brother kept mumbling "Don't blame Teddy! Don't blame Teddy!"...**

The reason is that he knew that whenever anything bad happened when he and I were together, I always got blamed for it...

B
This was not the result of favoritism on their part - actually, I was always the favorite son. It was the result of simple laziness. To listen to both sides of a dispute between me and my brother, and attempt to make a fair judgement, would have taken an effort...

I resented this. But there was something else that I resented much more deeply. In the course of my teens, I came to hate my parents because of it. I still hate them for it...

...when they became angry at me, they would shout and indulge in verbal abuse. What earned my extreme bitterness was the nature of the insults they would sometimes throw at me on these occasions. Here are some of the names they called me: sick, emotionally disturbed, creep, another Walter Teszewski (Walter Teszewski was a man we knew who had ended up in an insane asylum), two-year-old mentality, immature, living in a psychological hole. I don't remember just when it was that my parents first used expressions like this toward me; I suppose it might have been when I was around 12 years old...

...I was still occasionally getting insults of this type from them when I was 21 years old. I hated both my parents for this, but I hated my father more than my mother, because my mother would only use expressions of this type toward me in fits of irritation, whereas my father would sometimes say such things in cold blood. (For instance, once when I was about 15, I said something that repelled my father. He answered coldly: "You know, Ted, you're what they call a creep.")...

Also, when my mother was in a good mood, she was warm and affectionate, whereas my father tended to be cold. During my middle teens I felt there was an undercurrent of scorn in his attitude toward me...

I often ended up in my room with my face buried in my pillow, crying and dreaming futilely of revenge...

...It's true, though, that I was probably a very difficult teen-ager to live with. Maybe some of my hostility and frustration, due to my social situation at school, came out at home. Also, I suspect that I feel both pleasant and unpleasant emotions more strongly than the average person; that is, I have a passionate temperament. (When my brother was a baby, my mother remarked that he was a much more placid baby than I had been. She said I had been a comparatively squally, cantankerous infant. This difference between me and my brother has remained all our lives, and is quite marked.)...

It is also true that my parents were in some respects generous and unselfish toward me. For example, my father drove me every week to my trombone lesson...

...By the time I was, say, 12 years old, my system of morality had evolved into an abstract, artificial construction that would not possibly be applied in practice. I never told anyone about this system, since I knew they would never take it seriously...

3
...After I had skipped 6th grade and began feeling a great deal of hostility toward many of my schoolmates, I developed a habit of trying to find ways of justifying my hatred in terms of my moral system....

...One day when I was 13 years old, I was walking down the street and saw a girl. Something about her appearance antagonized me, and, from habit, I began looking for a way to justify hating her, within my logical system. But then I stopped and said to myself, **"This is getting ridiculous. I'll just chuck all this silly morality business and hate anybody I please."** Since then I have never had any interest in or respect for morality, ethics, or anything of the sort...

...nevertheless on an instinctive animal level I was still the slave of my early conditioning, so that I **was very much afraid to act contrary to the precepts of authority...**

...by the time I was 14 or thereabouts, I was already beginning to take a dim view of **"progress" and the future of society**. I felt that we were heading toward what I called an "ant-hill" society in which there would be no more individual freedom...

...As I got older, I **came to realize that I wasn't much interested in science**, but at that time my parents (especially my mother) were so smugly confident I was going to be a scientist that I would have been afraid to tell them that I wasn't really interested...

...As far as I can remember, the only 2 school subjects that interested me at all were chemistry (and I **was interested in chemistry only for its relevance to explosives**) and mathematics from the level of trigonometry up...

...But there was one science that really did interest me strongly, namely, human paleontology. I found it fascinating to read about prehistoric men, their tools, and their way of life as it was conjectured to be by the anthropologists...

...I suddenly realized that **what I wanted was not just to read another book on cave men - I wanted to really live like a cave man. I wanted to live in a cave as a member of a small, isolated group, to run around in a wild landscape hunting mammoths with a spear, and that sort of thing...**

...One summer when I was 15 or 16, in one of the prairies that still remained then, I **threw a clod of earth at a bird**. (The bird was bigger than a robin but smaller than a Franklin Grouse.)... it "froze", and I walked up to it and just picked it up. As soon as I had it in my hand it began struggling violently. I **held it in my hand for some time, and I soon began to experience warm, affectionate, pitying feelings for it**. When I first threw the clod at the bird, I had hoped to kill it as an act of hunting, in accord with my fantasies of primitive life. But **now I was turning soft**.

B
I thought, "How can I ever hope to experience a cave-man style life if I am too soft-hearted to kill game? For that kind of life I will have to be hard." So I forced myself to kill the bird by crushing it in my hand. I left the place feeling sick with pity for the unfortunate creature...

...When I was 13 it was discovered that I had a congenital cyst in my upper jaw... Before I went in to have the thing cut out, Dr. Wang stood for awhile chatting with my father. By and by he said to me, "Well, it's time to go to work," and laid his hand on my shoulder. When he did this he suddenly looked at me in surprise and said, "Are you scared?" I said "Yes."...Dr. Wang turned to my father and said, "To look at him, I would never have known he was scared. I didn't know he was scared until I felt him shaking."...

...Throughout my earlier teens I suffered increasingly from chronic boredom...Conversation bored me quickly. Parlor games kept me interested a little longer, but not much...

...My parents often (correctly) accused me of being bored. I say accused, because they never said it in a sympathetic way; they said it in a tone of criticism...

...My personal habits were always rather messy. While I had been well trained in respect for authority generally, neatness I never received much emphasis in my training...

My parents will probably try to deny much of what I have written about our home life. But my memory is quite clear...

...When I was 10 years old, in 5th grade, there was a girl in the class named Darlene Curley. She had long black hair, and was beautiful...

...The little vixen was reaching a certain age where she was beginning to feel her power, and she was using it...

...I was sternly determined not to be conquered like the others had been. I forced myself to hate her...

...I used to have fantasies of beating her or torturing her - not that that was what I really wanted with her. What I really wanted was to love her, but I wouldn't let myself do that. I couldn't keep myself from thinking about her; to keep the tender thoughts out I had to think hateful things about her. Thus, the **sadistic fantasies were a tool that I used to fight my love for her...**

...Thus I finished the year with a kind of victory...

...I have at other times been infatuated with various females, but there are only 2 whose memory calls up a special echo for me - a kind of bittersweet ache over what I have missed. One of these girls is Darlene Curley, and the other is a certain Carol Wolman whom I knew when I was 16-18...

...in 7th grade, I began to think about physical sex rather frequently. I used to have fantasies of having intercourse with the girls. Occasionally I would also have a fantasy of being a girl myself...

...When we first moved to Evergreen Park, there was a boy...who lived nearby. A couple of times this kid persuaded me to go out in the prairie and strip* with him...in the end I did strip, and found it sexually exciting, as he did. Apparently this kind of stripping was a common practice among the boys around there...There was a kid named Dale...I suppose we were about 13 when this kid first persuaded me to strip with him. At first I wasn't interested, but by and by I got excited and went along. This kind of thing was repeated several times. At that age I was already suffering from acute sexual starvation, and having been seduced into stripping by Dale, I decided I wanted to go further than he did. At first he didn't want to go into cock sucking - he was just as lecherous as I was, but he was too chicken to try something so highly forbidden. However, I persuaded him. We also tried anal perversion, but didn't have much success with it, because we found that an asshole is too small to readily admit a penis. We tried cock sucking and other perversions several times between the ages of 13 and 16, but we only did this kind of thing occasionally, not habitually.

This kid often seemed to have difficulty in getting an erection, even when he was very excited. He had a very weak, flabby, body, and was very awkward. I dominated him physically (I don't mean sexually) whenever I pleased...

...I found this kid repulsive, because he developed a marked tendency to gloat over slimy, repulsive things - I don't mean primarily sexual things. Of course, another reason I was repelled by him was the fact that I had a marked sense of shame over our sexual activities, and his association with those activities made him unpleasant to me. I don't think Dale was homosexual (by choice) any more than I was - like me, he would rather have had a girl if he could have gotten one...

...Besides the activities with Dale, I rather frequently practiced my own private perversions, including transvestism, inserting various objects in my anus, and sucking my own penis (which was not easy to do, but I had a remarkably flexible body in those days)...Simple masturbation I practiced almost every day...

..After I entered high school that Fall (I was still 13), a school dance was announced, and I decided it would be desirable to take a girl to it. My knowledge of dancing was uncertain, to say the least, but I thought I would chance it anyway. (Of course, I had no interest in dancing - I only wanted an excuse to be with a girl.) So I phoned a fairly good-looking girl who was in my class. The nature of her answer made it sufficiently clear to me that I was not the sort of a fellow with whom any self-respecting girl would want to be seen...

...Later in that same year, there was a conversation between a boy and a girl in my class...The girl said "I'm going to such and such a place with Ted." The boy looked at her incredulously and said, "You're going with HIM?" (pointing at me). The girl laughed loudly. "No, not with HIM! I mean with Ted So-and-So." It was a big joke...

...By this time it was clear to me that my classmates regarded me as some kind of a freak. I never again attempted to make advances to any girl while I was in high school, even though I constantly lusted after the girls...

...By the time I was 15 or 16, even though I was strongly excited by girls, most of my sexual fantasies were about sexual perversions of one kind or another, or involved imagining myself as a girl...

...From earliest childhood I think, and certainly very strongly during my teens, I was inclined toward power, pride, and ego things generally...I was an outcast, a Weirdo - I knew that few or none of those girls would ever take me seriously, even for a moment...

Still, what excited me sexually was girls. Males never excited me sexually. (If I had a fantasy of (for example) sucking a cock, almost the only thing that appeared in my mind was the cock itself - the rest of the boy was practically nonexistent in my fantasy. Nor was I excited by the sight of other boys' penises...

I never got any real satisfaction out of my sexual activities - lust drove me to go further and further into perversion in an attempt to get pleasure, but the pleasure I got was far too small to make up for the feeling of frustration and dissatisfaction. And then after orgasm there was only disgust. It was not until many years later, when I had a few (all too few, alas!) experiences with kissing girls, that I learned that sex can be a pleasant and worth-while experience...

...So much for sex. Just a couple of other points to be made before I finish with this period of my life.

Some people claim that there is a basic club-forming instinct in males that they call "male-bonding". I seem to have experienced something like this with my father in childhood, and some such thing may have been involved in my infant attachment to Adam Krokos, but, other than that, I cannot ever remember having experienced anything like male-bonding...

...within my memory, I have never experienced a feeling of hero-worship toward anyone. In fact, I have always been strongly repelled by the idea of anyone being superior to me...

It is my opinion that, ever since as far back as I can remember, ego has been a more dominant factor in my personality than in the personality of the average person...

(By ego, I mean the part of the personality that is concerned with such things as will, purpose, decision, work, pride, power, etc.)...

...This would account for the fact that I have never experienced hero-worship; and for the fact that I haven't experienced male-bonding, since I have always been repelled by the idea of submerging my own ego in the group ego. Again, it is ego that gave me a marked reluctance to feel affection for girls...

...Sex has been the one force powerful enough to overcome my ego...

...My strong resentment of being dominated naturally made my position at the bottom of the pecking-order in school especially difficult to bear. Many of the other boys low in the pecking-order seemed willing to adjust, and didn't find their subservient position hard to bear, so far as I could see...

...I've said I can't stand being in a position of subordination, and the reader may wonder how this squares with the fact that, as a child, I was always very obedient to the authorities...

...When I followed the orders of a teacher in school, as a child, I felt I was not submitting to the teacher personally - I was submitting to the system, of which the teacher was only an agent...

Of course, I later came to hate the system itself, but, even today, I do not find it at all difficult to take orders from the boss when I am working on a job, provided the orders are given courteously and are within the boss's legitimate authority...

...My memories of the period from 10-15 are clearer than my earlier childhood memories, and I am much more confident of the accuracy of my account of this period...

...But there's one more thing that I forgot to discuss. I came out of high school with my social self-confidence pretty thoroughly crushed - permanently, it would seem. I felt that in the eyes of the world I was some kind of a "sickie". But I never lost my hard inner core of self-esteem. I refused to be defeated. Instead of accepting the contemptible image of myself that the human race seemed to be trying to impose on me, I put myself at war with the human race. I ^{knew} that I was better than all of them...

...I left high-school with extremely low social self-esteem, but with very high self-esteem in other respects - I was fully confident of my brains, talents...to make it short, I was very confident of my ability to deal with things as opposed to people. The only thing I lacked confidence in was my ability to be accepted by people...

(AUTOBIOGRAPHY) [written in 1978 - 79 in Chicago]

16 - 20 YRS

...At age 16, in Fall of 1958, I went to Harvard. I had had no particular enthusiasm for going there, but once I got there it was a tremendous thing for me...I was under tremendous pressure and tension. But I thrived on it. I spent most of my time studying, and almost no time on recreation. I forced myself to keep studying long after I should have gone to sleep. **I considered myself negligent if I went to bed before 2 A.M., and I often stayed up until 3...**

...Feeling the strength of my own will, **I became enthusiastic about will power.** Besides the required physical training sessions, I began doing push-ups and other exercises on my own...

...I had no respect for the courses in Bullshit subjects (Humanities and Social Sciences), because so many of the statements made in these courses were false, unproveable, or simply meaningless...

...In my bullshit courses I worked conscientiously but without enthusiasm, and in these courses I got grades from C to B-. In my Math, Physics, and German courses, I had very good teachers (for me), and in all these courses I got A's...good, solid A's...

I don't know why I had difficulty getting A's in anthropology - I always liked the subject and worked at it with reasonable diligence (though of course I put my Math first)...

...(Alas, I'll have to give less detail, or I'll never finish!)...

...Over the summer I read carefully...and entered my senior year with good enthusiasm. I took...Math 250, group theory, under John G. Thompson, one of the great mathematicians of our time, who had just finished proving that every finite group of odd order is solvable. I was very determined to do well in Math 250, because that was the kind of mathematics that most interested me. I put out my best effort...Nevertheless, though I felt I was working at my best level until near the end of the course when I gave up on it, I was able to do no better than a B. And I did not feel that I had attained a full grasp of the material.

...it was a frustrating experience for me - I recall that I smashed an alarm clock by throwing it across the room, swearing at the same time to forsake pure mathematics **and become an applied mathematician.**

my room, of course, not the classroom.

...early in my first year as a graduate student...I began to be aware of the unfortunate truth that the number of pure mathematicians is far in excess of the number of new, interesting, worthwhile problems, so that all but a minute fraction of the pure mathematics research that is published today is devoted to ridiculous problems that are of interest to anybody but a tiny group of specialists.

...When I first got to Harvard I felt obliged to make friends. This seemed desirable so as to avoid the unpleasant situation I was in at high school. If I was too solitary I feared people would conclude that there was something wrong with me. Also, even though I had rejected the values of society, I was not so emancipated as to prevent me from feeling (against my will) some sense of shame at being what was commonly regarded as "sick".

I will interject here something that I should have discussed earlier. In going to college I had no definite object. I went because my parents expected it and I didn't know what else to do. I dreamed of finding an uninhibited island, or living as a savage in some [s/o] wilderness, or sailing the ocean in a small boat. But I hadn't the least idea of how to get what I wanted...

...My most persistent fantasy was to live, at least temporarily, a savage life completely independent of organized society...

Getting back to the question of friends at Harvard - I did not like most of the people whose rooms were near mine in the dormitory (I had no room-mate, I'm glad to say)...

I tried to be friendly with the fellows^{in my dormitory} as a matter of duty, not because I liked them. But I soon began to realize that at least of them regarded me as some kind of a wierdo. The reason for this was not completely clear to me - in fact I have never been able to fully understand just what the externally-visible traits of mine are that have always caused me to be marked out as different...

...I always wore the same pair of pants, except that when I washed them each week I temporarily switched to another pair. I had a very bad case of acne. When I came back to my room after dinner, while preparing to start studying, I would swear and cuss and grumble to myself about how much work I had to do and how little time I had to do it. A couple of times I overheard the guys in the next room making fun of these peculiarities. They were not hostile toward me, but they were certainly not interested in being friends with me...

...My parents about this time wrote to me that someone had anonymously sent them a brochure describing the psychiatric counseling services available at Harvard...

...I have not carefully examined all the people in my memory to decide which of them is the most contemptible, [s/o] but, offhand, I would say that the individual who stands out in my mind as the most despicable person I have ever met - not excluding bums who have stopped me on the street to ask me for a dime - is John Finley, Master of Eliot House...

...He made himself into a caricature of the Harvard type and based his self-image on that. He was an actor playing a role, and taking himself in as much as he took in anybody else. I do not offhand recall ever having encountered a more slavish conformist...

...Finley's attitude toward me was always offensively condescending. To picture it, imagine a rich old lady circling around a toad, peering at it through her lorgnette, and saying to herself, "I'm trying my best to be nice to the poor creature; but really, after all, how can one be nice to a toad!"...

...Did he somehow sense my deep contempt for him and (worse still) for the empty and artificial pretensions around which he had built his self-image?...

It was not until the latter part of my Sophomore year that I made a couple of friends at Harvard. And I didn't keep them any too long...I think all this was due to certain abrasive personality traits that I had during my Harvard years: In my enthusiasm for mathematics and physical conditioning I became overly competitive - I was always wanting to have push-up contests, or I would challenge my friends to solve mathematical problems of my own devising. After a victory I ~~and~~ never crow about my own prowess - but I would ~~then~~ make what I imagined were humorous gibes at the loser's expense. I didn't think about the fact that - for example - when a person gets a C in a course, a joke about it may be very cutting to him. Thus it is not surprising that these 2 fellows lost interest in associating with me. Also, I think my manners were too coarse for Heinen's taste, and he didn't like the dirty jokes I occasionally cracked. He was somewhat fastidious.

Before my parting-of-the-ways with Bearse, he invited me to an all-male "beer party" that he gave. It was not a big party - I think no more than 5 people in the room at any one time. **This was the only time in my life I ever got drunk. I did so on a pint of wine.** I think I got drunk as much because I wanted to get drunk as because of the wine. (In fact, when I am in company where I feel comfortable, and in a certain mood, I can get somewhat "drunk" without a drop of liquor, simply by....letting myself go...

...Now, there have been two episodes in my life that I am really ashamed of. I am about to relate one of them.

In my Sophomore year, I received a circular in the mail inviting Harvard sophomores to appear at such and such a place to take a psychological "test" (i.e., questionnaire) for purposes of some kind of research. Pay would be \$5.00...

...Soon afterward I received notice in the mail that I had been selected to participate in a psychological "experiment", and, if I remember correctly, I think I

was given an appointment, in this notice, to come in and speak to Professor H.A. Murray about it...

...Now it is important to remember that, at this time, though I rebelled against all authority with my conscious will, I nevertheless was to a great extent enslaved (on the level of animal instinct) by my early conditioning...it would have been very difficult for me to refuse any reasonable request from a Harvard Professor.

...Looking back on it now, it severely galls me and shames me to realize that I permitted that disgusting old fake to psychologically manipulate me into saying "yes"...Actually it was a study of the socially alienated personality...

...He said there were going to be some Radcliffe girls in it. (False: According to Keniston's book "The Uncommitted ", students in this study were all male.) He said that there would be a party at the end of the year for the students in the study. (If there was a party, I never heard of it.) He said that at the end of the study the researchers would tell the students about the conclusions they drew. (They never told me any of their conclusions. I never knew anything about those until many years later when I ran across Keniston's book by chance.) He promised that all information obtained in the study would be kept confidential. (I have good reason to suspect that this confidence was broken...

...All through the study, I felt hostile toward the project and toward the researchers as individuals - especially after one case where I was unsuspectingly led into a situation where I was subject to severe psychological harassment in order to gauge my reaction. (The researchers said afterward that they hadn't intended it to be so harassing. They said their harasser went overboard on the first subject, so they had to have him do it the same with all the others, for the sake of uniformity. This is almost certainly another lie.)...

...I intentionally wore a kind of mask in dealing with these researchers; and I told them many lies about my personal ideology and feelings...unfortunately...I didn't systematically wear a mask, especially on questionnaires...

...As I said to myself at the time, I was ^{to some extent} giving them my ideology as it had existed when I was maybe 11 years old...

...though I knew I was "brainwashed", I never accepted it - I had every intention of eventually breaking free from law and order. But I felt it would be imprudent to tell anyone this...

I have skimmed through the greater part of Keniston's book, "The Uncommitted." There were 12 "alienated" students in the group that was studied...

...Keniston's book would be useless as a tool for understanding me personally. In order to learn anything about me personally from that Harvard study, one would have to go back to the original data gathered on me.

...Obviously it would be impractical for me to go through the whole book and list all of Keniston's statements that are true for me and all that are false for me. Let me just give a few examples.

p.83. "...they accept self-contempt..." False for me. I have never felt general self-contempt. I have often felt self-disgust at some particular weakness - for instance, the sexual perversions I practiced. But I have always had a deep-seated feeling that I am somehow noble and of the best. This is not an opinion based on any abilities or qualities of mine, but simply an emotion that I have about myself. I sneer at anyone who has a low ~~opinion~~ of himself. By the way, **the fact that my self-esteem is not primarily founded on my abilities makes it easy for me to admit to myself my own weaknesses and failures in cases where I really do have weaknesses and failures.**

p.96. "They would very candidly discuss their worries and anxieties with [some of the research psychologists]... and seek ce..." Totally false in my case!

p.122. "they were relatively solitary children." **I am not aware that I was "relatively solitary" until I was around 8 - and then only because I felt myself rejected or treated with condescension (see these notes, p.12).**

p.388 "[Their mother] was (and still is) the key person in their lives." **Beyond the normal attachment of early childhood, I have never had any particular attachment to or intimacy with my mother. Any member of my family [s/o] (including my mother!) will confirm this. This certainly would seem to debunk any possible application of Keniston's theories to me personally, since all through the book he emphasizes this supposed special attachment of the "alienated" student to his mother - its a crucial point in his theory.**

p.475. **Keniston claims the alienated have a "strong sense of cosmic outcastness...[and] self-estrangement." I have never had any feelings of that kind.**

p.108. "Our subject's mothers...seem to have seen their own fathers, at least, as more unequivocally admirable figures, a perception which is reflected in our subjects' accounts. Neither our subjects nor their mothers find this same strength in the subjects' fathers." **Totally false in my case. My mother has always depicted her mother as being well-meaning but rather weak. My mother has expressed resentment of the fact that her father would never**

protect my mother when her mother would get drunk and beat her. On the other hand, my mother has always leaned on my father as a source of leadership and security. She does not accept criticisms (except trivial ones) of my father...

...I could give lots of other examples where I don't fit the pattern described by Keniston.

But some of the things he says in his book do apply to me.

...Since Keniston says much about the parents of "alienated" students, this is a good place for me to describe my own parents' personalities. My parents have had a "good marriage" if there ever was one - they are extremely loyal to one another. When our family morale was low (during my teens) they would sometimes shout at one another, but it was always made up quickly. They never had a serious falling out. Remarks that my mother has made on a few occasions suggest to me that she had strong sexual impulses when young - but she was just slightly prudish, and my parents never showed sexual affection in front of us kids. Remarks made by my father suggest to me that he had the strong sexual desires typical of young men, and that he was sexually satisfied with his wife...

My father was somewhat of a hoodlum or "tough" type in his youth, and he has often told me stories of his boxing prowess in those days. But in adulthood he put aside these ways and became a very steady, responsible type. He has always been a very capable, competent worker who takes pride in doing good work...

...He has a very tranquil personality - Type B personality - the opposite of anxiety-prone. He sticks to routine. He had great self-discipline in performing his routine of work and so forth, but he seldom exercised initiative and strikes out for something new. If he wants something and is not sure he can get it, he prefers to suppress the desire rather than risk frustration and wasted effort by trying something of a new type. He occasionally suffered from headaches described as "migraine" until he was in, I think, his early forties. I conjecture that (until he got older) he was not really satisfied with his dull, routine life, but that he could not see any way of getting anything better for him, so he suppressed the desire. As he got older, any such suppressed desire if it existed seems to have faded away, and his personality became more completely tranquil - say by around his early 50's. By the time he was in his 60's, his personality seemed to have gone slack and become flaccid, like that of many old men. He is still a good worker, but I suspect this results more from habit than from self-discipline. My father was always reticent about expressing his emotions... When I was a kid I think the qualities that I most noticed in my father were strength and self-discipline. I began to lose the impression of his self-discipline as our family life began to go bad, but the impression was never completely effaced until I was in my 20's....

My mother was the daughter of immigrant peasants from Poland, and claims to have been the victim of prejudice in childhood as a result. She tried to get some kind of status through her schoolwork, and so she has always looked romantically to the intellectual world, and has had literary ambitions, but has neither the talent nor the self-discipline to succeed at writing. I think, but am not sure, that she is a ^{very} good worker at jobs where she has been employed...

...She is very anxiety-prone. She is lively and expresses her emotions freely. She has a good deal of energy, but is low in self-discipline. Respectability is important to her. She tried to vicariously satisfy her own ambitions for intellectual glory through her kids. The qualities that, as a kid, I most noticed in my mother, were liveliness, love, joy, and irrationality. The impression of love faded as I went through my teens, and I came to feel my mother as a kind of emotional parasite, trying to use me to satisfy her own needs. But, just in the last few years, she has finally adjusted to the fact that neither of her sons is interested in intellectual glory, and it's clear that, underneath all that, she really does love us very much after all...

...Both my parents were always steady, responsible, stay-at-home types. Their social life consisted mostly of occasional visits with a few old friends. They tended to consider themselves superior to their neighbors, but they never in any way put on airs or tried to demonstrate this supposed superiority outside the immediate family circle.

My mother leans heavily on my father for security. I would say that my mother has somewhat more than average femininity in her personality, and my father has somewhat more than average masculinity. My father always "wore the pants in the family" very definitely. But my mother was the initiator, the active one. If we made a family excursion, it was usually my mother who suggested it. My mother would ask, "Honey, can we do such and such today?" and my father would grant it. I don't want to exaggerate, though - it's not as if my mother took the role of a child vis-à-vis my father. But I think the situation is adequately described by a few remarks that passed between my brother and me a few years ago. My brother said, "She sort of dominates him; or, well, not exactly dominates...but..." I cut in and said, "It's not that she dominates him, but that he indulges her." My brother said "yes, that's the way to describe it."

There's another point brought up by Keniston's book that I want to discuss. Earlier in these notes I have given my own ideosyncratic definition of "ego", and it is always in this sense that I use the term in these notes, unless otherwise indicated...

...On p. 364, Keniston warns, "The psychoanalytic conception of the ego should not be confused with the popular notion of the ego as the center of self-interest, vanity, and pride..."

C
...In view of this, I want to clarify the term "ego" as I use it in this autobiography and in my other notes. My use of the word is of course drawn from the popular notion. But it does overlap slightly with the usage described by Keniston. **As I use, it, ego means that part of the mind which is concerned with: Power, dominance, superiority, pride, revenge, autonomy, will, purpose, work, decision, reason*, action, aggression, self-discipline. Here, power is the central concept. Some of the other items (like work, reason, etc.) to start out with are merely tools for attaining power, revenge, etc., but these "tools" become ends in themselves. Thus, power holds a pre-eminent position, but the other items are also important, and some of them rival (maybe even sometimes exceed?) the importance of power. Speaking now from my own point of view, power alone is by no means enough...**

...to be satisfying, the exercise of power has to require an effort. It must require the use of some of the other items in the list, like reason, action, self-discipline, etc. Also **necessary in order to avoid boredom is a serious purpose for the exercise of power. What's the good of having power if you have no strong reason to use it?**

...I would add that...the only possible serious purposes are determined by **biological instincts - food, shelter, ^{physical} rest, love, hate, social status, etc...**

...I suggest that, for most people, needs for love, gratification of hate, social status, and other instincts not connected with physical needs, are satiated long before the people concerned have expended enough time and effort. Thus a sense of purposelessness occurs. This holds also for more subtle "instincts" like that for artistic expression. Few people seem able to fully satisfy their need for purpose through art...a chronic sense of purposelessness is inevitable, unless that society can give its people a deeply-ingrained artificial purpose through some form of psychological engineering...

...I think that when the average person is doing nothing, his mind tends to wander more-or-less at random. This can happen to me, too; but **I have a strong tendency to settle instead on a particular subject, and think about it intently, turning it over and over in my mind and examining it from all angles. Once I get involved in a problem, whether in working with my mind or with my hands, even if that problem was of no great interest to me at the beginning, I have a tendency to become quite concerned with the problem and to devote great care and attention to it...**

...I think my analytical bent has had a very important role in my life. One example is my conclusion about morality described on p. 14 of these notes. Now, at last, I will get back to straight autobiography.

...I think I became pretty well separated from all my
Evergreen Park friends within about a year after leaving college.

Some of my friends (Russel Mosny, George Duba) seemed to lose interest in my company around the time I left high school.

Jerry Ulrich dropped me when I came home from college with certain eccentricities like a somewhat underdeveloped attempt at a beard...

...Actually, I was becoming bored with all those friends anyway...

...During my early years ^{in college} my relations with my parents were about as they were in my high school years, but toward the end of my Harvard career our relations improved somewhat. They continued to make insulting remarks about my personality, but this eased up toward the end of my time at Harvard. Of course, our family had good times, too, but these did not make up for the bad times, and basically I hated my parents...

...the first 2 summers...my parents put pressure on me to earn money to help pay for my education. I don't think it was primarily the money they were concerned about - the idea of me doing nothing over the summers did not fit in with the image of me that they wanted to have. I was supposed to be not only brilliant, but industrious. The last 2 summers they put no pressure on me to work...

From age, say, 15 - 18 I went through a certain phase. It showed its beginnings before I went to Harvard, came on strong during my Freshman year, and had largely faded out by about the middle of my Junior Year. This was what I may call a romantic phase. I wanted to let loose my passions and express them freely, rather than being stoical as formerly. I began to put great emphasis on music and certain kinds of literature. Both before and after this phase I always enjoyed music and certain kinds of literature. The difference was that during the phase I considered art to be something important, whereas before and after after the phase, I considered art to be merely an embellishment of life, not something really important...

...I dislike most modern art, music, and literature, because it arouses too many feelings of a negative or "sick" type, whereas older art concentrated on the beautiful or the heroic...

...In music I generally prefer Haydn and earlier composers. Vivaldi is one of my favorites...I strongly prefer instrumental to vocal music. I prefer wind instruments, especially trumpets, trombones, French horns, oboes, and bassoons...

C
...During my romantic phase I continued to have fantasies of a primitive life, but I tended strongly to embellish this with romantic details like horns resounding through the forest, savage-looking tunics of bear-skin, and so forth. **During this period I was attracted to German Romanticism. I also read Alan Bullock's biography of Hitler and became interested in Nazism. I used to fantasy myself as an agitator rousing mobs to frenzies of revolutionary violence. Thereby I would become a dictator, and I would send my Gestapo out to round up all the people I hated - and there were plenty of those...**

...I don't remember the exact chronology of it, but there was a period of several years during my teens when I had a great many squabbles with my brother. He is gifted in the way of coordination, and, even though 7 1/2 years younger than me, he could always beat me at games that depended on skill rather than strength. Also, he was snotty and a chronic tease. On the other hand, I used my superior size and strength to dominate him with very little regard for his feelings...

I think it might have been when I was around 20 that we began to get along better. Instead of competing, each of us would freely acknowledge the other's areas of superiority. Since then I have always gotten along very well with my brother...

When I was at my peak I was able to do 55 push-ups (minimum - the most I ever did was 59). Good push-ups - down each time until nose touches floor, up each time until arms are fully extended. I could do 17 chin-ups regularly (most I ever did was 18). Good ones. I would hang 19 [s/o] pounds on my feet and do 11 chin-ups. But the actual amount of time that I spent on the exercises that I did on my own was very small. In the woods I loved to pick out a small sapling and climb up it hand over hand without using my feet. I could do this easily and would climb around like an ape that way.

I would look at my body in the mirror and feel pleased with it - but at the same time very frustrated, for two reasons: For one thing, I had no practical purpose for which I could use my body. Thus, training it was no more than a game. In my daily activities I had no need for strength or agility. For another thing, though I thought I had a good-looking, wiry body that a girl might find attractive, yet I was not able to get a girlfriend...

...Ever since my college days I have been somewhat of a worry-wart; not excessively so - not so much as my mother, for example. **Most common is for me to worry about my health...**

at Harvard...playing basketball one time (a sport at which I confess I am only incompetent!) I got accidentally knocked under the chin. The edge of my tongue got caught between my teeth, and this resulted

in a bad scar and a bump on the edge of my tongue...I had heard that rubbing or irritation of a scar could cause cancer, so eventually I went to see one of the Student Health Service doctors to see if the bump should be surgically fixed. I got a woman doctor, and, true to her sex, she misunderstood what I was saying...She thought that I thought I already had cancer...So the whole thing was an embarrassing farce, and I think I left her imagining that I thought I was going to die or something. Well, never mind that stupid episode anyway...

The reader must realize by now that in high school and college I often became terribly angry at someone, or hated someone, but, as a matter of prudence, I could not express that anger or hatred openly. I would therefore indulge in fantasies of dire revenge. However, I never attempted to put any such fantasies into effect, because I was too strongly conditioned, by my early training, against any defiance of authority. To be more precise: I could not have committed a crime of revenge, even a relatively minor crime, because my fear of being caught and punished was all out of proportion to the actual danger of being caught. I could have much more easily risked my life in a lawful way, than take an equal risk of spending 30 days in jail for some minor crime.

Thus, when I had a fantasy of revenge, I had very little port from it, because I was all too clearly aware that I had had many previous fantasies of revenge, and nothing had ever come of any of them. This was very frustrating and humiliating. Therefore I became more and more determined that some day I would actually take revenge on some of the people that I hated...

...Knowing my revengeful fantasies are not being realized, completely spoils them for me. Thus my hatreds accumulated, and I swore that some day I would break free of law and order...

...Prior to my senior year at Harvard I don't recall ever having had a nightmare...But during my senior year I had maybe 3 or 4 or 5 nightmares...

...Some time during college, I had the following dream, which I found very pleasant. There had just been an atomic attack, and civilization had melted into anarchy. My father, brother, and I had some containers of precious food in our hands, and we were hurrying to get out of the city with them. Some hooligans came after us to rob us of our food. They were armed with pieces of 2x4 and other makeshift clubs. I let my father and brother run on ahead with the food, and I hung back to hold off the hooligans. The first hooligan ran up intending to attack me with a piece of 2x4, but I drew my hunting-knife from my belt and stabbed him in the chest. He fell down dead. The other hooligans drew back afraid. Then I ran to catch up with my father and brother...

...I think I was maybe 12 or 13 when my mother started telling me I was good-looking...During the romantic phase that I went through in my first couple of years at Harvard, I was decidedly vain about my good looks, even though I had a bad case of acne at that time...Not long ago I looked back over some old photos and slides taken when I was in my teens and early twenties, and in some of them I really do look very pretty; but also young-looking and lightly built...

...I knew that girls tend to prefer a solidly-built, mature-looking fellow who resembles a man rather than a boy...

This is something that has always puzzled me. **I have never been able to figure out whether I am or am not attractive to women.** Sometimes I have felt that I must be extremely attractive to them; at other times I have felt that I must be totally unattractive to them. In some cases it has seemed obvious that a good-looking girl was attracted to me; but in some of these cases I have later learned that I was completely mistaken. I simply feel quite unable to give any intelligent answer to the question of how many or how few attractive females may have liked me in my lifetime. **I do not know how to interpret women's words and actions.** And also there is this problem: I think sometimes a pretty girl will behave in a flirtatious way with a man in whom she really has no interest. She wants to attract him merely in order to feel her power, just as a strong man enjoys lifting a heavy weight. (But in many cases this can be a cruel sport.)...

...While at Harvard I made very few advances toward girls. One reason was lack of social self-confidence. Another reason was the conflict between sex and ego...

...I had a strong tendency to resent pretty girls; being attracted to them bruised my pride. Also, when meeting a girl to whom I was much attracted, I tended to feel shy, flustered, and at a loss for what to do or say. **These feelings were humiliating, and the humiliation roused my resentment.** Thus, in contact with a pretty girl, not wishing to reveal my shy awkwardness, I tended to assume a manner that was cold, or even somewhat hostile. **This was not planned, but simply an instinctive reaction...**

...During my first couple of years at Harvard, it seemed to me that there were some instances in which attractive girls invited acquaintance with me. But generally the reaction described above intervened. **I got a certain satisfaction out of snubbing a pretty girl - it was like getting revenge on "the enemy" for the social rejection I had experienced myself and I felt fiercely proud that my ego was scoring a victory over sex.** But this was a bitter and painful pride, because I wanted very badly to have a girlfriend. Thus, I regretted afterward having been cold to a pretty girl...

...I might add that, while some men seem proud of their sexual activities with women and regard it as proof of their virility, I have never looked on sex or the "conquest" of women as something to be proud of. To me it is nothing to take pride in any more than eating candy, watching television, or any other soft pleasure. On the contrary, I've always considered sex a weakness. Thus, while pride and ego helped me to steel my will to overcome, say, a mathematical problem, pride and ego did not steel my will to overcome my shyness with girls...

...When all alone in the woods, many times I have done a little dance when feeling very cheerful. A few days ago in the morning I played a record. I got carried away by the music and danced around in a circle waving my arms and laughing delightedly until I was almost too dizzy to stand up...

...Anyhow, I never did get a girlfriend - or even one date - at Harvard. Consequently, I suffered considerably from acute sexual starvation. I found by experience that I could not study well in Widener library, because my thoughts were too much distracted by the sight of female behinds swaying up and down the aisle. All-male Lamont Library was a refuge for me; but even there on many days my ability to study was severely impaired by a tendency for my thoughts to wander off into day dreams about girls.

I was never attracted by the idea of going to a prostitute. I felt there would be no point in having intercourse unless the woman wanted it too. But even if I had wanted a prostitute, I would have had no idea how to find one...

...At home in my room, when I got sexually excited, I would either fantasy a variety of oral and anal sexual perversions with either a male or female partner or an animal, or I would fantasy normal intercourse. In imagining normal intercourse, I might put myself either in the male role or in the female role. In imagining myself in the male role, I usually imagined myself as having a greater or lesser amount of affection for the girl. (But still my desires toward girls were mostly just physical...

...I might imagine myself living a stone-age life all alone in some far wilderness; then I find a beautiful girl off in the woods, injured or in some other danger or difficulty; I rescue her, nurse her back to health, and make her my mate. Fantasies of myself as female had a completely different character. Usually I imagined myself as a sexually hot but unloving female, using her sexual power to seduce males. In many cases I imagined my sex partner as being Dale Eikelman (see p. 50 of these notes), and except when provisionally submitting to him in intercourse, I imagined myself as dominating him physically...

...in fantasies of myself as a female, the emphasis was always on myself as a girl - the man in the fantasy only served to provide a prick. I have never been sexually attracted to men...

...I never had a wet dream in my life until I was 22 or 23 years old, probably because I masturbated often enough in my waking hours so that I didn't have to do so in my sleep. By the time I was 22 or 23, many permanently distended blood-vessels were visible on my penis, presumably because I had erections so often. Because I feared this was physically injurious, I made a serious attempt to keep sexual thoughts out of my head. I made considerable progress at this in my waking hours, but then the sexual thoughts started coming out in my sleep. This was the first time I ever had any wet dreams. I gave up trying to reduce my sexual thoughts, since it seemed they were bound to come one way or another...

While at Harvard I might have masturbated an average of 4 times a week, at a rough guess...

...my yearning for Carol Wolman made me so miserable that I felt a need to tell someone about it. So I wrote to my parents and told them about it. They seemed to be astonished and dismayed by this news. But why should they have been surprised? What could be more commonplace than a teenage crush? (Ever since my early teens, my parents seem to have held a strangely unrealistic view of me. Their view is still as unrealistic today as it ever was.) In their reply, my parents made some perfunctory expressions of sympathy, because they felt it was their duty to do so, but I did not feel there was any warmth in these expressions. I got the impression that they were displeased because their perfect genius, their source of pride, had revealed a weakness. In my mother's letter I got a whiff of that same old "there-must-be-something-wrong-with-you" attitude. My mother wrote, "I think it is very important for you to start dating." Certainly this was very sound advice - just as sound as advising a starving man to "get some food quick", or advising a poor man to "hurry up and get some money." When I was home at Christmas and over the summer, my parents never mentioned my infatuation. I once tried to raise the subject with my mother, but got a cool and somewhat embarrassed response. So I had to sweat it out on my own...

...There was something about Carol Wolman, and especially about her smile, that gave an impression of wildness, and of an indefinable kind of romance. When I first got stuck on her, I used to have fantasies of her as a kind of satyr-like creature from Greek mythology, with the legs of a goat, cavorting on some Canadian mountainside. She seemed to me like a beautiful little wild animal. Not that there was anything about her that was coarse or "animal" in the derogatory sense. But to

me she had the air of one on whom civilization had not clamped down its vice of artificial restraints and learned mannerisms...

...But she had been well trained and absorbed her training thoroughly...I was very disappointed. She was just a goody-liberal. All those mannerisms of hers that suggested to me a certain wildness were just an illusion...

...But even after that - even today - when I think of Carol Wolman I get a little echo of what I once felt for her. In recent years I have even dreamed about her a few times...

...Needless to say, I desired physical contact with Ellen [Arl]. But, because of my extreme ignorance and lack of self-confidence in such matters, it was a long time before I got around to it...Once she said to me, "Don't you have any animal desires?" This certainly seemed like a hint that she was inviting physical contact; but what if I was mistaken? I would feel like a great fool if I tried something and it turned out I had misinterpreted. Besides, I didn't know how to go about making physical advances...

On one occasion I held hands with her. Finally, on the last date before I went back to Harvard, realizing that this would be the last chance I would have for months, I had sufficient nerve to ask her for a kiss. She agreed of course, so I just put my arm around her shoulders and pressed my mouth against hers. She ground her lips into mine, so to speak, by turning her head back and forth in a kind of circular motion. At that time, I hadn't realized that that is how a sexual kiss is ordinarily performed. I had seen it done that way in the movies, of course, but I had assumed that that was only a Hollywood affectation, a show that they put on, just like the fancy clothes and other romantic ostentation. I wondered whether Ellen had borrowed the idea of kissing that way from the movies. I would have felt foolish doing anything in imitation of things I had seen in the movies.

Anyway, I enjoyed that kiss very much. It was the first good sexual experience I had ever had (unless you want to count the time I tickled Linda Dybas when I was 9 or 10). Masturbation, sex fantasies, sexual perversions (whether private or with Dale Eikelman) - all these were frustrating and unsatisfying experiences. The limited pleasure that I got out of them was not enough to compensate for the frustration resulting from the fact that I was not getting what I wanted. But kissing girls is different. The pleasure and satisfaction I get from it is more than enough to compensate for the fact that I wish I were getting a lot more than just kisses. Alas, there have been only 4 occasions in my life when I have had the opportunity for such enjoyment - twice with Ellen Arl (but there were many individual kisses on the second occasion), and twice with Ellen Tarmichael...

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...In spite of the fact that I now had considerable contempt and no affection for Ellen [Arl], I very much enjoyed the physical contact. But, because of my feelings toward her, the enjoyment was necessarily of a rather detached kind. With one part of my mind I got pleasure from pressing my mouth against hers, while with another part of my mind I looked on the whole process with a kind of amused contempt...

After having had a taste of physical contact with a girl, for a while I suffered a good deal more from sexual starvation than I had done previously. At times I used to get a powerful craving for the feel of a soft feminine cheek against mine...

...While I was at Harvard I developed a style of living that most people in modern society would consider quite ascetic, and I have maintained that style of living ever since. By "ascetic" I mean that I spent almost no money on luxuries, fine clothes, entertainment, and the like. In part this was the result of my inclination toward power. (To get by with a minimum of things is associated with strength and toughness; to wallow in luxury is associated with softness.) But mostly my asceticism was simply due to a lack of interest in the things that money can buy...

But whenever I really want something, and can rationally afford it, I buy it. For instance, when I lived in California and made a good salary, I wanted a car so I could visit wild areas of the state; so I lost no time in buying a new car. (A 1967 Chevelle. It was a good car. I had it for about 7 years and developed a real affection for it.) For another example, when I went out with Ellen Tarmichael a few [s/o] months ago, I did not hesitate to spend \$32⁰⁰ (including \$5⁰⁰ tip) for a meal for the 2 of us in a gourmet-type restaurant. Thus I am no miser. But I don't spend money for something unnecessary when I feel I will get no real satisfaction out of it...

...On page 25 I indicated that it was "fairly obvious" that my bad social experiences in school that followed my skipping 6th grade were what caused me to have such great difficulty in making advances to girls. However, the reason may not be so simple. (One can tell what one's feelings are, but sometimes it is difficult to tell what are the ultimate causes of those feelings.) In particular, I wonder about this fact: **So far as I know, my brother has had no more sexual contact with women than I have. Is this pure coincidence?** One would be inclined to look for some common cause for his celibacy and mine. If there is such a common cause, it is not bad social experiences in school or cutting insults from parents, since my brother never underwent these experiences to any great extent if at all.

Never having discussed this question with my brother, the best I can do to answer it is this: There may be such a common cause, but it is not strong enough to be the determining factor in and by

itself. Other factors were necessary, but these [^]other factors in my case were not the same as in my brother's case. I will not attempt to determine what the other factors were in my brother's case...

However, I will explain what I think may be the common causes that hindered both my brother and me from getting girlfriends. For one thing, as a result no doubt of heredity and early family environment (probably mostly the latter), **we both grew up with personalities and attitudes that predisposed us to be social outsiders. We both have little respect for most of the human race and ^{'are} interested in friendship only with selected individuals. We both have no interest in the values, entertainments, conventions, and social rituals of most of the major social groupings. This by itself would tend to limit our social lives, and therefore limit our opportunities to meet girls...**

...while we like to joke about breaking the law, my brother would never have the nerve to actually commit a crime, and I myself acquired the nerve to break the law only after a long struggle.

This relates to our sex lives as follows: **Somehow I (and I think also my brother) absorbed the attitude that the relations between the sexes are somehow "official," that they are to get the same kind of respect that is due to authority, that approaching a girl something to be taken as seriously as obeying the law.**

...this is not to be confused with puritanism. We kids were always allowed to crack "dirty" jokes at home; my father made dirty jokes, and my mother laughed at them too, though often in a slightly embarrassed way; our parents always led us to feel that sex within marriage is a wholesome thing.)...

...When I was in my early teens I thought one couldn't ask a girl for a date unless one had been acquainted with her for a long time. I had heard **that one wasn't supposed to kiss a girl on the first date. So I assumed it was almost prohibited to kiss her on the second date because it would be too obvious that one was trying to kiss her as soon as possible after the minimum waiting period...**

...Naturally, as I grew older, my information improved, and I became less naive, but the conditioned response remained - the inhibitions about approaching girls. I think this same factor has affected my brother...

...I think that I would have been able to get girlfriends if it were not for the fact that bad experiences at home and (still more) at school **destroyed my social self-confidence.** My reason for thinking this is that, at the age of 13, before I had the worst of my bad experiences, I did begin making definite advances toward girls, as recorded on p.52 and p.54 of these notes...

(AUTOBIOGRAPHY) [written in 1978 - 79 in Chicago]

20 - 24 YRS

...During my last year at Harvard I applied for admission as a graduate student in mathematics to U. of Calif. at Berkeley, to U. of Chicago, and U. of Michigan. All 3 accepted me, but none (at first) offered me a teaching assistantship or any other form of financial support...

...Accordingly, I went to an employment agency, and separately applied for a job with IBM, where I had been recommended by an acquaintance of my parents who worked there. The employment agency said I made a very good impression on potential employers...

...But just then I got a letter from the University of Michigan offering me a teaching fellowship. That was what I had wanted...

...So I went to U. of Michigan in the Fall of 1962, and I spent 5 years there. These were the most miserable years of my life (except for the first year and the last year). I started out with enthusiasm and a high level of self-discipline...

...I still had pretty good morale at the end of the year, since I had high hopes of getting better teaching next year. Next year the teaching was even worse. That is when my morale began to slide rapidly downhill...

...The fact that I not only passed my courses (except one physics course) but got quite a few A's, shows how wretchedly low the standards were at Michigan...

...On the whole, I had high respect for the academic standards in scientific fields at Harvard. At Michigan, the instructors whom I considered good were a small minority...

...Sloppy, careless, poorly organized teaching can destroy the morale of many students...

...What was I doing with all the time that I was supposed to be spending on my course work? Mostly I spent it on research problems of my own devising... the work was excellent training and did much to develop my mathematical ability; but an imbalance in my mathematical knowledge resulted from the fact that I neglected my course work in order to work on my own research problems...

...Mathematics - even at its best - was only a game...I needed purposeful activity in the real world...even though I began to feel profoundly dissatisfied with mathematics, I still got from it an intense pleasure. In retrospect, I look upon this kind of pleasure as hollow...

...During my first 3 years at Michigan I was a half-time teacher. During my 4th year I declined to teach, and got by on savings accumulated during my first 3 years; this permitted me to devote full time to thesis and courses. During my 5th year I held a National Science Foundation Traineeship, which paid my way...

...I have a certain strain of perfectionism, whereby I become angry, frustrated, and upset whenever I mess up a job that I am doing. It is important to me to do any job right, and in many kinds of work this implies an element of tension...

...the longer I taught at Michigan, the more contempt I had for the bulk of my students. For this reason, I became a poorer teacher, but not by becoming sloppy in conducting my courses. Exactly the opposite! In teaching, I lived up to certain high standards of my own, but (feeling contempt for the bulk of my students) I took less and less interest in making the material palatable to my students. My classes consisted more and more of formal, perfect, cold, detached lectures. The majority of the students I think felt uncomfortable in this atmosphere...

...My teaching supervisors, who occasionally visited my classes, always told me I did a good job, because I was always well and carefully prepared for my classes; but they sometimes remarked (later in my teaching career) that my classes seemed "dead", i.e., unenthusiastic...

...During my 3rd or 4th year at Michigan, I was very surprised to be given a prize for supposedly being the "best graduate student in mathematics"...

...Shortly after I left Michigan permanently, I got a letter from the Math Department. They awarded me a 100 - dollar prize for writing the best thesis in mathematics that year...

...I had virtually no social life at Michigan, but I didn't miss it - except that I desired women...During my 4th year at Michigan I stayed in a rooming house...supposedly a men's rooming house...[a couple] had the room next to mine. I didn't realize the situation until one evening I heard them screwing. They certainly made plenty of noise about it. I suppose the bitch was squealing so loud because she found it sexually exciting to advertise to everyone what she was doing. Anyhow, it made me very angry, for these reasons: It roused my sexual feelings, which was unpleasant because I had no means of gratifying them in a satisfactory way, and this sexual frustration distracted me from my thesis work. Moreover, it roused my jealousy, especially since this couple seemed to be vaunting their sexual activities by being so unabashedly noisy...

...I made it almost a matter of principle to close myself against social relationships on any but the most superficial level...

...I had long since lost interest in romantic ideas. But my desire for a wilderness life independent of civilization grew stronger than ever...I had made no progress against the social and psychological obstacles; I felt trapped in my pattern of life; I felt I lacked the social courage to break away...

...The Vietnam war was on, and, while I approved of exterminating gooks, I preferred to have someone other than myself get his legs blown off by a land mine. If I quit my mathematical career, I could expect to get drafted. Actually, I wasn't all that much afraid of being sent to Vietnam. While I abhorred the idea of getting crippled, I was somewhat attracted by the idea of shooting it out with the Commies (I have always hated Communism and Socialism). But I felt that submitting to military discipline would be an intolerable indignity. I couldn't stand the idea of being arbitrarily pushed around and abused by loud-mouthed sergeants. I felt sure that if I were drafted, one of 2 things would happen: Either I would go AWOL in desperation, or else in a fit of rage I would shoot some bullying sergeant...

...Even if I could never break away physically, I would never let organized society capture my heart and mind; I would never become a docile and willing slave in the machine; I would never permit myself to give in to morality and conscience, which are among the biggest and heaviest chains by which society enslaves our minds. Of course I did have a conscience in the sense of conditioned responses, but my conscious will rebelled against this...

...I described my growing discouragement with mathematics. I have also described my growing hopelessness about leading the wilderness life I wanted. I had no sexual or social relationships to provide any consolation for my fundamental dissatisfaction with life in modern society. Thus, by the end of my 4th year at Michigan, I was deeply demoralized, discouraged, and bitter...

...By this time I had become completely alienated from the entire human race. I had broken free of all institutionalized values. I had achieved a great degree of inner solitude and isolation. (To quote from Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness, "I had to deal with a being to whom I could not appeal in the name of anything high or low.... There was nothing either above or below him.... He had kicked himself loose of the earth... He was alone.") I made it a principle to avoid all social feelings insofar as possible. There was no one whom I respected and no one whose friendship I desired. This situation had existed to a greater or lesser degree for many years previously, but by my 4th year at Michigan it had reached an extreme...

...I sometimes wish today that I could recover that complete psychological isolation...I wished that I could permanently remove all my equal instincts, so that I would no longer be nagged by desires that I couldn't satisfy...

...The perversions I occasionally practiced consisted of transvestism (with crudely improvised imitations of female clothing) and inserting my finger or other objects in my anus. But mostly my sexual activities consisted of ordinary masturbation accompanied by erotic fantasies. These fantasies were either of normal sex with a woman, or of myself as a woman, or of oral or anal perversions. However, as I became more and more completely hopeless about ever getting a girlfriend, the fantasies of normal sex with a woman declined and were more and more replaced by fantasies of sexual perversions or of myself as a woman...

...By my third year at Michigan, though I still could hardly keep my eyes off good-looking girls, I had closed my heart against them. Since I felt sure I would never have any kind of sexual relationship with any of them, it was less painful, frustrating, and humiliating to simply close off all hope and hate all good-looking women...

...finally I got disgusted with the whole thing, and angry, and said to myself, "What am I doing here working up a sweat trying to phone some stupid broad. It's an indignity. To hell with it. I don't need any damn women." This incident was a major step in making me completely hopeless about ever getting a girlfriend. I tended to close my heart against women. (Against people generally, for that matter...

During my U. of Michigan period I no longer felt ashamed of my perverted sexual fantasies in the same way that I ^{did} at the age of, say 15. That is, I still felt more or less revulsion after orgasm associated with a perverted fantasy; and I felt thoroughly and strongly disgusted after orgasm whenever I had spent a long period playing with perversions, especially when I feared I might be damaging my health through prolonged accelerated heartbeat and prolonged erection, or when I wasted, on perversion, time that I should have spent on some task. But, on the other hand, when I looked back on my sexual fantasies and activities from a little distance of time, I no longer felt any particular shame about them. Though of course I was very careful to keep these activities concealed, since I knew how other people would react to them...

...During my Michigan years I began occasionally having dreams of a type that I have continued to have occasionally over a period of several years. In the dream I would feel either that organized society was hounding me with accusations in some way, or that organized society was trying in some way to capture my mind and tie me down psychologically, or both. In the most typical form, some psychologist or psychologists (often in association with parents or other minions of "the system") would either be trying to convince me that I was "sick", or would be trying to control my mind through psychological techniques. I would be on the dodge, trying to escape or avoid the psychologists either physically or in other ways. But I would grow angrier, and finally I would break out in physical violence against

the psychologist and his allies. At the moment when I broke out into violence and killed the psychologist or other such figure, I experienced a great feeling of relief and liberation. Unfortunately however, the people I killed usually would spring back to life again very quickly. They just wouldn't stay dead. I would awake with a pleasurable sense of liberation at having broken out into violence, but at the same time with some frustration at the fact that my victims wouldn't stay dead. However, in the course of some dreams, by making a strong effort of will in my sleep, I was able to make my victim stay dead. I think that, as the years went by, the frequency with which I was able to make my victim stay dead through exertion of my will increased...

(AUTOBIOGRAPHY) [written in 1978 - 79 in Chicago]

24 - 27 YRS

...During the summer following my 4th year at Michigan...I had become thoroughly discouraged with mathematics. Music, reading, and other hedonistic pursuits bored me if indulged in to more than a limited extent. Thus, my life began to seem completely empty. I felt that I had nothing to look forward to or to live for...There was much talk in the news media about eliminating draft deferments for teachers. I felt there was a serious risk that I might be drafted...I was full of hatred for organized society and for many of the people around me, and the fact that I could not get revenge on those I hated was an additional depressing factor. Thus my morale sank to the zero point. It was lower than at any other period before or since...

...I have noticed that when my morale is very low, I tend to become a slave to such trivial pleasures as I can get. For instance, I may eat an excessive amount of junk food...Another similar symptom of very low morale that I have experienced is a tendency to get excessively involved with sexual fantasies, masturbation, and perversion. I mean much beyond the normal periodic release of sexual tension through orgasm. With good morale, I would from time to time become excited, masturbate, and then forget about it...With low morale, I had a tendency to avoid orgasm for sometimes hours, so as to prolong the sexual fantasies and the perversions that I practiced; and after orgasm I was apt to get excited again
er soon...

...the extreme low morale that I experienced in the latter part of the summer after my 4th year at Michigan led to the second of the 2 episodes in my life that I am really ashamed of. I got into a state where, for I guess about the last 2 or 3 weeks of the summer, I was more or less sexually excited nearly all the time, with fantasies of myself as a woman. It makes me squirm to think of it, but I actually decided to make an effort to have a sex-change operation. It was not that I imagined I would be happy as a woman, or that I had a favorable view of womanhood, or any such thing as that. It was simply that the idea of being a woman, and having intercourse as such, was extremely titillating sexually. This was because, to me, femininity has always been extremely exciting sexually, whether the femininity was present in myself (as in my fantasies of being a woman) or in someone else; and because fantasies of taking a feminine role in sex provided ego-negation - or self-surrender, if you prefer to call it that. (For my opinions concerning the sexual excitement provided by self-surrender, or what I have called ego-negation, see my recent journal notes. [Early 1979 journal notes.] I have since learned that a far more satisfactory sense of self-surrender in sex fantasies is obtained by loving a woman than by imagining myself in a physically feminine role, but I cannot feel a sufficiently unreserved and open-hearted kind of love for women when I feel rejected by them...

...Anyhow, during the stated period, I was constantly having sexual fantasies of myself as a woman. When the excitement got too intense, I would masturbate, but within a few minutes after orgasm I would get excited again. During those few minutes after orgasm I would feel intense revulsion. I would feel that death would be a better fate than having a sex-change operation. But death was all I had to look forward to. As explained above, I had no hope for anything. Aside from the unwholesome pleasure of constant sexual excitement, everything seemed like a black, dismal dead-end. Thus it is not surprising that I would promptly get sexually excited again...

...When I got back to the U. of Michigan, I made an appointment to see one of their psychiatric counselors. You may be sure that my purpose in doing this was emphatically NOT to be "cured" or "treated" or have my mind altered or meddled with in any way...I knew that you can't just purchase a sex-change operation by walking into the surgeon's office and plunking down your money. You first have to be examined by psychiatrists who decide such an operation would be "good" for you. Anyhow, I didn't know where to go for such an operation. I knew that if I frankly revealed myself to the psychiatrist, he would not decide that such an operation would be good for me, because certainly I was not suited to a feminine role in life - my motive was exclusively erotic. But I hoped that, by putting on an act, I could con the psychiatrists into thinking me suitable for a feminine role, so that they would help me to obtain a sex-change operation. I seem to be pretty good at concealing my feelings and playing a role before other people, so it's possible I might have been able to fool the psychiatrists...

...However, as the time approached for the appointment, I felt a certain revulsion setting in. While I was sitting in the waiting room I turned completely against the idea of the operation. So when I went in to see the doctor, I just gave him a bullshit story about being depressed about the possibility of being drafted...

...As I walked away from the building afterward I felt disgusted at what my uncontrolled sexual cravings had almost led me to do, and I felt humiliated, and I violently hated the psychiatrist. Just then there came a major turning point in my life. Like a phoenix I rose from the ashes of my despair to glorious new hope. (I ask the reader to pardon the melodramatic language. When I write like that, it is with a sly grin.)...

...I wanted to kill that psychiatrist. Because the future looked utterly empty to me, I felt I wouldn't care if I died. And so I said to myself, "Why not really kill that psychiatrist... anyone else whom I hate." What is important is not the words that ran through my mind, but the way I felt about them. What was entirely new was the fact that I really felt I

3
...could kill someone. My very hopelessness had liberated me. Because I no longer cared about death, I no longer cared about consequences, and I suddenly felt that I really could break out of my rut in life and do things that were daring, "irresponsible", or criminal...

...My first thought was to kill somebody I hated and then kill myself before the cops could get me. (I've always considered death preferable to long imprisonment.) But, since I now had new hope, I was not ready to relinquish life so easily. So I thought, "I will kill, but I will make at least some effort to avoid detection, so that I can kill again." Then I thought, "Well, as long as I am going to throw everything up anyway, instead of having to shoot it out with the cops or something, I will do what I've always wanted to do, namely, I will go up to Canada, take off into the woods with a rifle, and try to live off the country. If that doesn't work out, and if I can get back to civilization before I starve, then I will come back here and kill someone I hate." What was new here was the fact that I now felt I really had the courage to behave "irresponsibly".

...All these thoughts passed through my head in length of time it took me to walk a quarter of a mile. At the end of that time I had acquired bright new hope, an angry, vicious kind of determination, and high morale...

...I would need a little money...I promptly embarked on a conscientious program of physical conditioning - mainly running and walking...And I made a new, vigorous effort in learning to recognize edible wild plants, so that I began to learn new plant species rather rapidly...

...My morale remained very high all that year...I ceased to have trouble with sexual excitement. That is, my sexual feelings did not disappear, but whenever I got excited I would promptly masturbate to relieve myself, and so sex never caused me much trouble that year...

...I had no social life at this time and more than ever I made it a principle to be both asocial and amoral (but it is important to understand that these two are not the same thing!). I often had fantasies of killing the kind of people whom I hated (e.g. government officials, police, computer scientists, behavioral scientists, the rowdy type of college students who left their piles of beer-cans in the Arboretum, etc., etc., etc.) and I had high hopes of eventually committing such crimes...

...But I had not actually been liberated from my conditioned inhibitions against defying authority overtly. What I had acquired was strength and hopefulness to actively fight those inhibitions...

...my room got smelly for several reasons: I would sometimes leave half-eaten cans of tunafish standing for a few hours before finishing them; I never ate in restaurants, but only in my room, so that there was food garbage in my trash can; I would gather, keep, and eat wild garlic and onions, which are very strong-smelling; I seldom bothered to open my windows, so that these odors would accumulate, along with farts; during most of my life I have tended to bathe infrequently...

...I never was foolish enough to complain to those stupid [neighbor] jocks when they were having one of their roaring, drunken parties, because I know they would only have ridiculed me if I did so.)

One time, angry at having been kept awake by one of their parties, I sneaked down in the dark before dawn and put a piece of broken glass under one wheel of their car, so that they would roll over it when backing out. (This I think is the first thing I ever did that might have got me into minor trouble with the police if I'd been caught.)...

...I also did them another dirty trick...Just as I was moving out of the place at the end of the year, I told [the landlady] about the fact that the jocks were screwing girls in their apartment...

...I think it was in January, 1967 that I received a letter from the Mathematics Department at the University of California at Berkeley offering me a position there as Assistant Professor...

...The Berkeley offer was for only around 9,000, but I accepted that, because I figured that California had more wilderness opportunities to offer than Southern Michigan. Since I was still intending to take off to the wilderness, I have to explain why I accepted any offer at all. My hopelessness had led to a certain psychological liberation which in turn had given me hope. But since I now had high hopes in life I again became cautious. Instead of making the rash gamble of taking off into the woods unprepared, I wanted to do the job more carefully. I wanted to buy a plot of land, put up a cabin, live there, and then after familiarizing myself with the surrounding country I could hope to live far off where no one would know my location, so that I would be completely detached from society. But this plan would take a little money, so that I intended to teach for one or at most 2 years to accumulate the cash.. I wanted to get some money before trying to go live in the woods, so in Fall, 1967 I went to Berkeley...

...Reactions to my teaching were quite varied. Some classes seemed to hate me while others thought I was very good. Students of engineering and the like seemed to have the most negative reaction to me. I think they disliked my formal approach and my distant manner. Also, I suspect that students who wouldn't work diligently sensed my contempt them...

...At Berkeley, as usual, I had virtually no social life, and mostly I continued to purposely avoid social relationships (except that I would have been very glad to get a girlfriend if I had had an opportunity and had been able to make good use of it). I had no social contacts with my colleagues and didn't desire any. I had no respect for any of them...

...My recreations at Berkeley consisted, as before, almost exclusively of reading and outdoor activities. My reading centered around true accounts of the adventures of explorers, frontiersmen, Indians, etc...

...One time, on one of my walks in the Berkeley Hills, I was coming up into a residential area from off a steep, rough hillside below it. I was coming up along a narrow little path, rather disshevelled and dressed in my raggedy old jacket. Some kids were entering the path, and just after I passed them I heard one murmur, "He looks like he was out there all night." Another one mumbled, "Wino". This both amused and pleased me...

...During this period I found it necessary to begin disciplining myself to avoid reading newspapers except just occasionally, because if I read the papers regularly I would build up too much tense, frustrated anger against politicians, dictators, businessmen, scientists, communists, and others in the world who were doing things that endangered me or changed the world in ways that I resented.

I give examples of just a few of the things that I resented: The fact that my life depended on the decisions of dictators and politicians who had atom bombs at their disposal; boosters in the political and business worlds who pushed economic and population growth, thereby increasing air pollution, noise, over-crowding, and destruction of such wilderness as remained; scientists and engineers whose discoveries and inventions encouraged economic growth, and population growth by increasing food-supply*, and increased the power of society to control individuals by either physical or psychological means; groups that pushed collectivist ideologies, which I feared might change society in such a way as to restrict my personal autonomy even further...

...As for sex, at Berkeley, I rarely practiced perversions or had prolonged sex-fantasies, because I would usually masturbate promptly whenever I got excited, so that sex didn't get much grip on me. My sex fantasies were either of having normal intercourse with a woman, or of being a woman myself and having intercourse that way. I made no sort of advances toward women during my 2 years at Berkeley. I felt myself unattractive to women...

...here is where my one great weakness - my social weakness - interfered. I was too self-conscious...I feared people would think me foolish or peculiar if they knew I proposed to go off into the woods for 2 weeks alone; and still more so if they knew I wanted to live as a hermit...

...Thus, I had a great social problem in trying to bridge the gap between civilization and the wilderness...Doubtless the reader will think it weak of me to have not overcome this problem - and I freely admit that I do have a great weakness in the social sphere...

...There have been...occasions in my life when I have been a little surprized and perplexed at learning that certain other people know more about me than I expected. Perhaps they learn these things via the "grapevine". Ever since my high-school days it has seemed to me that I learn much less by way of the grapevine than other people do. I suppose it's a natural consequence of my social isolation.

Anyhow, I left Berkeley in Spring, 1969 and set off looking for land for a cabin-site...

October 10, 1969

[journal entry quote from The Hidden Persuaders, by Vance Packard]: "The ultimate achievement of biocontrol may be the control of man himself... The controlled subjects would never be permitted to think as individuals. A few months after birth, a surgeon would equip each child with a socket mounted under the scalp and electrodes reaching selected areas of the brain..."

...I think it is very probable that individual liberty will gradually disappear completely and permanently...Consider all the evils that are imposed on the individual by the system. To mention a few: air and water pollution; the threat of atomic war; overcrowding and traffic congestion, noise; bureaucratic red tape; the draft; destruction of the wilderness; the omnipresence of vulgar, intrusive, manipulative advertising; etc...Furthermore, the individual living independently can at least reasonably attempt to alleviate his hardships. If he is cold he can make a fire or build a better hut. If game gets scarce he can try, at least, to find an area where it is more plentiful. His decisions count; he is not helpless. But what can the individual do about air pollution or overpopulation? ...The point I am trying to make here is that the important things in an individual's life are mainly under the control of large organizations; the individual is helpless to influence them...

...Still more dangerous are scientific advances which make it possible to control people's minds. Scientists have already had great success in controlling animals by means of electrodes inserted in their brains, and these techniques have even been successfully applied to human mental patients...Psychological techniques for manipulating people also are meeting with increasing success...Quite likely the invasion of liberty will proceed most quickly in the "education" of children and the "rehabilitation" of criminals and insane people...

...Sticking electrodes into people's heads makes us feel squeamish, but what is the difference whether we manipulate a person by sticking electrodes in his head or by educational techniques if both methods are equally effective in engineering his personality?...

C-226B

[July 1970]

...Almost every place along the way where it was possible to pull a vehicle off the road there were one or more campers, trailers or cars parked. Hippies with ostentatious whiskers, tarty girls in skin-tight pants, the whole pile of shit. This makes me want to kill people...

...Though I have had a smoldering and fairly consistent dislike of organized society ever since my middle teens, my hatred of it did not reach full bloom until I was about 24 years old...

[February 13, 1971]

...It...seems probable - in fact, almost certain - that in future generations the lone individualist will be eliminated through scientific manipulation of human behavior...

26C [April 6, 1971]

...My motive for doing what I am going to do is simply personal revenge. I do not expect to accomplish anything by it. Of course, if my crime (and my reasons for committing it) gets any public attention, it may help to stimulate public interest in the technology question and thereby improve the chances of stopping technology before it is too late; but on the other hand most people will probably be repelled by my crime, and the opponents of freedom may use it as weapon to support their arguments for control over human behavior. I have no way of knowing whether my action will do more good than harm. I certainly don't claim to be an altruist or to be acting for the "good" (whatever that is) of the human race. I act merely from a desire for revenge. Of course, I would like to get revenge on the whole scientific and bureaucratic establishment, not to mention communists and others who threaten freedom, but, that being impossible, I have to content myself with just a little revenge.

These days it is fashionable to ascribe sick-sounding motivations (in many cases correctly, I admit) to persons who commit antisocial acts. Perhaps some people will deny that I am motivated by a hatred for what is happening to freedom. However, I think I know myself pretty well and I think they are wrong. Let me explain more fully. It is quite true that I do not fit into organized society, and that I don't want to fit into it. It is quite true that even if science were not advancing and the degree of social organization were not increasing, I would still resent organized society, and I

26C

would still seek all avenues of temporary or partial escape from it - or total escape if possible. **But if it were not for the advance of science I would not rebel to such an extent as to risk severe punishment...**

C-230B

[Sept. 20, 1972]

...I have been pretty busy during the day here in Great Falls, running around trying to get various things that I need - felt liners for my boots, materials for repairing my snowshoes, etc. But in the evenings there hasn't been much to do, so I took to reading Joseph Conrad's "The Arrow of Gold," a copy of which has been lying around here...

...for some reason I felt very refreshed after reading the story - invigorated, and my spirits buoyed up. I still feel that way. This is a little peculiar, since I don't actually consider the story to have been a good one. In fact I found much of it irritating...

...Perhaps I reacted to the story as I did largely because, before taking up The Arrow of Gold, I had been reading to a certain extent in current magazines and newspapers. As usual, I found much of that material sordid and disgusting, and full of propagandistic devices. It may have been the contrast...

Envelope postmarked from:

GREAT FALLS. MT 59401
OCT 17 PM 1972

Parents: ...Received your latest letters and neither of them seem to have had the seal tampered with, so probably my suspicions were unfounded. But **please put a small "T" in the corner of the letter when you unseal and reseal an envelope;** because it still strikes me as odd that the first 4 letters I got were taped; so it is best to keep track of it...

ENVELOPE - POSTMARK GREAT FALLS MT NOV 11 PM 1972 59401

To: T.R. Kaczynski [father]

I have to have a cabin somewhere where I can get away from civilization. Look - it's a matter of **desperation**. Never mind why. I could tell you to read Ellul's "Technological Society" for an explanation, but you don't understand the book anyway, even if you think you do...

...You should have given me the money for that project when I asked for it earlier. Now I think you would not only have to provide the money but also find a sufficiently isolated piece of land that can be purchased. By now I am so **desperately sick of civilization** that I don't think I could go through the mess of dealing with govt. officials, real estate agents, or other objectionable persons - I would be to **overwhelmed with hatred** to do business with them. I hate society all the more because my first couple of years here - especially the winters, when I was more isolated - showed me how satisfying life can be when one has a certain degree of genuine freedom and independence.

Of course I realize that you couldn't possibly afford to spend several thousand dollars to get me a piece of land (though of course I would give you my 50% share in my present lot in exchange). If you spent that much, then **you might have to do without an air conditioner when you retire, and even give up travelling thousands of miles each year on your vacation. Naturally, survival under circumstances of such bitter hardship is inconceivable, so you couldn't do that.** There is an alternative scheme that would only cost you, maybe, around a thousand dollars. **Provide me with a canoe or packhorse, such supplies and equipment as I need,** and transportation for all this to the point where I would take off - discreet transportation, since I would have to **avoid attracting the attention of the authorities**. I would then try to find some very well-hidden place where I could put up a log shack, live off the country as much as possible, and, when necessary, **covertly bring in such supplies as I need**. Of course, this probably would provide only a temporary solution at best, and might not provide a solution at all...in any case I **would probably be found out sooner or later as civilization encroaches. Then I would be arrested for trespass and for poaching.**

Now, **don't be stupid enough to lecture me about this. You know I have too much contempt for your opinions to be influenced by them...**

[written in Salt Lake City, 1972]

Dec.17,1972: I think I am not unusual in being disturbed by the present state of society and especially by the accelerating erosion of freedom that seems to be clearly indicated for the future. However, it seems that I get considerably more upset about it than most people do...

Dec.25,1972:...About a year and half ago, I planned to murder a scientist - as a means of revenge against organized society in general and the technological establishment in particular...Unfortunately, I chickened out. I couldn't work up the nerve to do it.

The experience showed me that propaganda and indoctrination have a much stronger hold on me than I realized. My plan was such that there was very little chance of my getting caught. I had no qualms before I tried to do it, and I thought I would have no difficulty. I had everything well prepared.

But when I tried to take the final, irrevocable step, I found myself overwhelmed by an irrational, superstitious fear - not a fear of anything specific, merely a vague but powerful fear of committing the act. I cannot attribute this to a rational fear of being caught. I made my preparations with extreme care, and I figured my chances of being caught were less than, say, my chances of being killed in an automobile accident within the next year. I am not in the least nervous

6E

when I get into my car.
I can only attribute my
fear to the constant
flood of anticrime propa -
ganda to which one is
subjected. For example,
murderers in T V dramas
are always caught,
there is always the stern,
moralizing sermon on
their "twisted minds",
they are small and helpless
before the judge, surround
- ed by police, etc., etc.,
etc. **If I ever do work**
up the nerve to commit
such a murder, I will
probably have to do it in
a kind of suicidal act
of rage - that is, without
making any attempt to
avoid being caught. It
may be that I can
overcome my vague,
fictional fear of
horrible consequences only
by saying to myself,
"Damn the consequences -
this is the end."

0B

[Jan 17, 1973]

Well, for a little over a month I have been working for a couple of bricklayers here in Salt Lake City. Typically I work about 9½ hours a day, 6 days a week, and it is hard work, too - made harder by the mud, slush, snow, and cold...

...my objective here is to accumulate some money as fast as possible, so that I can go back to the woods. On the other hand, I find it somewhat exhilarating. It is a break from routine, an opportunity to take effective action (at least, I hope effective) on an individual basis - an increasingly unusual opportunity (scratch-out) for most of us in organized society...

26E

[March 21, 1973]

...There is a point beyond which the desire for revenge against society becomes more important than the desire to enjoy that which is worthwhile in life...

C-228D

August 5 [1973]: Just got back from a 3-day hike (i.e. 3 sleeps) with Dave to the mountains N. of Highway 200. **Going with Dave was convenient for me as we left his car to the risk of being stolen, instead of mine.**

C-115

Envelope postmarked from Lincoln, MT 59639
SEP 22 AM 1973

...**So Dave is giving up in Montana.** I hope he doesn't plan to spend the rest of life in a hole like Chicago, anyway. **This will deprive me of my convenient hopping place in Great Falls!** Maybe I'd better get to know Helena, which is somewhat closer...

8D

[February 17, 1974]

[Referring to large party of snowmobilers]...You can hardly conceive how much this upsets me...It makes me want to kill people. I hope someday I will work up the nerve to do so...

C-197

From Journal:

March 16, 1974: This morning was very fresh and beautiful...But as I came around the hill N. of the cabin I heard the roar of some snowmobiles ahead, buzzing around and around...It's not that I'm...shy about meeting people [in itself], but (1) [this is the most important point] meeting people -- especially people like that -- upsets the sense of isolation from organized society (2) just the noise by itself is distressing (3) living off here in the winter it is impractical to keep one's clothes clean or shave regularly, so that I look like a tramp, and must be an object of curiosity, if not of amusement or suspicion, to these slicked and pampered snowmobilers. Also, Ardrey's famous "territorial imperative" may play some role here. Anyhow, I went back a little way, then sat and brooded for awhile...

...I can hardly express how this enrages me. More snowmobiles have been roaring by the cabin just now...

...What I seek here is not recreation or anything of that sort, but a way of life. I want to be my own masterI want . . . work to do that is practical, that serves a purpose as a part of my own life, and that is under my own direction and control...

...This . . . is the crux of the whole matter -- I will not be part of organized society. [Jacques Ellul's "Technological Society".]

...even the slightest involvement with other people puts pressures on one's autonomy (though this is less so with close friends of long standing). So fuck 'em all. I will do what I god damn well please...

C-228D

[May 28, 1974]

...My tentative plan is to spend a considerable amount of this summer in the 'back country', then go looking for work again, and this time try to save up enough money so that I can go some place further north...

-227C

[July 1974]

...But I am so tired of looking and looking and always learning that the places I have found are not very secluded after all. Yes, on second thought it does dampen my spirits completely. It is so utterly discouraging. It makes me want to kill people...

...It may be asked why I experience such an intense desire for a place of my own out off from civilization, while most people do not. I suggest the following: Frustration and unhappiness are widespread in technological civilization. Most people, partly because they are not very self-analytical and partly because they have not experienced any other way of life, do not know why they are not very happy or what it is that they lack. Probably what they are missing is the life for which the human race has been psychologically suited by natural selection - that of a hunter-gatherer. . . I know exactly what I want out of life, and I want it very badly, and it is organized technological society that prevents me from getting it...

C-230B

[Oct. 1, 1974] Some remarks concerning myself and (ugh) women. I have had very little to do with females.

There was only one girl whom I ever even kissed. Of course, I have been attracted to many girls. I have concluded that there are two distinct kinds of sexual attraction - call them type 1 and type 2. Type 1 can be characterized as follows: When one looks at the female in question, one's eyes are riveted on the sexual areas of her body; the sight of her body causes an almost immediate tendency to erection; in thinking about her one's thoughts turn immediately to bedroom scenes; one has no more interest in her feelings or her personal well-being than one would in those of any other 120-lb. load of meat. With type 2, when it occurs in relatively pure form, one's eyes are attracted equally to all parts of the girl's body, unless, perhaps, they are more attracted to her face; One is very slow to have an erection from looking at or thinking about her; In daydreaming about her one's thoughts take a long time to come around to bedroom scenes, and when these occur they play far from a dominant role. Instead, one dreams of holding her head and telling her ^{one} loves her, or of saving her from danger, or of doing things to make her happy...
...When type 2 occurs in highly developed form, one typically gets a kind of electric thrill from the mere sight of the girl. There is ^{often} something strangely mysterious about the type 2 feeling, something that seems like an echo from some unremembered past. The feeling is intensely pleasurable, but for me it also has always been painful, perhaps solely because I have never gotten the girl in question...

...Just four times over a span of 22 years (God! that's a long time. Makes me feel old) I have experienced Type 2 in something like pure form - and the fourth and last instance must be regarded as a little questionable because it is too recent to be seen in perspective.

For not quite three weeks I have worked as a service station attendant at Raynesford. I quit yesterday...there was a college girl working there, about 19 years old, named Sandi Boughton. Of the four with whom I have been infatuated, she is the only one who could not be considered beautiful. Her face was presentable, but I would say it fell a little short of being even just pretty. Her figure was imperfect, but it was her principal physical attraction. Her body was so lithe, fresh, firm, and vigorous. I learned later that she was something of an athlete. Blond (letter scratched out), blue-eyed, rather on the small side. She was the daughter of a rancher near Raynesford, and she was, I believe, about to commence her second year at the University of Montana. I found her attractive from the start, and after a couple of days I just couldn't get her out of my thoughts...

...if she was attracted to me it was not to nearly the same extent that I was attracted to her...

...I can't get her off my mind. She was such a ... well, ray of sunshine that I hunger for the sight of her...

...I am disgusted at my own weakness for her...

...Now let's go back some 22 years, to when I was 10 years old, in fifth grade. There was a little girl in that class named Darlene Curley. She was a beautiful thing with long black hair...

...many primitive tribes... believe a man's hunting weapons will lose their power if handled by a woman, or that a man must abstain from intercourse with his wife before going on a war expedition. It appears occasionally in literature, as in Wagner's Ring Cycle, where it is stated that the Rheingold will confer world power on its possessor provided he forsakes the love of woman. The conflict is that between power and pleasure; or rather, between the austere pleasure of hard, demanding work and the soft pleasures of women. Because I am particularly attracted to austerity, power, hard work, etc., this conflict is especially well developed in me...

...I was attracted to [Darlene Curley]...but from sheer stubbornness I would never permit myself to form in my mind the words "I like her very much." Instead, I had sadistic fantasies about her - I imagined myself inflicting all kinds of ghastly tortures on her...

...the sadistic fantasies were merely a tool that I used to crush out my love for her...

...In looking back on that time I feel a sense of fierce triumph and joy at my success in resisting her - and at the same time I experience an acute longing for the pleasure I might have had if I had yielded to her. Even today the name "Darlene" faintly stirs something in me...

T-230B

...The second, and I think the most severe, well-developed Type 2 of which I was victim began when I was 16 years old - a freshman at Harvard - and lasted about two years. This girl's name was Carol Stone Wolman...

...One day it occurred to me that the thought of her hadn't even crossed my mind for 3 weeks - I was liberated, and glad to be so....

...The third severe Type 2 from which I suffered occurred when I was 28 years old...

...I had a temporary job in a kind of mail-order warehouse. This girl was a god-damned greasy wetback spick...She certainly was a beauty... About her personality, intelligence, etc., I know practically nothing, since I never spoke more than a few words to her...

...For some romantic literature dealing with the conflict between power and love - or, if you will, between manhood and pleasure - see Joseph Conrad's Arrow of Gold (the guy who loves, but tries to kill, Doña Rita) and Victor Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame (La Esmeralda and Claude Frolo).

Oct. 7, 1974: This latest infatuation is not quite so severe as the others - perhaps because age has rather quieted the intensity of my feelings...

...to have a love affair with this girl would be unimaginably delightful...

...So, after a struggle between many misgivings on the one hand, and a kind of contemptuous disregard for all the rest of the human race and its opinions on the other (this latter attitude has considerably increased with me since I came to Montana), I sent her the letter quoted below...

...Dear Miss Boughton: I am going to lay before you a rather unusual proposition. For most of the last 3 years I have lived alone in a cabin in the hills not far from Lincoln. Because civilization is crowding in on me too much around here, **it is my ambition to find a place in Alaska or northern Canada** far enough back in the woods to be safe from civilization for some years at least. If and when I can get such a place, I **would like to have a...ah...squaw to accompany me there. My proposition is that we should become sufficiently well acquainted so that you can intelligently consider the question whether you would like to go north with me as my wife...**

...Very likely this preposition is too far out for you to take seriously. I can just imagine you giggling over this letter with your girlfriends. But that is your privilege, I suppose, and it won't do me any harm anyway..."

...Would I actually go through with that - marry her and take her north with me? I confess my fantasies have often turned in that direction - **which just goes to show how sick she's made me...**

...As soon as I had mailed that letter, I thought, "Christ! Now I've done it!" But I soon stopped sweating about it, and I **have fallen into an attitude of insolent disregard about the matter, and a feeling that the whole thing is an interesting though potentially embarrassing adventure...**

C-228E

October 10 [1974] -

...This makes me hate society all the more. Why? you ask. Ain't society's fault that I gambled on buying an old, beat-up truck to go into a business I knew nothing about. True enough, **but the whole underlying problem is brought about by organized society. Without such society, I would have been living from birth the life I want...**

C-230B

Oct. 15 [1974]: No answer yet from that girl, so I suppose I'm not going to get one. Not surprizing. Still, I would have preferred to get a negative answer rather than no answer at all. As it is, I am strongly tempted to pursue the matter further...When we were both working at the gas station, I had a few minor revulsions of feeling toward her, but these were few, feeble, and short-lived. Since then, I don't think I have felt any rebellion at all against my feelings toward her...

...age has mellowed me somewhat - one's feelings are different at 32 from what they were at 22...

...I do not particularly want soulful communion; I want to take care of her, be good to her, make her happy; of course I want her love too, physically as well as in every other way. Anyhow, whether it is due to a change in me or a difference in her, this is the one girl I feel I could love with comparatively few conflicting feelings. But it seems pretty unlikely that I will ever have that[^]opportunity...

Oct. 16 [1974]: All this has stirred up old memories. Last night I dreamed about Carol Wolman...

...I woke up, or half awoke, after the dream with a very strong, bittersweet sense of melancholy, of regret for lost youth and missed opportunities, centering on Carol Wolman, but with other things dragged in, including something vague and indefinable...

...Alas, that sense of lost youth and missed opportunity is something I fear I am likely to be feeling 10 or 15 years from now with regard to something that is much more important to me than any erotic involvement. I mean the kind of life that I have tasted in these mountains, but which I have never yet been able to live in close to pure form, without interference from civilization - the kind of thing that to me is some how best symbolized by new -- fallen snow and the hunting of snowshoe hares by tracking...

Oct. 23 [1974]: As I mentioned before, I was reluctant to leave any stone unturned in pursuing that Sandi creature, so, a week ago, I sent her the following letter:

Dear Miss Boughton:

No doubt I have made myself look very foolish already, and I suppose I am going to make myself look even more foolish now, but that doesn't worry me particularly. I haven't had an answer to my letter, and that amounts to a negative answer. I would appreciate it if you would tell me why your answer was negative...

...My only excuse is that I am extremely ignorant and inexperienced in dealing with women. I simply don't know the proper way to go about these things. So let me start all over again and give it another try.

It should be obvious by now that I am infatuated with you...

...No answer yet, so I guess I'm not going to get one to that letter either. I still am reluctant to give up, but now I guess I'll have to, since I promised not to bother her again. Funny thing is that I don't resent her in the least for

T-230B

rejecting me. Oh, well...

...I do believe that a more satisfying life is possible for me without any such involvement - yet such things can be so overpoweringly tempting...

Nov. 1 [1974]: I have dreamed about that Sandi girl a couple of times before, and I dreamed about her again last night...

...After I awoke I felt for awhile very heavy and melancholy. That melancholy feeling was augmented from another source - as I mentioned before, things are pretty well ruined around here, and there are plenty of difficulties in the way of my getting that cabin in the far north - would still be plenty of difficulties even if I had lots of money. I am just sick of the burden of dealing with people and feel like taking to the woods and seeing how many people I can pick off with my rifle before the cops get me. My infatuation with that girl seems to be getting gradually dulled, but it flares up from time to time, and I think it would come back in full strength if I were to meet her again. With regard to the melancholy feelings mentioned above, it is interesting that despite these I do not feel depressed - i.e., I am quite ready for activity and feel I am functioning at a pretty high level...

...It is frustrating. I look at my reflection in my cabin window, and I see a pretty good specimen of a man. Not heavily muscled, but sinewy and hard, with sufficient muscle showing. I am in excellent condition. My facial features naturally are coarser and not so handsome as when I was 19 or 20, but (especially with my beard, which I have let grow again) I look more virile now. I have plenty of brains, varied talents, and a kind of general competence at most kinds of work. I suppose my personality is pleasant

-230B

gotten set up for the night.
Then I sat down, put my
head on my hands, and cried;
from a combination of frustra-
tion and a bitter regret for
what I am missing through
my inability to even try to
get that girl. I would point
out to the reader that since
my latter teens I have never
shed one tear over physical
pain - not even when I scalded
all the skin off the top of my
foot 3 years ago. A few years
ago when I was having a deep
cavity drilled without anesthetic,
the dentist remarked 2 or 3
times, "Gee, you're a hard guy
to hurt!" It hurt, alright,
but I wasn't about to let him know it. Yet on account
of that girl I just sat and
sobbed...

Nov. 11 [1974]: I don't feel very badly about
that girl this morning; because I
guess I have lost all hope of getting
her...

Nov. 12 [1974]: Ever since the latter part of
yesterday I think I am
entirely cured of that infatuation - though
it would likely come back
again if I were to meet her again
in the relatively near future. It
is as I said some time ago in
these notes - I don't feel I need
her. I was in a sweat over her
only so long as I felt there was
some chance of getting her. All
the same, this morning I sent her
the letter copied below...

...This morning, when I sent it, I was
laughing over it; but I sent it
anyway because it is an interesting
adventure and because if she does
answer it will gratify my
curiosity - besides, it was
frustrating to get no response
whatever to the first 2 letters, for

-230B

which reason it will be a satisfaction to get any kind of response to this one. It is a grovelling, belly-crawling letter, but I don't care. As I have mentioned before, I have achieved a certain degree of indifference to other people's opinions of me...

Dear Miss Boughton:

... You may not have seen it under those shapeless work clothes, but I have a very well-proportioned physique and I am in excellent condition. I have plenty of brains - I am a Harvard graduate and spent 2 years as assistant professor of mathematics at Berkeley. (If you feel inclined to doubt that statement, look for my name in the author indices of various issues of Mathematical Reviews available in the U. of M. library - between the years 1966 and 1971). I have a variety of talents, and virtues... I apologize for any annoyance I have caused you. I would appreciate it very much if you would answer my question this time, even if your answer can consist of nothing but derogatory statements concerning me. Please. Sincerely
Yours,...

Nov. 19, [1974]:

I am now perfectly cured of that affair, thank heaven!

C-230D

Jan 6, 1975: Have come to Oakland, Calif. to see if I can find more lucrative work than seems to be available in Montana....

Feb 27 [1975]: It is an interesting fact that **over the past few months women have been on my mind a great deal...**

...for some little while before I took that as station job (see other notes), I had been thinking more than usual about women-though still not enough to cause much discomfort. **The noteworthy point is that I thought not so much about physical sex as about love and all that kind of mushy stuff.** I thought how nice it would be to have a squaw to share my life in the woods-especially if I could get up to Alaska or some such place...

...But it didn't get really bad until I got infatuated with that **damned little bitch at that service station** (see other notes). After I got even that, I still felt a strong desire to get some woman...

...Since coming to Oakland I have begun to feel almost desperate for women. I go running around Lake Merritt to keep in shape (I seem to run faster than practically anybody else I have seen running there-ha!) and there are quite a few females who run there too. And some of them are so beautiful! ...Oh! Oh! Oh! They give me a big hard on...

...something must have increased my sex appeal; since coming to Oakland I have twice been approached by homosexuals...

...yesterday I applied for a crummy job at a MacDonald's restaurant. There was one other applicant being interviewed-a good-looking girl probably in her early twenties...this morning, by chance, I happened to spot this girl walking down the street. I quickened my pace to catch up with her. When I pulled up with her, I said "Hello - weren't you applying for a job at MacDonald's yesterday?" She was obviously pleased by my attention and became very chatty and friendly. I walked with her to the YWCA, where she was staying, and stood in front of it talking with her for a few minutes. I left with her name (Debbie Hechst [spelling conjectural]) and phone number, which she gave cheerfully at my request...

...Perhaps I am not really so inhibited with attractive women as I thought...

Feb. 28..March 1 [1975]; Further report on above: I certainly do not understand what makes females tick. Today I called that girl and asked her to have supper with me. She seemed rather cool about it...I don't resent her very much for it. But I am certainly puzzled... Naturally I won't call her again...

March 2 [1975]: Postscript on the above: The note below I composed in my mind for amusement; contemplating it, I was so pleased with my own sparkling wit that I wrote it down and sent it. I don't suppose she'll like it much, but

F-230D

that's okay, since I don't intend to pursue her any more anyway.

Dearest Debbie:

Obviously you don't want to go out with me at all. I called you back at 4 o'clock, the time appointed by you, and you declined to answer. I was utterly crushed. I ran and got my razor, intending to cut my throat, but I couldn't go through with it because I couldn't find a container to catch the blood in. I wouldn't want to spill it all over the floor. So I guess I'll just pine away and die of unrequited love, you cruel thing. Just to show that I'm selfless and noble and forgiving I'm going to remember you in my will. I'm leaving you my .30-30, my yo-yo, my six-point elk horns, and my jock strap. This last item should be laundered thoroughly before use. Also, I'm leaving you some advice that your mother should have given you: Never speak to strange men on the street.

Yours forever more,

Ted Kaczynski

underneath the signature I drew a picture of a broken heart...

March 19 [1975]: Have just got back to my cabin. Found job market extremely bad in Oakland and my money had almost run out...

...But I did bring back one particularly pleasant memory from California, anyway. In connection with my current attack of lust, I joined the Sierra Singles, a section of the Sierra Club, in the hope of meeting

F-230D

some females with outdoor interests...I did go on 2 hikes, Saturday and Sunday, just before I left...The great majority of the women on these hikes were not goodlooking enough to interest me...I had much enjoyable conversation with a young woman maybe 25 years old in the car in which I rode to and from the hike...Trina (last name Enderlein, as I later learned). It turned out she was from Montana (Missoula)...She had a very pretty face; her figure was only so-so, but she had loads of charm...it is amazing how the most inane remark can sound fascinating when it issues from the laughing lips of a pretty young woman with sparkling blue eyes shining with animation. Her "you're an idiot" was so uninhibited and spontaneous and lively and good-humored that I remember it with particular pleasure...

...It may surprize the reader to learn that I have never before done that sort of thing with a girl. For nearly 13 years I have had almost nothing to do with females. Before that the only one I had much to do with was Ellen Arl, and she was no good...

...I wish I could have pursued matters further with Trina! But I was leaving the next day...if I could have gotten just one kiss from those inviting lips.... Oh well. It feels good to be back in my cabin...[but] I don't know when I will ever have another chance to meet women...I have now decided that women are an experience I do not want to miss.

T-230D

March 30 [1975]: After the first few days back at my cabin I got over my desire for women. Hasn't bothered me since. We'll see whether it stays that way.

C-228E

March 26 [1975] ...While we were working, a tall, rugged-looking old fellow of perhaps 50 summers came walking up to us from out of the woods. He gave his name, but I don't remember it, which is just as well, since I wouldn't want to blow his cover by revealing it. For convenience, I will call him Mr. Bonaparte. One was immediately struck by the look of suspicion in his eyes...

about his revelations... Among other things, the KGB has killed 7 or 8 hundred children in the United States; 2 local residents whose appearance was described to me are KGB...

All this information certainly makes the state of the nation seem frightful. Next thing you know, the KGB will make Mr. Bonaparte out to be a dangerous paranoiac and have him confined to an institution...

C-226E

[May 14, 1975]

...Still untroubled by any desire for women, and expect to stay that way as long as I keep away from people...

C-1

[Summer, 1975]

[Ted writes in 1979 of engaging in various acts of vandalism during this period: Sugar in fuel tanks of various vehicles, breaking and entering a trailer, vandalizing outfitter's camp, stringing wire at neck height across motorcycle tracks]

Envelope addressed to: Kaczynski
463 North Ridge
Lombard, Illinois 60148

Postmarked: **Jun 7, 1975**, Canyon Creek, MT 59633

Notation on envelope to left of address: attn:
Dave

...Unfortunately, I received your little heraldic thing at a time when I was rereading Vol. II of Bulfinche's Mythology-- The Age of Chivalry; King Arthur and all that stuff. All that stuff (scribble) went to my head and I suddenly realized what in my heart of hearts I had known all along - namely, that I was in truth Sir Theodorus Johannus Bombastus Kaczynski, Knight of the Table Round, Baron of Crater Mountain and Earl of Cottonwood Gulch, scion of a highborn lineage, Knight Templar, Member of the Order of the Garter and of Queen Guenevere's Brassiere. Only an evil enchantment put upon me by Morgane da Fay had caused me to forget all this temporarily. So I swiped a galvanized garbage can, cut holes in it for my arms and legs, painted that black bull's head and silver sword business on the cover for a shield, stuck a nail on the end of (scribble) a broomstick for a lance, girt on my trusty machete Excaliber, stole a horse, and set off to find a giant to slay or an oppressed of whom had the unparalleled temerity to point at me and say "look at that crazy bastard. "Bastard? Fie, varlet," I cried, "wouldst thou cast so vile a smirch upon my escutcheon?" So I (scribble) couched my lance and tilted at him, and low villain that he was, he ran like a rabbit and I was only able to prick his fat ass before he escaped

by scrambling over a fence. Shortly thereafter I found myself surrounded by 3 police cars (and a van with padded interior from the state mental hospital at Warm Springs. One of the cops approached me gingerly and said "Say, bud, you got any identification?" Yes, he had the impudence to address me as "bud." (Scribble) I replied, "Know me by this, recreant caitiff!" And I laid his cheek open with a stroke from Excalibur. So they all swarmed around me and pulled me off my horse. "Unhand me, base-born churls!" I screeched, but to no avail. So now they have me in a loathsome dungeon kept by an ogre with a big red nose, awaiting trial before a judge who probably has no noble ancestry to speak of. His coat of arms, I doubt not, is a dunghill on field azure, with bar sinister, of course...

C-203

Postmark:

CANYON CREEK, MT

JUN

16

A.M.

1975

...I happen to be in a comparatively mellow mood, and besides, you have lately given some faint signs of admitting your moral fallibility, though not nearly to the extent you should. So I decided to be nice and write you a letter. First, some business: You sent me a Reader's Digest. Look, stupid, how many times must I tell you not to send me magazines?

...Also, DO NOT visit me this summer and don't leave your car here either.

...I spent the last 2 1/2 months in California looking for work...what does bother me about not being able to get a job is this: Now I must go into a big explanation...over the last few months I have (cross-out) been, for some inexplicable reason, constantly nagged by a desire for women. And the bad part about it is that I don't just think about screwing them - I have all these terrible ideas about mushy love stuff, hearts and flowers...

So when I got to Oakland, Calif., I put an ad in the paper "Woodsman seeks squaw. Wilderness life." I got six replies, but for one reason and another none of them worked out. One of them must have been written by a nymphomaniac

"I get a natural high on fresh mountain air and a long stiff cock gliding through my thatch (honey blonde to match my hair!) into my warm, wet, slippery cunt."

"I'm lying here in the long grass, stark naked, with a finger in my snatch and my love juices running out of me onto the clover."

[I might mention, as long as I am on this topic, that my first day at the YMCA - where I stayed in Oakland - some fairy slipped a note under my door: "I have been noticing you since you have been here. I was wondering if I could suck your cock"...etc. Since he didn't offer to pay anything, I didn't take him up on it.]

...I don't understand women - they seem so inconsistent...

...But I did learn two amazing things...One was that **I am no longer shy with females...**The other thing is that I no longer seem to resent attractive women for attracting me...**I can even conceive of myself as getting married**, if I found a woman...I suppose it is because I am getting old and partially discouraged. I have partly attained my goal of living in the woods, but have almost despaired of attaining it completely. I'm getting too old to start all over again someplace else. **In a few more years I'll be 40, and after that age one can't count on one's health. Why should I go through a lot of trouble to move to, say, Alaska, when, by the time I get things functioning well, I may have to give it up for health reasons?** And I no longer have much solitude here. So - discouragement and thoughts that turn to easy pleasures.

...In the meantime I had joined the Sierra Singles...

Most of the females on these hikes were not sufficiently good-looking to be worthy of my attention-However, on the first hike, there was one very beautiful one...She was very ladylike, gracious, and courteous; such a tranquil type that you couldn't tell whether she liked you or not; so I gave up on her eventually...of course I can never tell anyway.

...(You see how low I have sunk. The reason I like women now is because I no longer care about whether they have a character worthy to be compared with my own, which of course would be impossible anyway.)...

...But, you see, now I am in a bad way. There aren't any sweet young creatures up here (except does, and they run too fast), and, without employment, I can't live where the sweet young creatures are. And, being nearly 33 I may soon be too old to get young and attractive women. **Probably I could forget women if I had this place all to myself, but the lack of solitude around here now...is discouraging enough so that I keep wanting solace from some other source. Oh well...**

July 6 [1975]:...I explain again why I am so anxious to avoid meeting people ...having to meet people means that I haven't succeeded in severing connections with organized society...I will not be part of organized society. ... But now I am unable to escape civilization even to the extent that I did the first year or 2 here--things are closing in all around me.

Sept. 1 [1975]...I cannot describe to the reader how terribly this upset me...I keep working harder and harder to escape from civililation but it keeps closing in more and more until I just have nowhere to turn...Until today, these ridge-tops were the one place where I felt secure from intrusion by this kind of garbage; this area was my last refuge, the last place I could turn to within reach of the cabin. And now....I was so terribly upset that I believe that if those cock-suckers had come into the meadow where I was, I would have shot them. To top it off, after I got home some cocksucker rode right into my yard on a trailbike. I went out there with my .30-30, wondering if I would have the nerve to shoot the son of a bitch, and intending at least to scare him, but by the time I got out there he was gone...

But I just dont know what to do or where to turn.

As for returning permanently to civilization-- would rather die. I never thought civilization would close in on me so quickly--I thought this place would be good for a few years yet. But this summer it seems that about every other time I have gone on a long walk I have been frustrated in one way or another by the presence of people. Where did they all come from so quickly?

7-199

Cany MT. (partially faded out)

SEP

24

A.M.

1975

59633

I am now ready to receive mail. But don't expect a prompt reply to anything you send...

...Yours truly,

Captain Montessor

C-197

Oct. 6 [1975]: --- I had a rather bad dream. I dreamt that some loggers were working around the hill into the area just across the stream from my cabin, building roads and tearing everything up. Then came a **stupendous power-shovel, with a bucket big enough to hold half my cabin, digging up the earth.** It came closer and closer to my cabin. I yelled and screamed and waved my arms, trying to call the operator's attention to the ...on his job, and with the noise of the machinery, he didn't hear me. **Just as it seemed I was about to be killed by the shovel, I woke up.**

7-189

ENVELOPE - POSTAGE MARKED (UI) NOV 29 A.M. 1975 59633

Look, stupid - what in the name of god is wrong with you? I told you I didn't want you sending me packages...You stupid bitch. I've told you and told you I don't want you sending me crap like this...

-228F

April 8 [1976]...Lately, to tell the truth, I've been getting a little sick of killing things. Neither the death struggles of the animal nor the blood bother me in the least; in fact, I rather enjoy the sight of blood; blood is appetizing because it makes rich soups. I enjoy the instant of the kill because it represents a success. But a moment afterward I often feel saddened that a thing so beautiful and full of life has suddenly been converted into just a piece of meat. Still, this is outweighed by the satisfaction of getting my own food from forest and mountain. Rabbits and grouse have beautiful eyes; in both cases the whites don't show and the irises are a lovely brown. On this grouse today I noticed that the pupil, black at first glance, is actually a deep blue, like clear, translucent blue glass.

C-178

Envelope postmarked from:

CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633
APR 23 A.M. 1976

Notice: My mailbox is now set up again. But still don't necessarily expect prompt replies; as you know, I don't like to be obligated in that way. In fact, **if you want any replies at all, you had better send me some stamps** (which I will use only to communicate with you). I have 4 stamps left, and, as I have it figured, after I lay in my supply of food for the summer, I will have so little money left that I dare not spend any on stamps.

- H. Bascomb Thurgood

C-228F

April 27 [1976 - ?]...yesterday, chomping down with too much enthusiasm on a piece of grouse, I got my teeth hooked over each other the wrong way and chipped a big piece of enamel off a molar. This left a sharp edge which cut my tongue so that it bled. Obviously it was necessary to grind the fracture smooth...I took a small file and filed the thing down myself...doctors and dentists have their advantages when you're really sick and can't fix it yourself. Still, I do not consider those advantages worth the price of living in a technological society. **Better to die in the woods than live as a slave of the social machine!**

[Letter to parents]

1976

59633

...Suppose

I were to get, say, Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever? In principle, of course, I should just sweat it out alone...but life is sweet, and I would probably go to a hospital...I could either enter as an indigent patient, courtesy of the welfare department, or else I could enter as a paying patient and then file bankruptcy when they send me the bill. Am I not correct in supposing that when you file bankruptcy they can't take the roof from over your head, and hence can't take my land? If you have a lawyer to whom you are in the habit of resorting, you might ask him about that in case any such eventuality might ever arise...

...OIforgottosay -- I wouldn't have got your last letter for some time yet as I was off in the woods, but prudence obliged me to come home for a while because I was smitten by a strange illness. Next time you see your doctor, perhaps you would be good enough to ask him about it and maybe he can provide some conjecture as to what it was, and, more important, what I could have caught it from, so I can avoid it in the future.

Symptoms: No sore throat or respiratory symptoms

First day: Extreme fatigue, aching leg muscles, temperature unknown, rather rapid pulse.

Second day: Extreme fatigue, aching muscles in morning, but these eased up in afternoon; temperature up to 101°.

Third day: Nosebleed in early morning, fatigue and aches gone, felt better generally, maximum temperature 99 1/2°.

Fourth day: All seemingly normal.

Possible Sources of Infection:

1. Drank unboiled water from a spring every day for 6 days before sickness.
2. Puncture wound on foot 5 days before sickness.
3. Bitten by tick 4 days before sickness (no sign of local infection)
4. Killed and cleaned porcupine 3 days before sickness and handled the raw meat over the next 2 days.

Note: I had no contact with humans for at least 10 days before sickness.

That anecdote about the kid talking to worms was rather charming. Nothing to worry about, until he gets to believing that the worms are answering him.

T.J.K.

C-176

Envelope postmarked from:

CANYON CREEK, 59633
MAY 10 A.M. 1976

...Between those 2 dates, inclusive, you can pick any time you want for a visit, and definitely plan on it. But let me know well in advance what time you have picked, of course...

The things I mentioned you might bring, if you like, were:

Typewriter

1 very coarse sharpening stone

1 very fine sharpening stone

hickory or other tough wood for pick handles and such,

if you can get it for nothing

62 mince pies

8 cheesecakes

45 pounds sharp cheddar cheese

82 pounds genuine imported French Roquefort

21 pounds paté de foie gras with truffles

6 gallons caviar

18 bushels nuts

9 bushels of prunes

12 gallons papaya preserves

etc., etc., etc.

Also 4 tons of fresh apricots.

Roquefort cheese, by the way, is recorded as early as the days of Charlemagne. It seems that the emperor, while visiting the locale in which Roquefort cheese was invented, was served some of this cheese. He began picking the blue spots out of the cheese with his knife, thinking it was spoiled, until he was informed that he was throwing away the best part of the cheese. Later he had large quantities of this cheese shipped to his court.

C-177

Envelope postmarked from:

CANYON CREEK 59633
JUN 3 A.M. 1976

Look, I flatly am not interested in any land south of the Canadian border. DO NOT SEND ME ANY MORE "UNITED FARM" STUFF, OR ANY OTHER REALTORS' ADVERTISEMENTS...

...unless you find a possibility that is at least 10 miles (as crow flies) from the nearest human habitation, **DO NOT BOTHER ME WITH**

ANY MORE SUGGESTIONS OR QUESTION

ABOUT LAND... You have twice asked me what you should do about land, and I have answered twice. Do not ask me a third time...

...DO NOT SEND ME ANY PRINTED

MATTER, EXCEPT SUCH AS I MAY

HAPPEN TO REQUEST. I've told you this over and over, yet you sent me a page from Harper's Weekly. **DO NOT KEEP**

INVITING ME TO STAY WITH YOU. I've stayed with you a couple of times before, and I will never do so again. **I can't stomach**

our way of life. If you don't like to have me swear at you, you had better pay attention to the things here that I have printed in block letters...

Look, don't do anything connected with me without asking me first... If you want to throw money away, send it to me instead, and I'll know what to spend it for...

**- Simon Bolivar Brascandio de
Escudo y Rosas**

C-1

[Summer, 1976]

[In journal entries from this 1979 document, Ted again refers to conducting acts of vandalism--sugaring gas tanks--during this summer]

C-187

ENVELOPE - POSTAGE MARKED CANYON CREEK, MI AUG 14 A.M. 1976

...DO NOT SEND ME ANY MORE MAIL - especially anything valuable - UNTIL I TELL YOU I AM AGAIN READY TO RECEIVE MAIL... DON'T EXPECT TO HEAR FROM ME FOR SOME TIME - MAYBE NOT TILL SPRING. And this time you better pay attention to what I have just said.

C-184

Envelope postmarked from:

CANYON CREEK, MT 59633
SEP 21 A.M. 1976

Kindly refrain from telling me about Dos -
tojevsky, E. E. Cummings, and similar garbage
Most modern literature I find sordid and
disgusting...

By the way, there are some areas of psychology
well-developed enough so that it is possible to make
bold and self-assured statements. **Not all of
psychology is speculation by any means. If it were
only speculation, it would represent no danger...**

P.S. Don't write me so
often. I find it irritating and I
get tired of writing answers...

Ted

C-195

ENVELOPE - POSTMARK CANYON CREEK, MT. NOV 26 A.M. 1976 59633

When I said you might not hear from me for long periods over the winter, that didn't mean you couldn't write me occasionally if you like - cause I would like to be informed of the outcome of that Mother Earth article whenever you find out...

Stella M. (scribble) wrote to me and said she "got my message." You must have told her something and said it came from me. I don't like to have lies told in my name. I will get very mad if I learn you have given anybody any more fake messages from me.

- Montbass the Exterminator

C-226G

Dec. 26, 1976: No one should believe anything my parents say about me, as most of what they say about me is grossly distorted or completely nonsensical. Their view of me, and especially of my motivations, is quite divorced from reality.

C-226G

~~March 26 - Though I have a real affection for my younger brother, I would like to record here my opinion that he is a weakling and a self-deceiver, and that his ideology is silly and superficial...~~

March 26, 1977

May 3, 1977: My younger brother may be under the impression that his personal ideology and mine have a good deal in common, but I think this is incorrect. I see very little in his ideology (so far as I am familiar with it) that I care for

C-226G

[April 22, 1977]

...Some time ago - (Last Nov. or Dec.) I submitted a mathematical paper for publication, and I am rather ashamed of this. Not because of any idea that the paper will advance technical progress - I feel confident that it will never have any practical applications, direct or indirect - but because it represents, to a certain degree, a personal surrender to one of the escape mechanisms which keep people distracted so that they can forget the purposelessness, subordination, and indignity of life in a technological society...

CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633
JUN 13 A.M. 1977

JN

Ah!, well, you're right, I did give you a message for Stella, but since I was only joking, and since the message was rather contemptuously flippant, it hadn't occurred to me that you would give her that message. It would have been just like you to give her some fake excuse (in my name) for not writing. But in this instance you are right. No, I didn't tell her you lied, nor have I written to her at all. But I **stand corrected...**

...So you don't like my swearing. Well, you can either take my letters as they come, or, if you prefer, I won't write to you at all. You can choose one or the other. Cocksucker. Fuck. Cunt. If you don't like it, you can shove it up your twat. Actually, if you had asked politely, I might have cleaned 'em up for you, but, since you took the lecturing tone that comes so easy to you, you miserable old bitch, you can go get screwed. You ought to realize by now that I intensely dislike both you and your prematurely senile husband. I have no desire to associate with you, correspond with you, or have anything to do with you at all. It is very convenient to have a couple of old fools send me money, do me favors, and so forth, provided you are sufficiently humble about it. But if you want to associate with me at all, you will have to consistently kiss my ass. The reason for that is that whenever you rub me the wrong way, it reminds me of all the old, old reasons I have for hating you, which I explained quite clearly in a letter some time ago. And I can assure you my feelings on that subject are very bitter indeed. So you can take your choice. You can either be humble and kiss my ass, or I won't have anything to do with you at all. As for the articles, you can throw them all out if you please, since the chances of getting any significant amount of money out of that stuff are very limited. So drop dead, you ugly old sow. Yeah, now go and blubber and feel sorry for yourself. You have an immense capacity for self-pity, which is one of the more contemptible weaknesses. Go ahead and call me an "ungrateful monster". You've called me that name before, and enough other names so that it doesn't bother me in the least any more. Hurry up and croak. Ted

You won't hear from me again until your letters become sufficiently obsequious.

C-1

[Summer, 1977]

[describes more vandalism: Stringing wire at neck height across motorcycle tracks, setting a booby trap in summer of 1977 intended to kill someone, shot a cow in the head, smashed a mailbox...]

C-1

[Fall, 1977]

[describes more vandalism: Smashed windows and engaged in other vandalism of unfinished "pretentious-looking cabin" and trailer parked next to it]

C-228G

Nov. 23 [1977]. There being fresh snow on the ground, I went rabbit-hunting just up the gulch here. Brought back one ruffed grouse and one rabbit. Kenny Lee died of cancer on October 26.

C-120

Envelope postmarked from:

CANYON CREEK, MT. 59633
DEC 17 AM 1977

Dear Dave:

I apologize for meddling and I promise to keep my nose out of your business in the future. On my side, at least, there are no hard feelings.

I suppose you know that I am not on speaking terms with our parents. In case they haven't given you the full story, here it is: I told them repeatedly, in letters and on the telephone, "Don't worry about me over the winter - you won't hear from me until I get out of here in the spring." I made a particular point of emphasizing this, because I know what mother is like. Some time in February I got a card from the old bag saying she was worried and wanted to hear from me. Then about the end of February I got a letter from them saying that if they didn't hear from me soon they would contact the authorities and have them check up on me. The text of the letter stated (in effect) that it was from Dad, but the style and the worries were so like the old bag that I assume she induced him to write the letter. So I had to get a letter out to them so as not to have the cops come up here to check on me. This cost me considerable embarrassment and inconvenience, and, worse still, it broke into that sense of isolation that I so value up here. You may be sure that I cussed them out pretty thoroughly. This cussing out was further aggravated by some festering past resentments against them - some of recent origin and some going all the way back to my (word scratched out) teens. Anyhow, I have had enough of them, so I would appreciate it if you would act as my agent, so to speak, in winding up the tag-ends of unfinished business between us...

C-228G

Dec. 24 [1977]...I like to say silly little things to myself sometimes, like "ding dong ding." It sounds so cheerful. Dec. 25; Christmas Day: Celebrated by going up on the ridge--not to hunt, but just for fun. Went out on a side ridge where there's no rabbits, but a good view. However, on the way back I angled off into a rabbit area, to see if I could get one. Had bad luck. Spent hours trailing 2 separate rabbits, but could get neither one. But no matter; I'm still cheerful and still felt it was a good day, just cause it's Christmas. I have plenty of rabbit meat for today and some for tomorrow, and a brick of cheese from a Christmas package my mommy sent me, so I'm set up well enough food-wise.

C-227E

Jan 24 [1978]. ...I might be subject to the accusation that I "can't take it", that I am excessively delicate to be upset by a volume of noise that by big - city standards is not excessive. It's not that I can't take it; I refuse to take it.

To this I would say:

(1) I can take hardships alright cold, hunger, fatigue, mosquitoes - I laugh at them, though they are not intrinsically less uncomfortable than a noise. But they exist as matters of random circumstance; they are not imposed on me by people. To endure them is a source of pride, and of satisfaction with one's own strength. But noise, air pollution, etc. are imposed on me by other people for purposes with which I have no sympathy. To have to endure them is a humiliation. It results in the building up of a fund of frustrated anger...

...The anger has been built up over many years. I am now apt to be sent into a rage by any little thing, like the passing of a snow mobile, a sonic boom, or cattle shitting on my lot. But whenever

C-227E

I become enraged by some such incident there lies behind it a lifetime of humiliations imposed by the technological society: The boredom I suffered as a kid in school and the equal boredom of summers in the sterile environment of suburbia; watching the "prairies" that I loved in Evergreen Park get built up with houses; the purposeless, empty existence imposed on me by urban life until I came to Montana; noise; air pollution; nuclear proliferation; crowding; the network of laws and regulations; being stopped by cops on my solitary walks; having to lie to get a job; computers; propaganda and other forms of psychological manipulation; frustration of the need for a certain... of power - which every man needs to a greater or lesser degree; the whole filthy, evil, corrupt mess that is the technological society; and then the frustration of my numerous unsuccessful attempts to escape from the technological society, to get outside of its sphere of control (this seems to have become nearly impossible today).

There is a psychosurgical operation that relieves people who get angry too easily. They stick electrodes in your brain and burn out the gizmo that produces the emotion of anger. Of course, I would rather be miserable, or dead, than be relieved by that humiliating method. If I think I have a good reason to be angry at something, then I want to be angry, even though

C-227

it may make me miserable.

Later: a change of wind or something has much alleviated the saw noise. If it gets bad again I guess I'll leave, but if it doesn't get bad I'll stay. I hate to leave...

C-209

Postmarked: **Mar 8, 1978**, Canyon Creek, MT.

...To T.R.: You said you were going through Northern Minnesota next summer. How would you like to add an extra day or 2 to your trip, go across the Canadian border, and drop me off somewhere with the canoe and a load of supplies? Since Montana is too crowded, I would like to explore and see if I could find some place where I could put up a small log shack where no one would find it. Let me know how you feel about this.

April 4 [1978]..Today I had a most joyous morning. I went up the gulch just to get nettles, at dawn; but **the Wisp called me**, so that I ended by going up on the ridge, in the mostly snow-free areas, by way of the old Gold Dollar mine. (Many times in the morning i just like to wander at random, following the "will of the wisp". When I get the urge to wander like that, I say to myself that "the wisp is calling me." Only a few days ago, it occurred to me to make a kind of spirit or demigod out of the wisp, as I did a few years ago out of the Grandfather Rabbit whom I invented. Grandfather Rabbit, though he can appear and disappear at will, nevertheless has a definite form, being that of an unusually large snowshoe rabbit. The Wisp, on the other hand, has no form at all, being invisible; unless, just possibly, it might be glimpsed ^{for a moment} now and then out of the corner of the eye as a bit of thistledown or some such thing floating on the breeze. The Wisp is that which makes you want to get out and move and wander and look and listen, when you see the first pink clouds at dawn or when the early morning sunlight strikes the mountainsides or when the southwest wind starts blowing. I can't express how intensely I love these things. And the better I get to know these hills the better I love them. I never get tired of them.).

April 15 [1978]...Last night I had a dream. I found a place on a hillside where I was pulling up wild onions of enormous size. But soon I noticed that there was a large number of other people on the hillside also getting wild onions. Then I went to pick wild strawberries. But there were hordes of other people also terribly avid to pick strawberries. The authorities had set up a kind of gate and were letting people into the strawberry patch in groups. So and so many people were allowed to pick strawberries for so and so many minutes. Then they had to get out and make room for the next group. I have often had dreams in which bulldozers or other machinery are tearing things up in my gulch here, or in which my cabin has become surrounded with crowds of other cabins or buildings. Considering the number of cabins that have been built along Poorman Creek in the last few years, the earth-moving machinery working nearby, logging operations, and so forth, these dreams are too damned close to the truth...

April 18 [1978]. Had a very good day. I was scheduled to have my last can of fruit today--applesauce. So, when I got up in the morning, in pleasant anticipation, I made up a silly little song and dance. I only did a few steps of the dance, which was extremely simple, as it consisted only of stamping twice with the left foot, then twice with the right foot, at appropriate points of the song. The tune and words were equally simple: "Applesauce, Applesauce, yum yum yum yum etc." Whenever I do a silly little song and dance like this, the ridiculousness of it makes me bubble over with cheerfulness and I laugh heartily...

C-210 [1978] [Letter to Parents]

...Have you followed my advice about stocking up on food? If you haven't, I think you're being very foolish. Since last fall there have been the following food price increases:
Regular price of flour increased 35%
(but I got mine on sale at not much over the old price.)

Rolled oats went up about 70%
Rice went up more than 20% at current sale

Price; computing on regular price, rice went up about 50%

These increases within 6 months.
You've got all that money rotting in the bank. I say "rotting" advisedly, because if inflation is still high, as I assume it is (it certainly is in food), then inflation is eating up your money faster than interest makes it grow. Food would seem to be an excellent investment judging from price increases. And of course there is always the possibility (I say) not likelihood, merely (possibility) of food shortages serious enough so that you won't get enough proper food for decent nutrition.
Now, flour is still obtainable at around 13 (cent sign) per pound. For \$130⁰⁰ you could stow 1000 pounds of flour in the attic...

C-212

Postmarked: May 3, 1978, AM, Canyon Creek, MT 59633

...(Has Dave told you I am spiteful and misanthropic? No? Then clearly he is over-generous in his judgements of people.)...

I don't want any overnight guests there while I am there - horrible crowding. But I am not asking you to refrain from having ordinary guests of the day-time sort. Of course, I don't promise to be sociable...

...You can probably find out how much ear-protectors cost by looking in the yellow pages under "guns" and calling a gun shop...

July 17, 1978: For 2 or 3 weeks I have been...working at Foam Cutting Engineers, where my father and brother work (my father got me the job there). The shop supervisor is a 30-year old woman named Ellen Tarmichael. She has a beautiful face but a very mediocre figure (too much fat on her ass and thighs). Nevertheless she is very attractive...

...result was that I got infatuated-an unfortunate weakness to which I am occasionally subject...I am now... - I thought!... cured of the infatuation; but the story is interesting and possibly is not yet finished...

...still find her very attractive, but am convinced that there is such a gulf between us that I could never feel real sympathy with her. I learned that she is a Catholic (ugh!) and is very bourgeois in her interests and attitudes...I said, "Am I being too aggressive if I ask for a goodnight kiss?" She averted her eyes and moved her head in such a way as if she were hesitating... we had a nice big juicy delicious kiss with firm pressure...

...**July 29.** Yesterday I took Ellen Tarmichael to an expensive restaurant for supper. She then invited me to her apartment...We spent an hour and a half there discussing various topics. Then I took her home, and, on arrival, asked for a goodnight kiss. I got an even better one than last time. Mouths wide open, tongues rubbing. She

30A

started that open-mouth,
tongue-rubbing stuff, not me.
I pushed her over until she
was leaning way back against
the car door (this was in
the car of course) on the right-
hand side and her tit was
touching my chest. All this
might have lasted, say, 3
minutes. Then she said "I think
it's time for you to go home."
So I did...

by now I greatly dislike her because of
her egotism...

I don't believe I will go out
with her again, unless per-
haps I get tempted by purely
physical lust. I don't like
her at all any more. **July 30.**
Let me clarify the reasons
why I consider Ellen egotistic-
al and hard...maybe she just
doesn't particularly like me.
then why the sexy kisses?...

C-1

August
[1978]
Here I am going to confess to --- or,
to be more accurate, brag about ---
some misdeeds I have committed in
the last few years...

In Summer '75 I broke into this
trailer by unscrewing some screws
and prying off a metal window-
frame, ruining it in the process. (I
had a strong psychological inhibition
against breaking the window, even
though it's very unlikely anyone
could have been within earshot.)...

At the end of Summer '75, after the
roaring-by of motorcycles near
my camp spoiled a hike for me, I
put a piece of wire across a trail
where cycle-tracks were visible, at
about neck height for a motorcyclist
(next summer I found someone had

wrapped the wire safely around a tree. Unfortunately, I doubt anyone was injured by it.)...

Spring '77 I went back to this same cabin. There was a diesel earth-moving machine parked near it, and I sugared the fuel tank. Then I unscrewed a window from its frame (still that inhibition about breaking windows)...

Summer '77 I set a booby-trap intended to kill someone, but I won't say what kind or where, because if this paper is ever found, the trap might be harmlessly removed. But it probably doesn't have more than maybe a 1 in 5 chance of killing or seriously injuring someone. Summer '77 I strung a neck-wire for motorcyclists along the divide trail above Rooster Bill Creek. Later I found the wire was gone. Whether it hurt anyone I don't know...

Summer '77, I went down at dawn and smashed Lee Mason's mailbox with my axe in such a way that it looks as if some vehicle might have hit it...

Overcoming my earlier inhibition, I smashed most of the windows in the trailer, then reached inside with my rifle and smashed a coleman lantern and 2 gas-lamp fixtures. I smashed 6 panes on the cabin. At the cabin next door I shot a hole in a new tire on a trailer. Then I got the hell out pretty quick, because all this was noisy of course, and close to the road...

As a result of indoctrination since childhood, I had strong inhibitions against doing these things, and it was only at the cost of great effort that I overcame the inhibitions. I think that perhaps I could now tell someone (and I don't mean just set a booby trap having only a fractional

chance of success), under circumstances where there was very little chance of getting caught. But I'm not sure I could, because often one's brainwashing turns out to be stronger than one thought...

As for motivation: I hate the technological society because it deprives me of personal autonomy. The technological society may be in some sense inevitable, but it is so only because of the way people behave. Consequently I hate people. (I may have some other reasons for hating some people, but the main reason is that people are responsible for the technological society and its associated phenomena, from motorcycles to computers to psychological controls...

I emphasize that my motivation is personal revenge. I don't pretend to any kind of philosophical or moralistic justification. The concept of morality is simply one of the psychological tools by which society controls people's behavior. My ambition is to kill a scientist, big businessman, government official, or the like. I would also like to kill a Communist...

Aug 21, 1978: I came back to the Chicago area in May, mainly for one reason: So that I could more safely attempt to murder a scientist, businessman, or the like. Before leaving Montana, I made a bomb...

I have not the least feeling of guilt about this --- on the contrary, I am proud of what I did. But I wish I had some assurance that I succeeded in killing or maiming someone. I am now working, in odd moments, on another bomb...

I figured the bomb was probably not powerful enough to kill (unless one of the lead pellets I put in it happened to penetrate a vital organ). But I had hoped that the victim would be blinded or have his hands blown off or be otherwise maimed. Actually, the guy might have been blinded if he hadn't been wearing glasses. The article said his "eyeglasses were blown off." He had burns around the eyes, and maybe he would have had burns in the eyes if his glasses hadn't momentarily retarded the flow of hot gasses. Well, at least I put him in the hospital, which is better than nothing. But not enough to satisfy me. Well, live and learn. No more match-head bombs. I wish I knew how to get hold of some dynamite...

By the way, my motive for keeping these notes separate from the others is an obvious one. Some of my other notes contain hints of crime, but no actual accounts of felonies. But these notes must be very carefully kept from everyone's eyes. Kept separate from the other notes they make a small, compact packet, easily concealed.

C-230A

Aug. 23 [1978]. Despite the negative conclusions about Ellen that I reached, as stated above, I couldn't help thinking about her constantly...

...Well, this last weekend I took her out again. It now seems clear that from the very beginning of this date she was out to humiliate me...I asked her if she was intentionally avoiding a goodnight kiss. After a little hesitation she answered that she was...what she told me is essentially this: She had no sexual interest in me...She said a kiss "doesn't mean

anything." She claimed there was no sex in it when she kissed me...

...Of course, I took pains to conceal my feelings, and remained outwardly cheerful and friendly, though half the time I wanted to cry and the other half the time I wanted to kill her...

...I loved that damn bitch. She knew I had soft feelings toward her, and she intentionally used these to lead me on; and then she calculatedly humiliated me.

I was so upset by this that for the next 2 nights I was unable to sleep more than 4 hours a night, and, if that was worse, I was exhausted by nervous tension...

...I had an overwhelming need for revenge and I decided to get it by persistently needling and insulting her... at work. (I could think of no other way to get revenge without getting in trouble with the law.) I started Tuesday morning by pasting up some copies of an insulting poem that I wrote about her...

[There's a certain young lady named Ellen,
whose fanny is very repelling,
For the overgrown mass
Of fat on her ass
Makes a gross, disproportionate swelling.

Her girdle's a tight one, of course --
It's nylon- and steel-reinforced.
But no matter how hard
She squeezes her lard,
She still has an ass like a horse.]

30A

...my weak-minded, self-righteous brother took it upon himself to interfere. Having seen the poem I pasted up, he said he would fire me...pasted up a copy of the poem before his eyes, and said "OK, are you going to fire me?" Of course, he did...

...Thus, that weak fool Dave has made that bitch's triumph complete: She humiliates me sexually, she gets me fired from my job, and she causes dissension in my family. I have shed more tears over that cheap whore than I have over anything since my teens -ordinarily, I rarely cry over anything.

What makes this particularly hard is the fact that it calls bitter experiences over many years, reaching right back to my early teens; right back to the time when, at the age of 13, I was foolish enough to phone a female classmate and ask for a date. Needless to say, I was turned down-After having skipped a grade, I came to be merely a freak; certainly not someone to be taken seriously by any self-respecting girl...

this Ellen bitch has used me for a toy...

You understand, what bothers me here is the humiliation, not the need for a woman. I can get along very well without women...

...There is only one way left to wipe out this shame, and that is with blood. Tomorrow I am going to get that bitch and mutilate her face..

Aug. 26 [1978]. (Sat.) Last thursday morning I drove to the plant and parked in the lot, waiting for Ellen...I got into the driver's seat. I carried with me a knife...concealed... in a paper bag...

...she said that the reason she had been so cold on Sunday was...that there was no future in anything between us, because we had nothing in common...she "really thought there might be something in it; friendship, or..." I had n, and still have, grave doubts about the truth of this last statement...

Nevertheless, the statement cooled my anger, because, if true, it would mean she was not just using me as a toy. So that was the end of that. All I feel now about the whole thing is a kind of wistful melancholy about the whole affair, brought on by the thought of what a woman with some of Ellen's best qualities might have meant to me...

...I sent Ellen a long letter explaining everything from my point of view.

T. J. Kaczynski
436 North Ridge Avenue
Lombard, Illinois 60148
August 25, 1978

Dear Ellen,

You needn't fear that I'll bother you again. In this letter I merely want to clear up some loose ends of this nasty affair, because I always hate having anything misunderstood.

When I talked to you in your car as you arrived at work Thursday morning (August 24), you said that when you went out with me the first two times, you "really thought there might be something in it; friendship, or...." I seriously doubt whether your statement is true, because your words and actions generally have been so inconsistent. Nevertheless, this statement is probably the only thing that prevented me from attacking you physically. When I got into your car, I intended physical violence of a serious nature -- until your statement cast doubt on the conclusion I had reached, that in going out with me you were only using me as a toy, playing with me casually in order to gratify your ego at my expense.

But don't get excited. you have nothing to fear from me now. The storm is past, and even if I were to learn that you were really using me as a toy, I wouldn't care to do anything about it. All I feel for you now is a dull resentment.

Possibly you are shocked at the violence of my feelings. Let me explain further...

...it was natural enough that I should get interested in you. You have a very pretty face, and your personality and charm easily make up for your defective figure...

...But your ambiguous behavior left me in a very uncomfortable state of uncertainty. Were you playing some kind of game with me? Or did you actually like me? I couldn't figure out what you were up to. It was not that I felt I needed you...

...Don't tell me there's not sex in a kiss when you put your tongue out and rub my mouth with it, as on the second date. You started the tongue-rubbing stuff, not me. Do you kiss your father that way?...

...You seemed to have taken my soft feelings for you and used them as a tool to make a fool of me...I was mortally offended by all this. The more so because (as you so tactlessly remarked yourself) I am very lacking in social confidence. The trick I believed you had played on me hit me on my weakest and most sensitive side. Also there are other reasons, going all the way back to my early teens, why I am exceptionally sensitive to that kind of insult...

30C

...I felt utterly humiliated, and was fully determined to wipe out my defeat with violence on Thursday morning. I see no attractive prospects for me in life, so what do I care about consequences? But when you said (without a smile, for once) that you went out with me the first two times because you "really thought there might be something in it," it seemed to mean that you took me at least somewhat seriously, that I wasn't just a toy for you. This turned off my anger -- permanently. In spite of the fact that I didn't know then, and still don't know, whether to believe you...

...Perhaps a strain of this kind of insincerity runs all through the cultural group to which you belong...

...if you were only toying with me, then all I can say is: Watch it! I'm not the only man with a revengeful streak. Next time you tease such a man you may not be so lucky....

C-230E

Aug 29, 1978. For several months past now I have experienced from time to time a desire for death. I have been feeling ever since, say, last fall that I have nothing left to hope for in life. My home country (as I now consider it) in Montana is being ruined gradually, and, while I might still be able to find wilder places, there is nowhere I could feel safe from civilization. There's no place airplanes don't fly...

...in case of atomic war, there's no place I could be sure of avoiding radiation. Where would I be safe from radiation in the event that "peaceful" atomic energy were misused?...

...to die from radiation or some other form of civilized pollution would be a humiliation. It would gall me to be the helpless victim...

...So it's not a question of preserving my life and health; getting out of the power of civilization has long since become an end in itself for me...By now I have practically lost all hope of ever attaining this end...death began at times to look attractive - it would mean peace...

...There was just one thing that really made me determined to cling to life for awhile, and that was the desire for revenge. I wanted to kill some people, preferably including at least one scientist, businessman, or other bigshot...

...This actually was my biggest reason for coming back to Illinois this spring. In Montana, if I went to the city to mail a bomb to some bigshot, Dick Landberg would doubtless remember I rode his bus that day. In the anonymity of the big city I figured it would be much safer to buy materials for a bomb, and mail it. (Though the death - wish had appeared, it was still far from dominant, and therefore I preferred not to be suspected of

crime)...

...As mentioned in some of my notes, I did make an attempt with a bomb - whether successful or not I don't know...

...In making a second bomb I have only barely made a start; because during the last few weeks I was too busy thinking about Ellen Tarmichael to make much effort in other directions...my only definite intention was to support myself for awhile - very likely till next spring...using my spare time to build a bomb or 2 or 3 or invent other means of killing or maiming big-shots. Following that I had a vague intention of taking to the woods - either in Montana or in some wilder place - and, from ambush, murdering snowmobilers, motorcyclists, outboard motor users, or the like; in the end shooting it out with the authorities and not permitting myself to be taken alive...

...But this affair with Ellen has done strange things to me. In the first place, it aroused in me hope - a hope for something worthwhile...the thought of having intercourse with her was probably the most intense sexual fantasy I ever had...

...I thought that, once I had no more hope of her, my mind would quickly slip back into the state it was in before I met her. So far that hasn't happened...

...For one thing, after I got over my anger at Ellen, all anger and hatred seemed to fall away from me. I no longer hate anybody at all. I'd still kill a big shot if I had a convenient opportunity, but it would be as a matter of principle, not a gratification of anger or hatred. Thus, the one thing I'd had to look forward to before I met Ellen, namely, revenge, is gone. More-over, my dull, stoical stubbornness seems to have been broken by my ardent feelings toward that woman...

...Ever since the end of that business with Ellen I have been filled with a terrible sense of desolation. N O T depression in the usual sense: I have no inclination to sleep too much...

When I'm depressed I rarely have any urge to cry; but now I've been crying very often when I'm by myself and often have to fight to keep the tears back when other people are present. This is an active, poignant unhappiness...

The last day or so I have definitely desired death. But I want to go back and die in my home hills in Montana - the only place where I've experienced any real, lasting happiness, except in early childhood. I'd like to kill a few people before I die, as a matter of principle. (At present I feel no hatred.)...

Aug.30 [1978]. Still feel desolate, but not so badly as last few days. Keep thinking of Ellen in daytime and dreaming of her at night. Still she offers something that I value enough so that I'd willingly put up with all her faults if I could have her...

Sept. 1 [1978]. Yesterday I felt extremely bad again. But when I got home from work in the evening I was very much cheered up because my father brought home from Foam-Cutting Eng. a present of home-made cookies from Ellen, for the family...it put some hope into me, however distant and ill-founded. As a result, I felt fairly cheerful for about 24 hours. I sent Ellen a message through my father: that the cookies were delicious, that I apologize for the tone of my letter, and that I no longer have any hard feelings toward her. Today he said he'd given her the message. He said she seemed pleased and that she said: "I think the problem was that Ted and I speak different languages." But this seemed to confirm her lack of interest in having any type of relationship with me; and consequently I again feel as bad as ever...

It has occurred to me to earnestly search for some other woman to replace Ellen -- but I feel too discouraged at the very outset. For one thing, women who have a spark of something to make me think them worth while are not common. For another, if I found one, would she have any use for me? There is no one, it seems, with whom I have more than a very limited amount in common. Even the comparatively independent thinker Jacques Ellul believes in Art, Philosophy, and all that crap. I believe in nothing. Except by purely hedonistic degenerates, everyone believes in some stereotyped ideology. Whereas I don't even believe in the cult of nature - worshipers or wilderness - worshipers. (I am perfectly ready to litter in parts of the woods that are of no use to me -- I often throw cans in mowed-over areas or in places much frequented by people; I don't find wilderness particularly healthy physically; I don't hesitate to poach.) The trivial pleasures of hedonism bore me. I'm glad I don't believe in anything; but it puts me beyond the pale, so to speak...

Sept. 2 [1978]. Felt more desolate than ever today (Saturday). I did much crying in my room and was continually fighting back tears when not alone. Yet I walked around a good deal. Strolled over to the park to look out over the pond, as I so often did when love-sick over Ellen. Ran 5 miles in good time this morning, but what good does that do me?

...If Ellen would accept me, I would gladly devote the rest of my life to her.

Ted J. Kaczynski
 463 North Ridge Avenue
 Lombard, Illinois 60148
 Sept. 2, 1978

Dear Ellen,

I want to offer you my unqualified apology. I am no longer interested in deciding whether you were or were not insincere with me. Either way, I deeply regret that I insulted you, and I am extremely sorry that I took an unpleasant tone in the first letter I sent you...

...If I still thought there were any chance that you could ever care for me, I would do almost anything to win your esteem. But you have made it clear that there is no such chance. To my sorrow, I apparently have nothing to offer that is of interest to you.

I hope that you find your new duties at Foam-Cutting more congenial now, and I wish you the best of luck generally. Again, I offer you my regretful apology...

C-230E

Sept. 4 [1978]. Yesterday morning I found that my sense of grief and desolation had disappeared, unexpectedly. Since then I have felt alright. But I still think about Ellen frequently, and would be hot after her again if I thought I had a chance. I guess I'm still in love with her. But not miserable over it at present. This morning I timed myself on a 5 mile run and was amazed to find I did it in about 30 min. and 15 sec, as close as it is possible to time it with that watch.

Sept. 16 [1978]. By now I have entirely gotten over that affair with that damned Catholic bitch, Ellen.

Nov. 23. [1978] Ever since early September, I have, during a substantial proportion of the time, suffered from a powerful craving for women -- enough to make me quite unhappy and sometimes very miserable. I suppose this is partly because, for the first time in 16 years, I had a little taste of the delights of woman with that Catholic bitch Ellen, and partly because in this society one is constantly subjected to reminders of sex whether one likes it or not. {For example, the majority of the songs played on the radio where I work are about sexual love.) What I suffer from is not merely a desire for genital sex (that would be relatively easy to handle), but a craving for sexual love. For example, the sight of a married couple often makes me achingly envious. What excites me more than the idea of intercourse is the idea of lavishing tenderness and affection on a woman who accepts it joyfully. The second time I kissed that Catholic bitch, what I enjoyed even more than the hard kiss was the interval of a few seconds between the end of that kiss and the time when she dismissed

me, during which interval I was gently brushing my parted lips against hers; to me at least this was full of tenderness. (In what spirit that perverted bitch took it, I don't know.)

...Yet I feel practically hopeless about the possibility of ever getting a worthwhile woman. Not primarily because of the scarcity of worthwhile women, but because of my own incompetence in that kind of thing.

Nov.28 [1978](continuation of nov. 23 entry).

The fact is that I am practically a social cripple in that area. In some areas I have good social skills. For instance, when I am interviewed for a job I usually make a very good impression. Older people usually seem to like me, and on the few occasions in my adult life when I have become acquainted with small children I have made a big hit with them. But in dealing with what sociologists would (I suppose) call my "peer group", I am usually very unsuccessful. It has not been until recent years that I have come to fully realize how much this disability has cost me. It is about the only important area in which I am not capable, yet I now believe it has fundamentally altered the whole course of my life.

Because I enjoy solitude anyway, I used to think I had lost little by not being able to get along with my peers. I would simply keep to myself, and was well satisfied with that.

It is hard to say what would have happened if I had not suffered this disability. Of the possibilities that occur to me, these are the two extremes: On the one hand, I might never have learned the value of solitude; being solaced and entertained by social pleasures (especially sexual ones) my dissatisfaction with organized society might never have become sufficiently acute so that I would have the courage to try to break away from it or rebel against it. In that case I would have missed what I consider to have been of greatest value in my life. I am glad my life has not taken that course.

On the other hand it is possible that, if I had had no social disability, I would still have taken essentially the same course in life that I actually have taken, and I would have been much more successful at it. For instance, when I drove through Canada looking for a place to buy land for a cabin, I found it extremely difficult to make inquiries because I was too embarrassed to admit to people that I just wanted to go off in the woods and live as a hermit. Thus I made only a fraction as many inquiries as I could have made. Had I been less shy, I might have found what I wanted. Also, in a project of that type, it would have been extremely useful to have one or two partners.

If a group of 2 or 3 had once established themselves in a remote area and had come to know the country, they could easily split up afterward, if they wanted solitude.

Then there is my wish to start an antitechnological organization. Since I do well at almost everything else, if it were not for my social disability I probably would have done well in attempting to start such an organization. Of course, the chances of success for such an organization are no doubt remote, but if there is any chance at all I would seem to have lost it by my inability to be accepted by a group.

Finally, of course, my disability has resulted in the problem that I am now suffering from so acutely -- I rarely meet any unattached women, and when I do, I don't know how to approach them. Only recently have I come to feel that this is an enormous loss.

I want to make it clear that I have no desire for membership in a group for its own sake -- but the ability to be accepted by my "peer group" would have been highly useful as a means to certain ends, as indicated above.

Dec.24.[1978] As the reader of my various notes will realize by now, I have a tremendous fund of hatred. This fund is increased with every new difficulty that organized society imposes on me -- such as noisy jets. The frustrated craving to have a woman to love has of course tended to stir up this hatred. Just lately, some personal events (not directly the fault of organized society) have added to my hatred to the point where it is very close to overflowing. I want to get back to Montana in the Spring before I start killing people, but I am so close to the edge that I may bust loose and start killing at any little minor annoyance.

...I seem to be excluded from all social groups automatically, before they have any idea what my interests or preferences are; the bowling business described above is an example. Men rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential friend, equal, or comrade; women rarely seem to take me seriously as a potential boyfriend. Their attitude toward me often seems to contain an element of condescension.

...This formerly did not bother me much; in fact I tended to take a certain pride in being an arch-loner. But ever since this craving for a woman has come on me, I have been feeling more and more bitter over the fact that my enforced solitude seems to exclude me irrevocably from sexual affection, and even from plain physical sex.

...This episode has been much worse than the period of horniness that I went through in '74 or '75 or whenever it was that I went to California for a couple of months. On that earlier occasion the craving was more physical, and less intense, and seemed less hopeless because I was younger, and my health was better, and perhaps also because the situation was such that I did not get so forcibly reminded of the fact that I seem somehow to get automatically excluded from all social relationships...

At the age of thirty-six years, I have never been in bed with a woman, have never had any kind of love-affair, and have kissed only two women on a sexual basis. This in spite of the fact that I have always desired women very strongly (earlier, in a purely physical way; later I desired sexual love). Only when I was living my solitary life in the mountains was I free from the craving for women. But never before was it as bad, for any extended period, as it is now.

Dec. | When I was young I used to view the desire for women as a
30 [1978] | weakness, as something that merely tended to distract me from aspirations that I considered more important. I still take this view (at least to some extent), but only in a detached kind of way; At present it has no emotional force with me. I have a desperate desire for sexual love with a woman.

So much so that I even did something that I consider degrading, namely, I signed up with 3 dating agencies -- without any favorable result...

...When I was younger, my feelings toward other people tended to be callous. In recent years I have been getting very soft-hearted and compassionate about certain things. Things like blood and death do not excite my sympathy very much -- perhaps because I am not particularly afraid of these things myself. This woman just mentioned above provides an example of the kind of thing that strongly excites my sympathy; in fact I often get an acute stab of compassion when I think about it.

I think she was quite nervous...My heart goes out to this poor woman, especially when I think of her diffidence when she invited me in, and the way she said "See you soon" when I left. From my own experience, I can well imagine what her feelings may be. The deep yearning for affection from a man; the humiliation that this yearning involves in view of the fact that she is unable ever to attract a man; the bitter thought that some accidental characteristics of hers have excluded her from something precious that most other people do have during some period of their lives; perhaps a frustrated feeling that she could give so much to the right man -- if only he would accept her.

...I have felt so sympathetic toward this woman that I have even considered asking her out again, just to make her feel good. But, aside from the fact that I would find it burdensome to do this, I am afraid I might only hurt her by encouraging false hopes. It has occurred to me to write to her and advise her how to make herself more attractive -- she's really not too badly endowed physically and could be mildly attractive, perhaps, if she stopped making herself horrible with her clothing, perfumes, and certain mannerisms. But such a letter would be sure to hurt her feelings cruelly, and might not do her any good anyway. So I don't know what I can do except just feel sorry for her.

Jan. 28, 1979. About 2 1/2 weeks ago my awful craving for a woman went away rather abruptly. Not that I lost interest in sex, but the intensity was very much relieved. There followed a kind of nausea or disgust with the whole thing. This was not primarily a disgust with women, but a nausea at the intensity of the feelings I had been having. As I get older, I more and more dislike experiencing violent or stressful emotions. I more and more prefer tranquility and peace.

...This disgust at violent emotions does not result from the need to retain rational control over myself -- I feel my rational control is stronger than ever, so that I have no hesitation about relaxing and acting in an uninhibited way (as my family will tell you) when I can prudently do so; because I know I can clamp down the control again whenever I want.

The disgust at violent emotions results from increasing aversion to the stress involved -- even the stress involved in intense pleasure.

...From "Assassination and Political Violence: A staff report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence", prepared by James F. Kirkham, Sheldon Levy, William J. Crotty. Page 4 "A second category is assassination for the purpose of terrorizing and destroying the legitimacy of the ruling elite in order to effect substantial systemic or ideological change...

6 [1979]...Unless something definite happens to tempt me in another direction, it is my intention to start killing people this summer...

...The idea of becoming an accepted and respected member of the social group where I work is certainly very tempting.

...I don't recall ever having had any strong feelings of this type before. It seems strange that these social feelings should come on me so strongly now. But I think I see some of the reasons: If I carry out my intentions about killing people, then I face death myself in the near future (I won't be taken alive if I can help it.). So it's natural that I should feel badly when I see slipping away my last chances at certain great pleasures that I have almost completely missed in life (social pleasures and women).

Also, going out with Ellen T. seems to have stirred up a lot of dormant feelings. And, by chance, at Prince Castle I seem to have encountered a group which is more acceptable to me than the average group and which seems to accept me better than the average group does. Moreover, there is the fact that, ever since I left the academic world 10 years ago, my attitude toward the human race has been getting less negative.

...Sometimes I almost get the feeling that I am the victim of some strange jinx -- that there is an unalterable law of nature which states: "T.J. Kaczynski will never get a woman". (Of course, I don't for a moment believe such nonsense; but sometimes I get that feeling.)

...Just to be sure there is no mistake about it, I want to explain that my craving for women does not result from any need for love as such, for security, or companionship, or any such thing. (This is demonstrated by the fact that I usually had very little desire for women when I lived alone in the mountains.) My craving for women is as follows.

When we fantasize an intense pleasure, and feel that there is a possibility of making the fantasy a reality, we are tempted to think about this pleasure more and more until our desire for it is apt to become irresistible...

...my ascetic tendencies soon break down, and sexual desire partly takes control.

...during my teens and to a lesser extent during my twenties, the dominant role that ego* plays in my personality made me very resistant to the self-surrender involved in sexual love. But the repeated assaults of sexual desire over the years gradually broke down the resistance of my ego, so that now I am all too ready to experience tender feelings toward women. Of course (for reasons that I won't enter into here) sexual love is far more pleasurable than physical sex alone, so, now that I am ripe for sexual love, I suffer more from desire than I did in my teens when I craved only physical sex, most of the time.

March 6 [1979]. Yesterday, instead of going to work, I phoned in and said I was quitting. It was terribly hard for me to do this. But I had to quit, for the following reasons. I will not fritter away my life as a pawn of the system. And I have to get my revenge. Also, I am so tired of stress and struggle -- making a bomb (buying materials separately at different places, working on it secretly in my room, etc.) is an ordeal; I have to force myself to do it, and it takes a lot of forcing. It would be the same with planning out and executing any other means of murdering a big-shot** safely. It is especially hard to summon up the energy to do these psychologically difficult things when one works 8 hours a day. I have nothing to look forward to in life but that purposeless round of getting up every morning, going to work, coming home again, eating,

*By ego I mean will, purpose, decision, desire for power, need for purposeful work, and that sort of thing. I don't know if this is a strictly correct use of the word ego.

**Scientist, businessman, govt. official, etc.

going to sleep, and getting up for work again the next morning. (Maybe there would still be something better I could still strive for, some corner of the world where there's still some wilderness, or other things -- but, again, I'm so terribly tired of struggling.) For these reasons, I want to get my revenge in one big blast. By accepting death as the price, I won't have to fret and worry about how to plan things so I won't get caught. Moreover, I want to release all my hatred and just go out and kill. When I see a motorcyclist tearing up the mountain meadows, instead of fretting about how I can get revenge on him safely, I just want to watch the bullet rip through his flesh and I want to kick him in the face while he is dying.

You mustn't assume from this that I am currently being tormented by paroxysms of hatred. Actually, during the last few months (except at a few times) I have been troubled by frustrated hatred much less than usual. I think this is because, whenever I have experienced some outrage (such as a low-flying jet or some official stupidity reported in the paper), as I felt myself growing angry, I calmed myself by thinking -- "just wait till this summer! Then I'll kill!" Thus, what I've been feeling in recent months is not hot rage, but a cold determination to get my revenge.

But I want to die in my home hills in Montana, not here in the city. Death in the city seems so sordid and depressing. Death in those hills -- well, if you have to die, that's the place to do it.

However, it would have been very tempting to just hang onto my job at Prince Castle indefinitely, even though I have nothing to look forward to. The truth is, I don't want to die!

...Preferably I should return to Montana in spring, and I'd be very reluctant to delay it beyond the middle of the summer; if I delayed beyond that point, I'd want to put it off till next year. And the trouble with that is --- what if my health goes bad? I don't feel I can trust my health too well any more. The status of my blood pressure is open to doubt. I have irregularities of heartbeat that seem associated with periods of nervous tension.

...What if tension and blood pressure give me a crippling stroke or heart-attack? What if the arthritis spreads to my knees next year? I have been putting off my revenge for years. If I put it off another year it could possibly be too late -- that is, I could possibly get too broken down physically to do it the way I want to. And if I want to go back to Montana next spring, I felt I shouldn't delay quitting my job much longer, because I want to have time to finish making a bomb, to write down on paper some of the things that are on my mind, and to do some other things...

...By quitting my job, I've made myself again an outcast, a good-for-nothing, a bum -- someone whom "respectable" people can't view without a certain element of suspicion. I can't feel comfortable in this respect until I get away into the hills again -- away from society.

Besides, in quitting I feel as if I have signed my own death-warrant. Drifting along indefinitely in that job would have been the path

of least resistance -- and that, in a way, was the only thing remaining between me and the finish of everything. Now the path of least resistance is simply to go back to Montana, and once I'm there, I'll kill, because, as I decided before I left Montana, if I ever went back there I'd have to kill, because I had too much accumulated anger over the inroads of civilization. I'm not likely to change my mind and go looking for another job -- job hunting is a great ordeal for me, and so is adjusting socially to a new job. So it seems nearly certain now that it's back to Montana, and then -- the end.

...It would have been better if I had never met Ellen T. and had worked in some big, anonymous factory where I would never get to know anyone. Then I could take all this stoically, as I used to. As it is, my social and sexual feelings have been stirred up in such a way that I feel a terrible sense of loss.

March 8 [1979]. I still feel acutely miserable. (Not depressed -- I follow my urge to go out running and walking, and I spend a good deal of time writing down my thoughts -- I don't mope too much.)

...Because my feelings of a certain type have been stirred up, I have been reviewing my past life. I am feeling so much grief and bitterness over it, that I conclude the social rejection I've usually endured ever since age 17 and consequent sexual frustration, cut much deeper than I formerly realized. By the time I was out of high school I was hardened to social rejection, so that I did not find it acutely painful; yet now that my memories and feelings are stirred up I feel very bitter about it.

...I feel full of acute grief over the fact that I have never experienced sexual love, and that there is almost no chance now that I will ever have it.

March 9. [1979] From "Assassination and Political Violence", by Kirkham, Levy, and Crotty...

April 7 [1979]. I just can't stand living with my parents. They turn my stomach. I find them both irritating and repulsive. You ask why I am living with them? Some time ago I found myself an apartment at an acceptable price. (This wasn't too easy, since apartments are expensive around here.) I stayed there less than a month, because some stupid woman in the apartment below mine would play her radio at night and keep me awake.

...there are so many ways in which dealing with people is a strain for me. But worse than that, suppose I took another apartment and had a noise problem there too? It would be just too much. (Of course, the manager will always assure you that the place is quiet, but you can't trust that.) So I figured it was best to just stay with my parents, even though they disgust me.

30E

April 30. I have written this before in some of my other notes, but just to remind the reader, I'll write it again: **No one should believe anything my parents say about me, because their view of me is hopelessly distorted.**

C-4F (AUTOBIOGRAPHY) [written in 1979]

AGE 27 ON -

...I will only cover here, perhaps in a disorganized way, that information for this period which I do not remember covering in my other notes. Also,

I expect to include some general information about my personality...

...I can just as well begin by stating my motives for writing these autobiographical notes.

1. I intend to start killing people. If I am successful at this, it is possible that, when I am caught (not alive, I fervently hope!) there will be some speculation in the news media as to my motives for killing (As in the case of Charles Whitman, who killed some 13 people in Texas in the '60's). If such speculation occurs, they are bound to make me out to be a sickie, and to ascribe to me motives of a mad or "sick" type. Of course, the term "sick" in such a context represents a value-judgement. I am not very concerned about the negative value - judgements that will be made about me, but it does anger me that the facts of my psychology will be misrepresented. For that reason I have attempted to give here an account of my own personality and its development that will be as accurate as possible.

2. Desire for self - expression...

...3. Since passing the age of about 30, I have enjoyed reminiscing about my past life. A sign of aging, I suppose...

...As I said, if I succeed in killing enough people, the news media may have something to say about me when I am killed or caught. And they are bound to try to analyse my psychology and depict me as "sick". In this connection I would point out that many tame, conformist types seem to have a powerful need to depict the enemy of society as sordid, repulsive, or "sick".* This powerful bias should be borne in mind in reading any attempts to analyse my psychology. Also bear in mind that psychoanalytic type theories are without adequate scientific foundation...

...I think that there are certain qualities of my mind that could be described as intellectual rather than emotional which have been of central importance in determining my development. I refer to my strong tendency to think everything over in a careful, disciplined, analytic way; to turn things over and over in my mind until I have seen them from every angle. I also refer to the fact that my mind is very "closely organized" in the sense I have used that term in my essay on purpose. One way in which these characteristics have been of critical importance for me is this: They have (by and large) prevented me from using (or being used by) the self-deceptions, escapisms, and other other shams that make life in modern society tolerable for many other people. (Of course, I am not claiming to be totally free of self-deception; only to be much freer of it than the average person, including the average high-intelligence person.)...

Also, I want to say this about my motives for wanting to kill people: As is indicated in some of my other notes, my central motive for wanting to get revenge on society is that organized society is destroying such opportunities as remain for an independent life in wild country, and is also closing off all other avenues to personal autonomy...

Some readers will argue: "You are really looking for revenge for the social rejection you have experienced, and are seeking an outlet for frustrations related to this social rejection." This argument, as stated, is incorrect in my opinion. However, I think it contains important elements of truth. Let me explain.

I think that the powerful resentments I experienced as a result of being treated with contempt or condescension have caused me to have a strong tendency to anger. (This I suppose can be partly explained in neurological terms; the neural pathways associated with anger and hatred were probably reinforced through frequent use during my teens. But also there is the fact that this hatred had to be stifled, as a matter of prudence. This resulted in frustration which in turn strengthened the hatred.) Of course I still hate cliques and in-groups and people having the personality-types of those who rejected me...

But this does not change the fact that I have a powerful source of hatred independent of social rejection: The fact that organized society frustrates my very powerful urge for physical freedom and personal autonomy. The situation can be described this way: My bad social experiences created a predisposition to hatred, which probably greatly increased the strength of my reaction to the frustration of my urge for personal freedom...

There is no doubt that I would have been a happy man if I could have lived alone in the wilderness with no kind of interference from society. Often, when I was alone in the woods and for a long time had suffered no annoyances from people or society, my anger would fade away, and I would have a good feeling toward the human race - but only until I was awakened at night by a sonic boom, or disturbed by the sound of a motorcycle tearing up the mountain meadows, or reminded of the fact that my health might be dependent on the judgement of the jerks responsible for maintaining storage facilities for atomic waste...

...presumably my anger at these things was made greater by the predisposition to anger that I acquired due to social rejection...

...I might add ^{that} when I have experienced anger from sources other than technological progress, invasion of wilderness, etc; I often have made a conscious effort to turn this hatred against organized society, technology, etc., because I regard organized society, technology, etc. as my greatest enemy. I feel I can never get enough revenge on organized society, technology, etc., so that ideally that should be the object of all my hatred...

Most people who hold a steady job through most of their lives I regard as part of the system, as more-or-less voluntary participants in the technological society. I would like to get revenge on all such people, and also on all people who do much buying of unnecessary luxuries, since such buying promotes economic growth. The only people I regard as more or less "innocent" are social drop-outs of various types, and those who border on being social drop-outs by working only sporadically and buying not very much beyond their physical needs. (For example, my parents are part of the system and therefore are "enemies". My brother on the other hand I consider to be more or less "innocent".)

...Of course, my resentment of people who are part of the system is in some cases overcome by personal feelings...

...I of course have the greatest hatred for those who make the biggest contributions to the system, such as businessmen, scientists, and politicians...

...Throughout most of my life I have had a sense of inner strength. This has been especially marked ever since that turning point in my life that occurred at age 24. However, it has not given me social confidence...

In recent years there has been an important change in my feelings toward people. But before explaining this, let me go back and review some of my feelings toward

people from childhood. I have said that in childhood I was attracted to power and aggression. For instance, I found war stories and war games attractive and exciting...

...Toward someone for whom I had a definite resentment my feelings could be very hard. Also, I had a tendency to favor stern punishment of anyone who broke rules ~~laid down by authority~~. Also, in some cases, I could sometimes be drawn by other kids into sadistic harassment of someone...

...As I got into my teens, I think I became callous and uncompassionate. I speculate that this may have been in part due to biological changes associated with puberty in males. But certainly part of it must have been the result of the resentment I felt toward the whole human race on account of the way I was treated by my schoolfellows and parents. This in my early teens...From the age of about 17, I tended to feel more and more compassionate and sympathetic as time went on toward people's hurt feelings...I mean such things as the loss of some great life-long aspiration, or a mother's loss of her child). I had virtually no compassion for members of social in-groups, and I was most inclined to feel sympathetic toward people who were most rejected socially...

...Despite all the foregoing remarks, toward physical suffering I have remained very callous, as judged by the standards of modern society. Also toward physical fear I am callous.

For example, once while out walking during my last year at Michigan I came on a small crowd of people standing around a college girl ^{lying in the street} who evidently had just been hit by a car...So far as one could judge from appearances, this girl seemed like the very personification of stupid mediocrity, both physically and mentally. I did not feel the slightest pity for this girl. In fact, I was rather amused by her injury, and I had to restrain myself from smiling, so as to avoid shocking the other bystanders...

...In three other cases I have seen people injured in automobile accidents (in one case some of the people evidently had been killed), and I felt no pity for them. In fact, I was usually pleased at their injuries, because they looked like the type of people whom I would dislike. But in a couple of ^{these} cases I was sobered by what I saw, thinking, "That could happen to me if I'm not careful". But that doesn't mean I felt any compassion...

...I have mixed feelings toward my parents; I strongly resent them, and have no real affection for them, but nevertheless I have a kind of pity for them, and would feel sorry for them in any adversity...

...One time in a supermarket maybe around 1969 or 1970? I saw a woman looking anxiously around and calling child's name. A little further on I saw a small boy hurrying along an aisle looking extremely anxious...but he kept himself under control, rather than bawling or running frantically. Thus I respected him. If he had just acted like a squalling brat, I probably would have thought it would be a pleasure to bash his head in...

...I have indicated before that I am attracted to power. This requires explanation. In personal relationships, I do not like to dominate other people. I absolutely cannot endure being dominated by anyone else...and in doing anything with other people, I have a strong desire to make all the decisions, but I hate to dominate anyone, because I don't want to hurt their feelings - knowing well myself, from my high school days, how it feels to be dominated...

...I think I am better at taking pain than the average person is. For example, think it was about 6 years ago that I asked a dentist to drill my teeth without anesthetic. (I feel vaguely uncomfortable at the idea of having those narcotics or whatever they are shot into me.) The cavity was a deep one, and the dentist remarked 2 or 3 times while he was drilling, "Gee, you're a hard guy to hurt!" I was feeling pain, certainly, but had no difficulty keeping control, and did not feel that I was seriously suffering. For that matter, when I was a little kid, the dentists never used to use anesthetics when drilling cavities, and I never had any trouble taking it, even when the cavity was deep...A conscious effort at stoicism helps...

...But let us get back to the subject of power. The kind of power that has attracted me most, in adult life at least, is power of a physical rather than social kind...I never had an ambition to be dominant in personal relationships...

...When, in my teens, I had fantasies of becoming a dictator, it was not exactly social dominance that interested me. I dreamed of getting revenge on those I hated; I dreamed of being an orator rousing mobs to a frenzy of revolutionary violence; I dreamed of manipulating vast world-shaking forces. I did not dream of dominance in personal relationships. I wasn't interested in personal relationships to any great extent...

...Either I would imagine myself getting power and rebuilding society so as to guarantee maximum individual autonomy; this accomplished, I would retire to spend the rest of my life in some isolated wilderness. Or else I would imagine myself becoming a dictator and then wiping out the human race by means of an atomic war or some such thing...

(As I became more and more aware of the extreme difficulty of reforming society so as to guarantee what I considered sufficient individual autonomy without wiping out 99.99% of the human race, I leaned more and more toward the second type of dictator fantasy.)...

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...between the ages of about 20 and 30, I used to have a fantasy that I found extremely pleasant, and at times I would wish ardently that it were possible: I dreamed of waking up in the morning and finding that every human being but myself had disappeared from the face of the earth. Then I would have the whole world all to myself...

...Now, as indicated earlier, During my last couple of years at Michigan and my years at Berkeley, I was extremely alienated from the entire human race...After I left Berkeley, my feelings toward people very gradually began to soften...I'm not even absolutely certain that it began before I'd spent a year alone in the mountains in 1971-72. But I very gradually became more ready to like certain individuals, to warm up to them...It's difficult to say what the cause of this was. Part of it may have been simple mellowing with age. It may have been partly due to getting away from the university intellectuals...Among the working class I found more individuals whom I liked or respected...

...In 1973 I first...discovered that I liked small children very much...I thought it would be very pleasant to be like a father to them...I have often thought how pleasant it would be to raise a son. However, this thought is always spoiled by the following consideration: I would have to either encourage a son to be a rebel against the technological society, in which case he would almost certainly have to suffer the unhappiness of defeat, since escape from and successful rebellion against the technological society both are becoming impossible; or else I would have to encourage him to acquiesce in the technological society, in which case he would be despicable; or else I could encourage him neither way and leave him to make his own choice between being defeated on the one hand or despicable on the other...

...Anyhow, as I grew older, I gradually grew less unwilling to like people...But the biggest change in my feelings toward other people has occurred within the last year.* This is described in detail in my journal notes for the last year...

*Today's date is April 30, 1979. (IN 800)

By this time, I think of psychological intimacy with a woman as being even more important to me than physical intimacy. In my sex fantasies, what turns me on more than anything else is the idea of opening my soul to a woman...This was true to some extent even before I met Ellen Tarmichael, but since knowing her I have felt this in a much fuller and stronger way...

...To me this woman was not just a physically desirable object, she was someone toward whom I had a certain personal relationship; she was a personality toward whom I had certain feelings...

Physically, classic regularity of face and figure in a woman is less important to me than these factors: a woman should be of good biological quality, with a firm, vigorous body, healthy-looking skin, and hands that

are small but strong and capable. Athletic ability in a woman is attractive to me - but not the kind of athletic ability that depends on a lot of muscle, since heavily-muscled women are physically unfeminine...

...Very much in contrast to my attitude during my teens and even during my twenties, I now find women attractive in their maternal role...One fairly common fantasy that I've had during the last year is that of a woman with a baby at her breast. I imagine myself putting my arms around the woman and the baby together, with a strong desire to protect and care for them...

...Despite all the foregoing remarks, I have a deep-seated contempt for women. To some extent this is a contempt for individual women, but to a greater extent it is a contempt for the general idea of womanhood...Social, rather than technical interests. Less ego than men...Dependence...Timidity and excessive need for physical security. Irrationality. Hysterical tendencies...Excessive need for respectability and social status. Excessive concern with clothing...I will not argue the point, but will simply state my opinion that probably most of the above-mentioned traits of women are based on biologically-determined predispositions...

When I was up in the mountains, I had very little sexual desire. My sexual fantasies were usually of very low intensity and quite perfunctory. Sometimes in the evening, if I had trouble getting to sleep, I would intentionally excite myself with a brief fantasy, masturbate, and pop off as quickly as possible. Then I would usually drop right off to sleep. I did not feel sexually frustrated, usually.

But occasionally, if I went to town on some errand and happened to speak to an attractive girl, for a week or 2 afterward I might suffer from an intense desire for a sexual relationship. But by and by this would fade out and I would feel OK again...

...I would willingly have stolen money from the government if I could get away with it, but applying for welfare would put me in a position of a supplicant and also would put me under the supervision of the welfare dept.) I felt I would rather take to robbery (surely with fatal results for me, in the end) than apply for welfare or beg from my parents. Of course, it may be that if I had got hungry enough...I would have "chickened out" and applied for welfare - I don't know, not having actually gotten that desperate. But still, when I scrounged for meat, firewood, etc., it was not just to gratify my ego or keep occupied or because I was told to do it; I did this work to prevent myself from having to choose between alternatives that to me were horrible and unacceptable, namely, starvation or applying for welfare...

...I decided not to apply for work any more - in fact I acquired a powerful aversion for making any such application...Perhaps even greater than my aversion for applying for welfare...

It is true that my parents sent me occasional gifts of money (without my asking for it) amounting to about \$35000 a year, and this was almost all the money I had...what is more important is the fact that I felt independent of that \$35000/year. I had little fear of the consequences of having it withdrawn - even though, without it, I couldn't have kept my belly full without poaching deer, or stealing, or the like, so extensively that I would surely be caught. Still, I wasn't afraid of this - not much, anyway. I didn't hesitate to insult my parents when I felt it, even though I didn't know how this might affect their propensity to send me checks from time to time. I felt very much that I was on my own to an extent that is not possible when one functions as a regular part of organized society...

...I still have as much hostility as ever toward people participating in or contributing to things that interfere with my life or threaten [s/o] what I value. But most people in modern society do contribute to things that interfere with my life or threaten what I value. So, one day I might like a fellow and feel friendly toward him. But, the next day, if I see him riding a snowmobile, boarding an airliner, performing technological research, doing anything that promotes economic growth, or any other such activity, then I will want to kill him. And I would do it, too, if only it were safe...

...To some extent, I can turn on my cold or my warm feelings at will toward a person...I mentioned, on page 204, three children toward whom I had warm feelings to determine whether I was developing too much of a tie with them, I asked myself whether I would be psychologically capable of killing them if I had something very important to gain by it, and I decided that I would be capable of killing them, provided I were relieved of the fear of being punished for it. Anyhow, I could comfortably picture in my thoughts the idea of killing them...

(However, when I am infatuated with a woman, I am not able to make myself feel cold toward her. And it is probable that through long association with a small child, I would develop a strong attachment which would prevent me from feeling cold toward it)...

Furthermore, the idea of being tied down emotionally, or in any other way, to another person often gives me a kind of sick, nauseated feeling. Even when infatuated with a woman, I am apt to experience an occasional wave of nausea at the idea that I could be permanently tied to her by my own feelings. It makes me feel sick to think of being tied down or trapped or having my autonomy restricted in any way...

May 1 [1979]. Sometimes I feel such an acute longing for sex that it is almost unbearable. It was easier when I was younger and only suffered from physical lust with a big hard on that could be relieved by masturbation. Now masturbation brings only a limited amount of relief, because what I want is much more than just a screw. I want a screw very much, but I also want the rest of what goes into a love-relationship between a man and a woman, and this presents a picture to me that is so intensely pleasurable that sometimes I can hardly stand not to have it. Especially since it represents a life-long frustration. I have written the same things before in these notes; I write them again in different words only to relieve my feelings.

C-227F

[July 1979]

It is a symptom of the evil of modern society that few people today even understand the old-fashioned proverb, "Silence is Golden." Yet where today can one get silence? NOWHERE-not even up here in these mountains. Now, if I had a change, I wish I did have wealth. I would use it to build a big underground bunker for myself-far underground-where I would be isolated from all man-made noise, not to mention other man-made disturbances...

[July 24, 1979]

[after describing hearing a particularly loud sonic boom]: ...This was the last straw and it reduced me to tears of impotent rage. But I have a plan for revenge. I think I can make it work...

July 25 [1979]... In this trip I had been sort of putting aside my anger at the jets, in order to enjoy this wonderful forest. But that solid hour of aircraft noise (partly jets and partly light planes) yesterday, capped by a startling sonic boom, brought up all that anger. Things are spoiled for me now, so I will go home today. Then I will work on my revenge plan. I feel very melancholy about leaving this camp. I was so happy here. I had looked forward to staying out in the woods much longer than this. Isn't there any place left where one can just go off by oneself and have peace and quiet?

Oct. 23, 1979. I am about to stash these notes in a hiding-place, so I will record now some things that I didn't like to write here when the notes were not hidden. Before I left on my hike this summer, I put sugar in the gas tank of one of Mason's snowmobiles. So hopefully he will have some trouble with it this winter. When I went out on my hike this summer I was planning to lie in ambush by some roadside (dirt by-road) a long way from home and shoot some trail-bikers or other mechanized desecrators of the forest, without too much regard for consequences. But once I was out in the woods I started to reconsider, for 2 reasons. One was that once I was out in the woods I felt so good that I started to care about the future again. I wanted to have more years spend in the woods. The other reason is that I thought of

F

excellent scheme for revenge
a bigger scale and didn't
t to screw it up by getting
ght for something else
ore I had a chance to
try it out. Considering
chnological civilization as a
onstrous octopus, the
otorcyclists, jeep-riders,
nd other intruders into the
orest are only the tips of
the tentacles. I was not
really satisfied with striking
at these. **My other plan**
would let me strike perhaps
not at the head, but at least
much further up along the
tentacles:

In spite of this, I wanted
to shoot some of those miners
who were fucking things up
down around Washington
Creek, **if I could get an**
opportunity that looked safe
from the point of view of
not getting caught. One day
I went down there and
watched, from cover, a guy
with a bulldozer who was
tearing a hugh chunk out
of a hillside that was
otherwise very beautiful.

...But I didn't shoot at
him after all. In part this
was due to the inhibitions
that are trained into us in
modern society, and which are
very difficult to overcome.
But I have advanced far
enough now in that respect
so that **I might have been**
able to overcome the inhibitions
except for the fact that (as
I explained above) I had
thought-out as well as
instinctive reasons for not
wanting to get caught; and
I was afraid this guy
might have a partner some-
where.

...You understand, it is **not the noise in itself that bothers me, but what that noise signifies. It is the voice of the Octopus--the octopus that will allow nothing to exist outside the range of its control.** Now, with all the planes and so forth, this area makes me think too much of those miserable remnants of prairie that one sees in the Chicago area around airports and in suburban factory districts, or of the smog-choked Cook County Forest Preserves. Just sad reminders of what once was; **though I no longer find satisfaction in this mountain country, I still love it.** I suppose it is the same way a mother loves a child who has been crippled and mutilated. **It is a love filled with grief.**

...I would add, incidentally, that **since coming back here to Montana, and getting partly out of the system, my craving for women has vanished. Again I am even somewhat repelled by the idea of being tied down emotionally by such a relationship.** Though at the same time I've been a little attracted by the practical advantages there would be in having a wife if I had one who shared my values and aspirations. But on the whole I don't think it would be worth it.

May
[Letter to parents, late 1979]

...As for Nora, there's another crime attributable to modern medicine. Someone who is that badly mangled should be dead - they are better off that way...

...don't send me a string of letters keeping me informed about Nora's condition. The thing is sordid, and I would prefer not to be reminded of it...

C-228 H

January 25, 1980: As indicated in some of my recent notes, for last summer and fall, I consider my satisfaction in my way of life in the mountains to be ruined, principally by the excessive number of airplanes. For that reason I've stopped keeping my regular journal. However, for once, I will note of something I did that may strike the reader as curious...

...after getting 4 rabbits, I tracked down another one, took aim at its head, with my finger on the trigger just as if I were really going to kill it, then lowered the rifle and said to the rabbit: "Rabbit, I spare thy life. Give my regards to Grandfather Rabbit." This was not just the impulse of a moment. I tracked that rabbit with the definite intention of sparing it when I found it. It was a sort of way of expressing my feelings about snowshoe hares; these animals having a special significance for me; also it is nice to think that I know the rabbits not only as a predator, but also as...is it too ridiculous to say, as a friend? I felt a kind of childish delight after performing this action - i.e., after sparing the rabbit. Later I shot a 5th...

Jan 29, 1980:...I decided last August not to enjoy this place anymore because it is too miserable having that enjoyment shattered by airplanes and helicopters. But the charm of this country is such that I am very happy this winter anyway. However, a wave of anger passes over me whenever there is a sonic boom or a loud jet.

In late summer and autumn of 1979, after I decided in August (or was it in late July?) that this country was finally ruined for me, there was a period of perhaps 4 months during which I felt a strong need for escapism or forgetfulness, and, during that period, I turned to mathematics for escape...

023

for generations, and atmospheric effects would severely damage all living things." This is vague, but it sounds much worse than the other opinion. It would be most helpful to me if you could comment on the reasons for such discrepancies in the statements of those who presumably should know what they are talking about.

Another related question has occurred to me, and, if you can spare the time to answer it, or to recommend appropriate literature, I would be grateful. I understand that wastes from nuclear reactors are stored in facilities that require continual maintenance in order to prevent leaks. If a major nuclear war were to occur, there is no reliable way of predicting the extent or duration of the political, sociological, and economic disorganization that might result. Hence, maintenance of nuclear waste-storage facilities might well be neglected for a long period. What would be the extent of the consequent danger and what protective measures would be advisable? Since the amount of nuclear waste in storage will doubtless increase considerably during the next two or three decades, how will the answer to the foregoing question change with time?

I thank you in advance for any assistance that you may be able to give me with these questions...

C-1024

[June 8, 1980]

T. J. Kaczynski
463 North Ridge Avenue
Lombard, Illinois 60148
June 8, 1980

Nuclear Regulatory Commission
1717 H Street NW
Washington, D. C. 20555
Dear Sirs:

I have several questions concerning radiation hazards. Perhaps you can either answer them for me or refer me to appropriate sources of information...

if above C-1023 and C-1024
[NOTE: These letters were found in association with many pamphlets and articles regarding fallout and the hazards of nuclear war, as well as additional requests Ted made during the mid-to-late 1980-time frame on this subject; his return address was often given as Lombard, Illinois]

Feb 21 [1982]:...It has been maybe three years that my parents have customarily given me 500 dollars as a gift every Christmas and every birthday. This is 1,000 dollars a year. I am a little ashamed to accept this. It is true that a life of poverty gives more satisfaction than a life based on money. It was even more of a greater satisfaction to hunt and gather roots, berries, and herbs, and make clothes, etc., during the three years when I had very little money (sometimes less than twenty-five dollars) than now when the money I have is much more than what would be enough for the physical needs, and hunting etc. is good savings but not an absolute necessity **. In reality, I would tell my parents to shove their money up their ass, if it were not that I want this money for two purposes **. And these purposes are not related to the luxury that can be bought with money, since I still carry a life as frugal as before. One of the purposes is to provide something in case I get ill. For example, I have a little bit of rheumatism. It is minor and it is no problem now, but -- in five or ten years? Maybe I'll turn into a cripple. Because life would not be worth much to me if I was not healthy enough to be physically active, and it would be more agreeable with my opinions and my attitude towards life that I would go without this certainty and accepted an early death if it would come. But I have another motive (much more important) for accepting this money. [encoded]

April 2 [1982]:...I am now middle aged and I cannot expect anymore to be as healthy as when I was young.

May 25 [1982]. The older I get, the more disgust I feel for the human race.

June 19 [1982]. "Love only comes within us when reasoning, the guardian of the spirit, falls asleep." -- Javier de Viana, Leña Seca, "Facundo Imperial", I.

T-116

[July 30, 1982]

Dear Dave:

I remember that when we were kids I sometimes would take advantage of my greater size and strength to dominate you physically. Also I sometimes harassed you verbally. I've thought about this sometimes and I now regret that I behaved that way. So I now offer you an apology for it; though I suppose this apology very likely is a matter of indifference to you anyway...

T-121

[1983 - ?] [letter to parents]

to your last letter, in which you said you were "truly sorry to have in such failures as parents"; Its a satisfaction to me to have you admit your faults for once, instead of trying to make excuses for them. The

resentment I have toward you will always remain, but your last letter does soften my attitude a little. Enough, anyway, so that I will take back what I said about hoping you drop dead on Christmas - cause it's true that you were always good to me on Christmas, and on the whole I have pleasant memories of Christmases. I trust you got the Christmas card I sent you...

C-834

[1983]

Dear Dave:

As for that essay I was going to write on the way you think...instead of writing it all at once, I'll send you an instalment now ...You can answer back, if you like, and then we'll see where to go from there.

I ask you to remember that, although I'm going to say some things that I expect you'll find highly unpleasant, I'm not motivated by antagonism. It's just that I'm tired of having to conceal opinions that I'm going to express, as explained in an earlier letter...

...The point I want to cover in this letter is: your habitual self-deception...You might be excused for self-deception in childhood, but the trait has persisted into adult life...You recall that letter in which I suggested to our parents that they should discourage you from getting close to Linda Erikson. I wrote to this effect: "Dave may claim his interest in Linda Erikson is purely platonic, but...[citing evidence to the contrary]." You wrote me 2 letters on this, the first very angry, and the second apologetic...

...You have to be someone special. I'm the same way. But

you are unwilling or unable to go through the struggle that it takes to really be or do something special...

...Now, as a contrasting example (i.e. an example of how one may avoid self-deception) I'm going to use - ahem - myself...in using myself as an example I'll have to make some very uncomfortable admissions. But I can't think of anyone else whom we both know intimately enough to serve as an example of non-self-deception...So I guess I'll have to use myself.

First example: You will have noticed that I have a marked tendency to devalue social relationships...There would seem to be more than one reason for this. One reason is that getting entangled in any sort of social relationships entails a certain loss of independence...in order to be honest with myself I have to admit that there is another, critically important reason involved, and that is simple lack of success in social relationships. From the age of about 8 on, I have consistently experienced one form or another of social rejection from most (though not quite all) of the groups with which I have been associated...I'm afraid that if you were in my position you would probably deny the importance of this very uninspiring reason...

The second example involves an even more humiliating confession than the one I have just made. As you know, I have no respect for law or morality. Why have I never committed any crime?...I mean felony type stuff - burglary, arson, murder, etc.) Lack of motive? Hardly. As you know, I have a good deal of anger in me and there are lots of people I'd like to hurt. Risk? In some cases, yes. But there are other cases in which I can figure out ways of doing naughty things so that the risk would be insignificant.

I am forced to the humiliating confession that the reason I've never committed any crime is that I have been successfully brainwashed by society. On an intellectual level I have only contempt for authority, but on an animal level I have all too much respect for it. My training has unfortunately been quite successful and the strength of my conditioned inhibitions is such that I don't believe I could ever commit a serious crime. Knowing my attitude toward psychological manipulation of the individual by society, you can imagine how humiliating it is for me to admit to myself that I have been successfully manipulated...

If I had any last lingering illusions on that score they were dispelled by that incident with Ellen T. I was humiliated and enraged to such an extent that I thought I was really going to do it. (My intention was to give her a really vicious beating - and if her face got scarred up a little, so much the better. I'm talking about felony assault, or whatever they call it - the kind of thing people go to prison for.) But, by the time I was walking over to her car, I knew I wasn't going to do it. I didn't have an attack of conscience, nor was I thinking about the consequences. I just knew I couldn't commit that or any other serious crime...

...maybe you would like to know whether I consider you weak. The answer is a qualified yes. I consider that your weakness probably stems from low self-esteem...Well, I apologize for saying all this. All I can say is that these are my opinions, and I've been itching to express them for a long time, and my motive is not to hurt your feelings, even though I realize that that will be the probable result...

[August 1983 - ?]

Dear Dave:

Except that at some time in the future I may make those further comments on your psychology that I mentioned, I propose to drop this correspondence with the present letter..As for wanting to seek land with you, I didn't want to do that for companionship or anything like that - you know and knew well that I'd prefer a place all to myself. I was only trying to use you - not in the sense of taking advantage of you, but in the sense that 2 people use each other when they make a practical bargain...You're the only person in the world whose death would make me feel real grief...On the other hand, I do not particularly desire any contact or association with you...I have a thorough contempt for you and I often find you repulsive...the dream was as follows. I saw you as you were when you were about 18. We were in our old house in Evergreen Park ...You came home and began talking enthusiastically about some people you had just been with and under whose influence you had fallen. They appeared to be some kind of a crackpot cult-group. Soon afterward, 3 members of this cult group came in the door; their object was to tighten their hold on you...They were unmistakeably sinister and sly. As each one came in I confronted him, defied him, and killed him ..the big-shot, the leader of the group, was still to come. And then he did appear...He introduced himself as "Lord Daddy Lombrosis"...in my heart I defied him...the price he demanded was submission to him and moreover I had a vague feeling that tools were deception and psychological manipulation. I stood between and him, defying him and keeping you from both what was good and what was evil in what he had to offer...he was trying to hypnotize me or gain psychological control over me...Gradually the room became dark and his face turned into a television screen; the pupils of his eyes became two black dots that flew around on the television screen in symmetrical patterns...still I defied him and stood between him and you...I had the powerful and awesome feeling that as Lord Daddy Lombrosis walked out of the house - ALL IN THAT HOUSE WERE TO BE LEFT WITHOUT HOPE... I ran after him begging him not to leave like this, not to leave my little brother without hope..."No! Not me! I will never give in! But my poor, weak, innocent little brother! Don't leave him without hope!" But the footprints just kept going off through the snow. And then I woke up with a terrible sense of fear and foreboding. It was a remarkable and very frightening dream... Well, having briefly opened to you a window to my soul, I now close it again, probably forever...Truth is, I have no desire to associate with you any further. For old times sake it would be nice to exchange Christmas greetings and occasional notes about the events of daily life, but beyond that I have no desire for any further contact with you. You're a fool. Go to hell. (But I say that affectionately.)...

[1983]

[written Sept. 12, 1984]...It's about time to catch up on some items going back more then a year. Most of what follows is transcribed from some notes that I have on... odds scraps of paper.

August 14, 1983. The fifth of August...began a hike to the east...

...it had been a long time since I had seen the beautiful and isolated plateau where the various branches of Trout Creek originate.

So I decided to take off for that area on the 7th of August. A little after crossing the roads in the neighborhood of Crater Mountain I began to hear chain saws; the sound seemed to be coming from the upper reaches of Rooster Bill Creek. I assumed they were cutting trees; I didn't like it but I thought I would be able to avoid such things when I got onto the plateau. Walking across...on my way there, I saw down below me a new road that had not been there previously, and that appeared to cross one of the ridges...I went on to the plateau. What I found there broke my heart.

The plateau was criss-crossed with new roads, broad and well-made for roads of that kind. The plateau is ruined forever. The only thing that could save it now would be the collapse of the technological society.

...Full of grief and
rage I went back and
camped by South Fork
Humbug Creek, and then
I returned home as quickly
as I could because -- I
have something to do!

...Ever since
seeing how the Trout Creek
area has been
ruined, I feel so much
grief whenever I am
sitting quietly, or when I
am walking slowly through
The woods just looking
and listening, that I
have to keep occupied about
all the time in order to
escape this grief. That was
my favorite spot. And of
course the cause of my
grief is not just the
destruction of that one
particular spot. Whoever
read my notes knows
very well what the other
causes have been.

I can hardly describe
how deeply satisfying I
found the wilderness life.
My grief at losing it is
in proportion to that
satisfaction. It's as if I
had had a taste of paradise and then lost it.

Christmas Eve 1984 [letter from parents]

Dear Son,

We are sad tonight. No word, no small word of greeting from you. How that hurts!...Obviously, the emotional pain and shock you suffered those four days **[in hospital at nine months old]** became deeply embedded in your brain -- your sub-conscious. I think you rejected, you hated me from that time on...

TED WRITES: (BOLD)
 ...I haven't got time right now to discuss my mother's irrational ravings as seen in this letter. Suffice it to say that none of this should be taken seriously - except as evidence of my mother's self-righteousness and inability to admit that she is in the wrong.

C-232

[preface written Jan. 23, 1996]...Here is some material that I wrote ~~years~~ ago on odd scraps of paper and (til now) never got around to copying into my notebooks. The first part of the material is undated, but **must have been written before May 6, 1985**. Here it is:

In some of the things I've written before I've expressed an attitude of hopelessness about the future - that is, I've assumed that it was almost certain that technology would march on to total victory, and attain it in the relatively near future - say in a hundred years or so or possibly sooner. However, in the last few years my attitude has changed somewhat - I now do see some grounds for hope; to wit:

In the first place, there seems to be a widespread disenchantment with the technological society, and a yearning for a life more close to nature - much more so than there was, say, 10 years ago. Things like basket-weaving and organic gardening and other things...

...I might add that, partly owing to my added hopefulness, my opposition to the technological society now is less a matter of a bitter and sullen personal revenge than formerly. I now have more of a sense of

mission a concern with issues wider than personal resentment of the technological society. Nevertheless, it should be made clear that the motivating energy behind my actions comes from my personal grievance and personal resentment of the technological system. I certainly wouldn't take such risks from a pure desire to benefit my fellow man...

...(added May 6, 1985) ¶I should make it clear that the beginning of this passage is hopeful with regard to the future of society. With regard to my personal fate the situation is quite different--here I now feel largely hopeless. ¶This is largely explained by what I recorded in the Sept. 12, 1984 entry of my notes...

...there are other factors involved here. For one thing, I'm now in my early forties and am troubled often by muscle pain in the lower back and at the nape

the neck, and sometimes by other or physical problems--none very serious, but enough so that I am no longer so confident about my physical capacity to go into a wilderness and set up a way of life for myself there...

Still a further cause for hopelessness: A year ago or more I read about some government report which predicts that, beginning in the mid 1990's, the earth's climate is going to warm up due to CO₂ in the atmosphere from internal combustion engines, power plants, etc., etc. Rainfall patterns are expected to change, and so forth. The point is not whether these changes are harmful or beneficial, but the fact that the earth's climate, henceforth, will be at least partly the creation of the Technological Society. Hence there will be no possibility of escaping completely from that society anywhere. You can't escape from the effects of climate. ¶I might add that, the last year or two, besides that Trout Creek thing, I've had repeated bitter experiences with finding that my favorite places

in the woods have been logged off or otherwise disturbed...

Over the last year and a half I've been so busy (for an account of what I've been busy with see my 2 large grey loose-leaf notebooks) that I'm behind with everything else. Cabin is in a godawful mess, root cellar not finished, clothes unmended, most of the garden not yet planted, etc. But now I'm ready to act..

[July 1985]...Not only do I adjust comfortably to solitude myself -- I've read in books about lots of other people who've adjusted comfortably to prolonged wilderness solitude -- in fact they seem to find it rewarding, as I do.

Karl C. Garrison, Psychology of adolescence, 6th edition, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., pages 199-

"An interesting characteristic of mathematically gifted adolescents was their independence with regard to how they spent their out-of-class time...they completely resisted any regimented activity in the way of planned recreation. In fact, irregularity would seem to have been the rule with a high drive level continually displayed and an occasional spurt of frenzied mental activity."...

...It seems likely that mathematical talent depends on the neurological and chemical organization of the brain. Hence the personality traits described in the foregoing passage very likely derive also, directly or indirectly, from neurological or chemical factors. This is interesting because it

suggests that neurological or biochemical factors, rather than psychological factors such as childhood experiences and so forth, account for my own imperative need for complete personal autonomy, for doing things on my own initiative, for not being part of the system. Why don't other research mathematicians rebel as I did?

Suppose because they have satisfied their need for autonomous action by retreating to a fantasy world -- i.e. the world of mathematical abstractions. Mathematics is probably the last area of scientific research where the "lone wolf" investigator still predominates. Thus it is excellent for one who needs to exercise autonomous initiative, provided he is willing to have as the principal concern of his life a body of abstractions unconnected with the practical aspects of his daily existence such as the food he eats, the clothes he wears, the people, animals, and physical objects around him, etc. Where I differ from other mathematicians is in having refused to accept a life in a world of abstractions and in having insisted on the opportunity for autonomous action on my immediate personal environment...

4
[April 16, 1986] [letter to David]

Dear Dave--

You son of a bitch. Your letter made me so mad that I was on the point of cutting off all communication with you forever..let's take your contention that because I was a "gloomy" etc. kid, the parents had reason to believe I really was "sick". OK, for the sake of argument, let's concede that. Let's even go further and assume I was a real nuthouse case--let's suppose I went around insisting that I was Napoleon Bonaparte. Far from justifying our parents' behavior, that makes it even worse. They certainly knew enough to realize that if someone really is mentally ill, one of the worst things you can do to them is to shout at them in a hostile and accusing manner, "You're sick! You're sick! You have the mind of a two-year-old!" etc., etc. This is a point that I made several times in my letters to our parents on this subject, and you claim to have read at least some of those letters. Yet neither you nor they seem to be able to get this obvious point through your thick skulls. They (and now you) keep citing supposedly "sick" symptoms...If you had any real understanding of psychology you would realize that every time I try to get the justice of my case recognized, only to be answered by more arguments purporting to show that there is something wrong with me mentally, it only causes me frustration and consequently intensifies my anger...Since I'm still mad, don't write to me for awhile. Permission to send me a book for my birthday is rescinded. Later, when I get over being mad---say after a few months---I will write to you again and then you can resume corresponding with me if you like. But don't ever argue with me about my relations with our parents. I have so much accumulated anger against them that whenever anyone tries to argue with me about it, and especially when they attribute my resentment to some kind of a mental aberration, I almost choke. This, moreover, causes me to accumulate more resentment against them, so by trying to argue with me you only defeat your own purpose, which I assume is to encourage reconciliation...I flatly refuse to accept any contradictions on this point. No doubt this is unreasonable. But you're just going to have to humor me if you want to get along with me...[NOTE: this letter was footnoted extensively with quotes from Sense and Nonsense in Psychology, H.J. Eysenek, Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1957, regarding the "non-scientific" nature of psychology]

T-35

[April 21, 1986]

Dear Dave:

I apologize for calling you a son of a bitch and other harsh language that I used in my last letter. But, you know, I was mad. I'm not mad any more, and you can send me the book for my birthday if you want to...while I'm on the subject of our parents' tendency to blame on me anything that went wrong when we were together, there's something that always touches me when I remember it: According to our parents, when you hit your hand, the surgeons said that you kept saying: "Don't blame Teddy, don't blame Teddy."...

6
[April 30, 1986]

Dear Dave:

I recently /shortly after receiving your letter that got me mad/ sent a note to our parents saying simply, "I need about \$6,00000 for medical reasons." Actually I had no immediate need for the money...The reason I sent that note was because I was angry and wanted to punish them by subjecting them to the conflict between their greed and their anxiety. The idea was sort of suggested by your recommending to me last winter that I ought to ask them for money if I needed it for medical reasons. If they sent me any money I could either keep it or send it back contemptuously as the humor might suit me. Of course I can always use the money anyway, so perhaps I would keep it. But mainly I just wanted to hurt them because my anger had been stirred up by your letter.

However, I'm afraid you might object to this, and with some justification. Not that I feel you have the right to intervene in any disputes between me and the parents. But it's possible that you might feel you were in some sense a party to this nasty trick I played on them: For one thing, I was of course relying on the assumption that you would tell them that my heart is prone to act funny; for another thing, you had suggested to me that I should ask them for money; and finally, it was your letter that got me stirred up against them.

So, out of consideration for your feelings, and not out of consideration for our parents (I don't give a shit about them), I'll say this:

1. If you like, you can tell them that I sent that note just to punish them and not because I had an immediate need for the money. It would be interesting, however, if you would hold off for a while on telling them, just to see what will be the outcome between their love for money and their supposed love for their kids. You can always tell them later, after you see what they decide to do.

2. If they actually do send me money, I will send it back not to them but to you, and you can do what you want with it, which I assume will be (unfortunately) to give it back to them. They spoke of giving me an advance on the \$600.00 that they usually send me for my birthday. If they send me that I'll just keep it, since it's what they were going to send me anyway, but if they send me anything beyond that I'll send it to you.

I trust this will sufficiently mollify your presumably outraged feelings. You know, if I really did need money for doctor bills that's just when I would not ask them for it...Now, I want to make it clear that I do not consider that they owe it to me to send me money. What they owe me has nothing to do with money, and they couldn't pay it off with any amount of money, no matter how large...You can write to me whenever you like, but please DON'T try to psychoanalyse me, and TRY not to get me upset. It's no use trying to reconcile me with our parents, because only complete and lasting change in their attitude would accomplish that and is clear by now that their self-righteousness is incorrigible...

Feb. 2, 1988. In the Sept. 12, 1984 entry of my notes, I wrote that I could not be unoccupied for long without feeling a strong sense of grief over the destruction of the wild country in this region. This remained true for a couple of years after what happened in the Trout Creek area. But now I no longer feel this grief. It is true, though, that the wilderness stage of my life is now finished. I have given up on wilderness and no longer aspire to live that way of life - though I still like to get back in the country now and then for a few days just to rest my spirit. Since the Trout Creek occurrence, my life has centered around the activities described in my coded notebooks. These activities are quite stressful because of the amount of work to be done and the problems that have to be overcome - also because they are at certain points dangerous. Because of the stress, I can't say I've been happy; but on the other hand I certainly can't say I've been unhappy either-I've been making significant progress toward my goals in this direction.

But now a new grief and frustration has come on me that is so powerful it is almost unendurable. In my early years there were three critically important psychological needs that were unsatisfied: One was to get out of the system and live an autonomous and purposeful life; another was to satisfy my anger-this is the last of the activities described in my coded notebooks; the

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third need was sex -
that is to say, women. **The first
need I have satisfied adequately**
- not so completely as I might
wish, but well enough to get
by-by living in the woods.
With regard to this need I
don't have to struggle any
further. **As to the second
need, I've made significant
progress - there is a great
deal more to do, but I
know in a general way how
to do it. The third need,
women and sexual love, has
suddenly begun to drive me
desperate.** Elsewhere I have
described how, when I was in
**Chicago during 1978-79, I
was desperate for a woman,**
but couldn't get one. Then,
after I got back to my cabin,
**I got disgusted with the
whole discouraging, hopeless,
humiliating, frustrating
business** of trying to find a
woman - I didn't even want
to think about women any
more and I ceased to desire
them. **For some 8 years
thereafter I was not much
troubled with sexual desire;**
if I got horny now and then
I would just relieve myself
by masturbation and that was
that - no problems. **But a
few weeks ago I had
a dream in which a young
woman appeared.** When I
woke up, thinking she was
interesting I began inventing
a story about her. **I soon
found that I was developing
a portrait of an ideal woman
- brilliant mind, beautiful
body, great self-discipline
and strength of character,
proud and passionate but
kind and gentle toward the weak,
inner-directed, dignified yet
able when relaxed of**

uninhibited fun and clowning.

As a result of these imaginings the desire for women came on me so strongly that at times it has been almost unbearable. This isn't primarily a matter of genital lust, though of course that is present. **It is a terribly acute longing for something that could have been extremely beautiful if I had ever had it - a sexual love relationship with a woman whom I could respect.** What turns me on is the idea of complete mutual self-surrender between a man and a woman. Two people who become unshakeably loyal to one another and whose interests become completely identified, all barriers between them being eliminated. (This of course is an ideal case.) The desire for a woman often becomes overwhelming, and **I am tortured by grief** over the fact that, when I was young and handsome and had opportunities to know women - intelligent, beautiful women, too - **I was unable to take advantage of these opportunities because the unfortunate experiences of my early adolescence rendered me almost incapable of making advances toward women.** Now it is almost too late - not only because I am 45 years old but because there are various practical difficulties in the way of my finding a woman. **This desire, grief, and sense of terrible deprivation is tearing me apart; it makes it difficult for me to concentrate on anything, because my mind**

continually wanders to thoughts of women, sex, and lost opportunities. It keeps me awake at night with my heart pounding hour after hour-it's like a terrible obstacle that I feel I have to overcome, yet I can't see how to do it, all my previous attempts to get a woman having been failures. With the first two psychological needs mentioned above, before I began to make progress in satisfying them, I often had similarly desperate feelings, the same sense of something I had to get in spite of the obstacles. But with those needs I was able to make progress toward the goal all by myself through determination and willingness to take risks. In regard to the third need, sex, I can **make no progress without the cooperation of another person**, namely, a woman who, to name the minimum requirements, would have to be reasonably attractive physically and would have to have at least some traits of character that I could respect. Physical sex would not be enough - We would have to have psychological intimacy and strong feelings toward one another. The case seems hopeless and I don't know what do to.

I forgot to mention that I think that if I'd had just one successful love-affair when I was younger, then I wouldn't be tormented now by this terrible sense of deprivation.

[translation from German]

So golden shone many a star;
I, at the window, did stand
Alone and hear from afar
A coach horn o'er the still land.
In my breast my heart did flare,
And I thought deep down inside:
Oh, who could be traveling along there
On this grand night in summertime!

- Baron Joseph von Eichendorff
"Longing"

Martin E. P. Seligman,
Helplessness: On Depression,
Development, and Death, Wilt.
Freeman and Company, New York,
1975, p.139:

"As I write this paragraph, my
three-month-old son is nursing at
his mother's breast...He
sucks, the world responds with
warm milk. He pats the breast,
his mother tenderly squeezes
him back. He takes a break
and coos, his mother coos back.
He gives a happy chirp; his
mother attempts to chirp back.
..."

Reading this passage fills
me with desperate envy.

Feb. 22, 1988. I have just read an extremely interesting book: Martin E.P. Seligman, Helplessness, W.H. Freeman and Company, New York, 1975. Despite the journalistic - sounding title, this book is a serious scientific study by a reputable experimental psychologist.

...Here's how I would connect his conclusions with my own experience: The things I needed that led me to take to the woods I described as freedom or personal need for purposeful work, satisfaction of "workmanship instinct." These needs can be subsumed under a single need described by Seligman, namely, the need to exercise control - provided that we postulate something that Seligman does not demonstrate or explicitly mention, namely, that the exercise of control must require a certain amount of effort. (Seligman does seem to imply that effort is required for proper satisfaction of the need for control; see pp. 97-98.) Anyone perusing my older notes (say from 1969 to 1975) will see how frustrating to me was my inability to control or influence certain conditions of urban life

that affected me, and how much I resented being subjected to any sort of compulsion. (The need to avoid compulsion is one aspect of the need for control: Seligman, p. 55) **Purposeful work, of course, is nothing more nor less than the application of effort to control some significant aspect of one's life or environment.**

Why was my need to exercise control more powerful than that of the average person? I don't know, but I can conjecture: As an infant I experienced a case of "hospitalism;" that is, I was hospitalized for a week under conditions that drove me into a state of what Seligman calls

"helplessness". But later I recovered from this. Having experienced severe helplessness and then recovered from it might plausibly lead to an augmented fear of helplessness and an **augmented drive to avoid helplessness; hence my intolerance of frustration, of dependence, of compulsion; my drive for power; my determined persistence when something important to me is at stake; hence also my tendency to perfectionism, since my perfectionism is an insistence on making a job turn on the way I damn well want it.**

...The need to control and to avoid compulsion may also explain the aversion that many people (including me) have for the behavioral - engineering schemes of B.F. Skinner and other schemes for manipulating human beings. These schemes are offensive not only because it is hard on our self-esteem to envision ourselves as mere pawns in someone else's game, but also, perhaps, because the idea of being controlled by someone else conflicts with our own need to avoid compulsion and exercise control...

66 [1988?]

"The close association between vocational interests and other personality characteristics has been suggested by a number of studies.... The personality descriptions associated with high scores on two of these keys are summarized below:

High scores on Mathematician Key: Self - abasing, concerned with philosophical problems, introspective, lacking in social poise, lacking confidence in own ability, sympathetic, reacts poorly to stress, not persuasive in personal contacts, not an effective leader, not ostentatious, not aggressive or socially ascendant"

-Anne Anastasi, Fields of Applied Psychology, McGraw - Hills, New York, 1964; p.4-61.

The majority of these descriptive phrases seem to fit me - but not the ones boxed in red. I am certainly not self-abasing, nor do I lack confidence in my own ability (outside the social area). When I was young (Harvard) I took stress very well - in fact I enjoyed working under pressure - though it's true that as I've grown older I've developed an aversion to psychological stress. I am aggressive in the sense that I show initiative and energy in getting what I want. I am not socially aggressive - except that I may become aggressive when I feel that my rights have clearly been violated.

It seems to me that the above description does not correspond well with the personalities of the mathematicians I've known.

"An interesting characteristic of mathematically gifted adolescents was their independence with regard to how they spent their out-of-class time. Though they played some individual sports and some musical instruments, they completely resisted any regimented activity in the way of planned recreation. In fact, irregularity would seem to have been the rule with a high drive level continually displayed and an occasional spurt of frenzied mental activity."

-Karly C. Garrison,
Psychology of adolescence, 6th edition, Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J.; pages 199-200.

Anne Anastasi, Fields of Applied Psychology, McGraw - Hill, New York, 1964:

p. 341. "... both theory and practice in these fields [clinical psychology and counseling psychology] tend to be highly colored by human values. Discussions of the objectives of counseling and psychotherapy, or definitions of 'mental health', for example, often touch closely on one's concept of a 'good life'."

p. 389. "... it should be noted that any definition of either mental illness or mental health implies value judgements..."

C-686

[1988]

The problem, in brief, is that I am 45 years old and still a virgin -- very much against my will. The story is as follows...

...The foregoing was written several weeks ago. Since then I've arrived at a tentative decision: I'll get civilized and look for steady employment in western Montana. If I can't find employment here, then I'll go back to the Chicago area, where I came from originally. I hate to go back to that hell-hole, but it's one place where employment is usually available. Once I get a job I'll start looking for a woman. I'd get married if I could find a woman with whom I had enough in common. I don't have very much hope of finding such a woman; but at least I'd like to have some kind of love-affair -- for once, anyway, before I get too damn old.

Since my past success has been so poor, it's obvious that I can use some advice about women: how to meet them, how to deal with them when I do meet them, and how to understand them. Any information or suggestions you can give me will be appreciated...

When making this appointment I asked to talk to a woman counsellor if possible. My motives for this were as follows: For one thing, I thought I would feel less embarrassed revealing these things to a woman than to a man. For another, I thought a woman might be better able to answer my questions and give me advice about women. Finally, and most important, women to me have been mysterious, untouchable, and inaccessible, as if they were separated from me by some invisible barrier: I've never had an opportunity to communicate with any woman on anything other than a superficial level. So, for once, I wanted to get on the other side of that barrier and speak openly with a woman...

C-269

May 23, 1988

Dear Mr. Kaczynski:

I am writing in regard to your request for services at the Golden Triangle Community Mental Health Center. At this point in time, we do not have any female therapists available and we do not expect to have any female therapists available any time in the near future. There are female therapists working in private practice in the Great Falls community. You find these listed in the yellow pages under Mental Health Services, Psychologists, Psychotherapists and Counselors...

[1988] Except for some minor corrections, the following is a duplicate of the material I gave Mrs. Gilbertson in late May.

The problem, in brief, is that I am 46 years old and still a virgin - very much against my will. The story is as follows...

...At the age of 10 I developed very strong feelings toward a pretty girl my own age -- I don't think it's going too far to say I was in love with her...after I scored at the genius level on an I.Q. test, the guidance counselor decided that I should skip 6th grade. The result was disastrous. I was not accepted by the older kids with whom I was put. I skipped another grade in highschool; thus I was with kids who were two years older than I was. From the time I skipped a grade until I left highschool I was often the object of contemptuous remarks from the other boys. Speaking in anthropological terms, my dominance ranking was very low...

...it was brought home to me that the other kids regarded me as a freak genius and not the kind of boy with whom any self-respecting girl would want to have a date...

...Also during my adolescence my parents mistreated me severely...They developed a habit of screaming insults at me whenever they got annoyed -- which they often did for trivial reasons. Some examples of the type of abuse I had to take from them: "You're immature", "sick", "emotionally disturbed", "a creep", "speak respectfully to your parents or we'll throw you out of the house."...

...I had a tough inner core of self-esteem and self-confidence that came through undamaged. But my social self-confidence was pretty well destroyed -- I came to expect rejection from other people...

...I had no opportunity in highschool to learn the customs governing the relations between the sexes -- how to make dates, when one can kiss a girl, etc...

...I often had (and still have) difficulty interpreting women's behavior...
[details past "relationships" with girls and women]

...As a result of repeated failures and disappointments in trying to get a woman I eventually gave up and became apathetic; I didn't even want to think about women any more. It was less painful to put up with sexual deprivation than to undergo the stress of trying to get acquainted with a woman, worrying about how to ask her out, and so forth...

...during my university years, I formed occasional acquaintanceships or slight friendships but never any close friendships, and I was never accepted by groups. As a matter of fact I had no strong desire for male friendships...

I found solitude congenial, or would have found it so if I hadn't been mented by the constant, nagging desire for women...

...During my last year at the University of Michigan I reached a decision and a psychological turning-point that changed the direction of my life. I had two major psychological needs that were unsatisfied: One of course was sex. The other was what I will call for the sake of simplicity the need for serious, purposeful work...(I won't treat this subject in detail here. For relevant discussion see the psychological study by Kenneth Keniston, **The Uncommitted.**)...

...The decision that I reached during my last year at Michigan was to chuck everything and do something that I'd always wanted to do, namely, go off and live in the woods. Since I wanted some money to start out with, I accepted the offer from Berkeley and spent two years there as an assistant professor; then, having accumulated several thousand dollars in savings, I resigned my position and took off. To make a long story short, I established myself in a small cabin in western Montana and began reverting to a primitive mode of existence...One big advantage to living in the woods was that I didn't see any women and therefore didn't have to think about them. As a result I was no longer tormented by the constant craving for women and sex that had previously been such a hardship for me. This doesn't mean that I had no sexual feelings at all, but such feelings were much weaker than they'd been when I lived among people, and if I got horny from thinking about sex I would relieve myself by masturbation and that was that -- no problems.

By the time I was about 32 years old I found that my shyness with women greatly alleviated. Under suitable conditions I was able to make advances to them without difficulty. But I rarely had any opportunity to meet unattached women...I still didn't know anything about dating customs, but the main problems was that I never could tell whether or not a woman was interested and available; I've never been able to distinguish between ordinary friendliness and friendliness that indicates a potentially erotic interest. I've read that women have certain signals by which they indicate their intentions to men, but I have no idea what these signals are...

...I never had the slightest interest in going to a prostitute...

.. Finally at the age of 36 I found an intelligent and attractive 30-year old woman (call her Miss T.) who had a good sense of humor and -- it seemed -- a pleasant personality. I'd heard vague rumors to the effect that there was something funny about her, but beggars can't be choosers, so I took my chances and made advances to her, which she accepted...

...The third time I took her out I discovered why Miss T. had a funny reputation. She deliberately and calculatedly humiliated me in public by showing avoidance and aversion...I concluded that she was probably a sadist who got a sexual kick out of humiliating men. Needless to say, that was the end of my interest in her...

...The kisses I had from Miss T. whetted my appetite to such an extent that I began to suffer from frustrated sexual desire even more than during my teens and early twenties. But the direction of the desire was a little different...

...the older I got, the more interested I became in psychological contact between them. I thought of sexual love and not only of sexual intercourse. At the age of 36 I recall having a fantasy of a woman holding a baby -- hers and mine -- and myself putting my arms protectively and lovingly around both of them together. I wouldn't have had such a fantasy during my teens...

...in the Chicago area...During the rest of that year I was desperate for a woman but couldn't find one...I tried an introduction service with very unsatisfactory results. Finally I decided that I might as well go back to the woods...while I was still in the Chicago area I advertised in the Mother Earth News for a woman interested in sharing a "very primitive life." I got quite a few replies, but most of them were from women who either didn't read the ad or had a strange conception of what the words "very primitive" meant. For example, one woman seemed to think that a "very primitive life" included raising quarter-horses and pure-bred show-dogs. I was so disgusted with her stupidity that I sent her an answer to the following effect:

"I live in a cave, eat raw meat, and hunt bears with a club. I been combin' the burrs out of my whiskers every mornin' ever since I got your letter, so I should be lookin' pretty good by the time you get here. Hurry up and come, cause I ain't had a woman for several years now and I can't hardly wait no longer."

...have a somewhat undisciplined sense of humor.)...

...After a couple of weeks alone at my cabin I found that I was no longer troubled with craving for women. Due to the pain of powerful, unsatisfied desire that I'd suffered and the stress of unsuccessful attempts to get a woman, revulsion set in. I got disgusted with women and didn't even want to think about them. Several months after my ad had appeared, one last reply straggled in. It was the most promising of all the answers I'd received; the woman seemed intelligent, was reasonably nice-looking (she sent a photo), understood what I mean by a primitive life, and wanted exactly that. But by that time I was so sick of the whole business that I just threw her letter in the stove...

...During the following 8 1/2 years I suffered very little from desire for women...

...my style of life has been somewhat modified. For one thing, the character of the country where I live has been changed by road-building, logging, and influx of people to such an extent as to partly spoil my former way of life. For another thing, my parents, who are in a comfortable position financially, have been sending me \$1200 a year for the last few years. I feel a little embarrassed about this, but not very much so. The money relieves me of having to look for work at intervals and allows me leisure to pursue certain intellectual interests. I've taught myself the Spanish language, have done a considerable amount of serious

reading, especially in history, and have solved a difficult mathematical problem that for many years I was unable to solve. The years when I lived at the most primitive level were the best and happiest years of my life. Since modifying my way of life I've considered myself to be neither happy nor unhappy; but I've been at peace. Life has been flowing along with no particular problems and no particular joys or hopes...

...But a few weeks ago I had a dream in which a young woman appeared. After I woke up I recalled her face and thought she was interesting, so I began making up a story about her. I soon found that I was developing a portrait of a perfect woman: extremely high intelligence, great self-discipline and strength of character, no interest in trashy stuff like fine clothes, money, and social status³ -- in short, she had all the traits that I most respected. As a result of these imaginings my desire for women and sexual love returned so strongly that at times it has been almost unendurable. It often keeps me awake at night, and it sometimes prevents me from concentrating because my mind persists in wandering to thoughts of women and sex. This isn't just the raw horniness that I experienced as an adolescent. It's rather a sense of terrible deprivation, of having missed something essential in life, something that would have been extremely beautiful and that I will probably never find now because I'm getting too old...

...I feel like a starving man looking on at a rich man's banquet: All he gets is one good solid piece of bread, but he has to watch the rich people gorging themselves on extravagant delicacies while he has nothing...

...I felt a need to tell these things to someone. I had no one else to tell them to, so I came here. Apart from the opportunity to unload all this there's just one other thing that I want from you, namely, the answer to the following question. I've read in more than one place that women give out certain signals by which men can tell whether they are available and interested and so forth. What are these signals? It's doubtful whether I'll ever have the opportunity to put this information to practical use, but the question has puzzled me for a long time and I'd like to know the answer just for my own satisfaction...

C-271

[Receipt, See Original]

[Date] - 6/1 1988

[Received From] - Theodore Kaczynski

[Dollars] - \$50.00

[For] - Paid for 1 hour therapy ^c
Elizabeth Gilbertson

871

[July 1, 1988]

Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbertson
54 N. Last Chance Gulch
Helena, Montana 59601

Dear Mrs. Gilbertson:

Because you mentioned to me during our interview on June 1 that your daughter was under some pressure to go into mathematics, I am taking the liberty of sending you some comments on mathematics as a career. The comments are negative, and of course are influenced by my own dissatisfaction with the field. You can show my remarks to your daughter or not, as you may prefer.

I'd like to mention that I had a very favorable impression of you and found you personally very likable. It relieves my feelings just to talk about those things with someone, and your comments gave me something to think about. Through the Interlibrary Loan Service I've ordered the three books you recommended...

...I spent a week in Helena looking for work, without success...Clearly the employment counselor misled me when he told me earlier that my chances of quickly finding work in Helena would be good. Because I don't have the money to spend much time in the city seeking employment, it looks as though my chances of finding permanent work in Montana are practically nil, so I will probably end up going back to the Chicago area -- not because I want to, but because that's where the jobs are...

...I can't afford the cost of another interview with you, so I probably won't be seeing you again.

While I was in Helena I met you on the street and said "hello", but you didn't seem to recognize me -- maybe because you were in a hurry. Or perhaps I mistook someone else for you.

Thanks for your kindness and advice...

C-270

July 11, 1988

Mental Health Services, Inc.
512 Logan
Helena, Montana 59601

Dear Sirs:

I have a personal problem in connection with which I'd like to do a lot of talking, partly just to relieve my feelings, partly to attain a better understanding of certain matters, and partly to get advice...

Several weeks ago I phoned Mental Health Services and was told that you had a 10-week waiting list. Since I didn't want to wait that long for at least a preliminary discussion, I went to a private therapist, Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbertson, of 54 N. Last Chance Gulch, whom I saw June 1. I liked her very much, but I can't ask her for any further services because I can't afford the fee. As far as I am concerned, the counselor or therapist to whom you assign me would be welcome to exchange information about me or impressions of me with Mrs. Gilbertson...

July 11, 1988

Mental Health Services, Inc.
512 Logan
Helena, Montana 59601

Dear Sirs:

I have a personal problem in connection with which I'd like to do a lot of talking, partly just to relieve my feelings, partly to attain a better understanding of certain matters, and partly in order to get advice. I understand that for my income level your fee is five dollars per professional hour, but unfortunately my income is so low (roughly \$1,300 a year) that I can't afford to travel repeatedly to Helena. (A trip to Helena would cost me about \$20 exclusive of your fee.)

Thus, if it's acceptable to you, I'd like to make an arrangement of the following kind. If you'll assign me to a counselor or therapist, I will send him at intervals a typewritten statement that can be read in well under an hour, together with a check for five dollars and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The counselor can read the statement and then, in what is left of the hour, write down his comments and advice informally and mail them to me.

I suppose this would be an unusual arrangement, but, as I've already mentioned, I can't afford repeated trips to Helena, so I don't see how else to handle the matter. Actually I'd even prefer to handle it this way because, in writing, I can express what I have to say much more precisely, clearly, and completely than I can in speaking...

July 25, 1988

Dear Dr. Emery:

Thank you for your letter of July 14 in which you replied to mine of July 11. As you may recall, I was unable to afford the cost of repeated trips to Helena and for that reason asked to correspond through the mail with one of your therapists. You rejected this idea and suggested that I might be able to afford monthly visits to Helena...

I quite appreciate that therapy isn't possible through the mail, but you'll note that I didn't request therapy. What I want is counseling

rather than therapy, if you accept the distinction between counseling and therapy drawn by Anne Anastasi, Fields of Applied Psychology, McGraw-Hill, New York, 1964, page 431: "... the aim of clinical psychology is to change the individual's basic personality structure and personal constructs, while the aim of counseling psychology is to enable the individual to utilize his present resources more effectively... . While psychotherapy tries to alter a client's anxiety level, defensiveness, and other generalized response habits, counseling concentrates on the solution of specific problems, such as poor study habits or lack of social poise" I do not want to change my basic personality structure. I do think that some of what I want could be accomplished through the mail; if nothing else I would get the relief of telling someone about certain painful experiences from my past. However, if such an arrangement is unacceptable to you, I will make no further attempt to persuade you...

August 7, 1988...

Dear Dr. Emery:

I write in reply to your letter of July 28.

Yes, when you have an opening, please do arrange for me monthly appointments with a therapist, beginning at 1:00 PM and ending at 2:00 PM on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday...

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[September 15, 1988]

Dear Dave:

Some three years ago, more or less, I had a dream about you that I'm about to report. We were at our old house in Evergreen Park, and I saw you as you were when you were about 4 years old...I have a vivid mental image of you at the age of about 4, running with your face all lit up with joy and enthusiasm. I clipped this picture out of the paper because it reminds me very much of the way you looked at those times. The kid in the picture is 4 years old, too. (PICTURE ATTACHED WITH TAPE)...I was filled with poignant, acutely nostalgic feelings, a kind of grief over the lost joy of your childhood. But then I thought of the fact that you were now enjoying the freedom and beauty of the desert, and this greatly comforted me...That was before you paid me that visit 2 years ago. When you did visit me, naturally, I was extremely pleased to see how much you seemed to be enjoying life...So you see what kind of feelings I have about you, and how much I value you--in spite of our differences.

I suppose it would be superfluous to again express my regret over the way I used to treat you when I was in my teens. But it's something I haven't forgotten. Nor am I likely to forget it...

September 24, 1988

Dear Dr. Emery:

Because I was feeling very badly about certain facts from my past life, I wrote to you on July 11 requesting services from your organization. In a subsequent exchange of letters we agreed that you should arrange monthly appointments for me with one of your therapists as soon as an opening was available.

As it happens, I have now gotten over my bad feelings about the past and no longer feel any particular need for your services. Moreover, as I indicated in my first letter, my financial resources are very limited, and owing to a very bad harvest from my garden (because of drought) and a broken tooth that needs fixing, it would be more difficult than ever for me to pay the cost of repeated trips to Helena. Therefore please take my name off your waiting list. If my bad feelings about the past should ever return I may contact you again, but meanwhile it seems best that your therapists' time should be given to someone else...

C-953

[February 28, 1989]

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MILWAUKEE/P.O. Box 413, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
53201
 COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE
 DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES
 (414) 963-4836

Dear Dr. Kaczynski:

Over the years, McMillan became more and more of a recluse. He would not return a friendly greeting from a colleague, so after a while people ceased to greet him. To avoid people he would never take an elevator. His judgement deteriorated. Someone went to see him about a proposal he had made, suggesting that he change it, and McMillan did not utter a word, so that the man left in embarrassment. I heard that on separate occasions a student and a faculty member had feared that McMillan would become violent. Under these conditions, I did not "give" your letter to him, I put it into his mailbox; but I was skeptical about his answering you. After he resigned, I was told that he and his wife had separated; he moved to an apartment, his neighbors complained that he was creating a disturbance by shouting, and he was institutionalized

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for 90 days and released. Since then I have heard nothing about him, except that his physical appearance has deteriorated.

It seems a great tragedy, for at one time he was an excellent and very promising mathematician. He is said to be living in his own world, out of touch with reality; perhaps he has found some sort of refuge there.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ F. Bagemihl

C-923

March 8, 1989

Dear Professor Bagemihl:

I'm very sorry to hear about Professor Mc Millan. A couple of years ago I read a very interesting book about schizophrenia; it sounds as if that might be Mc Millan's problem...If you're not well-informed about schizophrenia and if Mc Millan's case is of sufficient concern to you to make it worth your while, you might want to read that book. The title is "Schizophrenia's, yours and mine... Whether or not schizophrenia is the cause of Mc Millan's problem, you're right - it's a great tragedy...

Sincerely yours...

May 25, 1989

Letters Column

The Missoulian

P.O. Box 8029

Missoula, Montana 59807

Dear Sirs:

Jim Marka's column of May 6, 1989 prompts this letter.

The increasing use of courtesy terms in our society is to be applauded. A courtesy term is a word or phrase that serves as a substitute for an offensive expression which describes a person or thing having a condition that is labelled "undesirable" by the less enlightened segment of our society.

I call for (1) a high-priority research program to discover why courtesy terms keep wearing out, and, meanwhile, (2) a national committee dedicated in the continual development of new courtesy terms as the old ones acquire offensive connotations.

In conclusion, I urge strict avoidance of the offensive expression euphemism, which is a slap in the face to all who use courtesy terms...

C-794

[1989]

Dear Dave:

...Of course, you have the right to write anything you damn well please. But I'm not going to criticize your work any more because, as I've just explained, I find your reactions frustrating and irritating...More than that, this has been building up for a long time. It's not just this business of the stories. I find you insufferably irritating in general. You're certainly not the type of personality I would choose for a friend-I just happened to get stuck with you as a brother. As you know, I have tender feelings toward you, but that's just because you're my brother and because of old ties going all the way back to childhood.

Some of your letters are a pleasure to read, but, just as often, they irritate me and make me conscious of an unbridgeable gulf between me and me. It's not so much in difference

if attitudes or ideology-in some respects our attitudes are pretty similar-as a difference of personality... I use verbal formulations in a reasonably honest attempt to describe reality. I am so constituted that I find it difficult to listen to your nonsense without arguing against it. So when you write me some of your silly "ideas" (as you choose to call them) I am faced with a choice: either I restrain myself and make no reply, which is frustrating, or, what is more frustrating, I permit myself to be drawn into writing which I explain my point of view in detail-though it is absolutely futile, because I know by this time that, wherever your ego is involved, you are absolutely impervious to reason and will resort to the most far-fetched rationalizations to avoid having to make any concession...

...This has just happened too many times. If you don't irritate or disgust me in one way then you do so in another. I've just had enough of it. My tolerance for irritation was how to begin with, and the older I get, the less I can tolerate irritation.

And now, to top off my disgust, you're going to leave the desert and shack up with this woman who's been keeping you on a string for the last 20 years. You write, "I've been in love with her for more than 20 years, so much so that no other woman has ever seriously interested me."...love is one thing and grovelling servitude (strike over) is another. Judging from the comparatively little that I know of the case, it seems clear that this woman has been exploiting you. I recall that one time when I was helping you clean out your apartment in Great Falls, I picked a letter out of the garbage on your table and started reading aloud: "Dear Linda, Of course it was a blow to learn that you may be falling in love with someone...". You got mad and snatched the letter out of my hand... Women like passive, gentle males-but they don't typically consider them desirable as lovers. Especially when they are younger, women are attracted sexually by dominant, virile males. But they like to have a shoulder to cry on-some gentle, affectionate person to whom they can turn for emotional support. There's nothing evil in that in using you for that purpose, knowing

that you were in love with her and that her love was going to go elsewhere, Linda Patrick was exploiting you. She must have realized that it would be painful and humiliating for you when she unburdened herself to you about her love affairs, yet apparently she did so anyway, to judge from that letter.

When she got married, I can just imagine her husband's amusement when she told him about "this poor sap who's been in love with me for years, and still is, even though I'm marrying you". Then when her marriage broke up, the first thing she did was run to you for a shoulder to cry on. And you accepted that. Don't you have any self-respect at all? Apparently not. It's just too despicable.

So now, after having kept you around as a kind of spare tire for the last 20 years, she's finally ready to shack up with you. Maybe she (strike out) because she's getting older and can't so readily find sex partners any more, maybe for some other reason. Does she love you? I venture to doubt it. I'll bet you're the one who is making all the concessions and sacrifices. Thus you're going to live with her in Schenectady and she's not going down to live with you in Texas. It's safe to say that you two will be adopting her life-style and not your life-style.

If you want to find out whether she loves you, try this: Ask her to make some major concessions to your life-style and preferences. For example, ask her to live with you in Alpine. This would be a reasonable compromise, because in Alpine she would have most of the urban conveniences to which she is presumably addicted, yet you would be close to the desert. If she says yes, then probably she really cares about you. If she refuses to consider the possibility of moving down to Texas, or of making any other major concessions to your life-style, then clearly she doesn't love you but is merely using you as a convenience. But if I know you, you probably won't even have the nerve to ask her to live in Alpine. I can pretty well guess who the dominant member of that couple is going to be. It's just disgusting. Let me know your neck size and I'd like to get you a dog collar next Christmas. I recall your negative

opinions about Jeanne's selfishness in her relationship with Hoken, and I wonder whether your own case is going to be any better. You thought Jeanne was selfish because Hoken wanted to stay in Chicago, Jeanne wanted to go to Texas, so of course it was a foregone conclusion that they would go to Texas. How does this differ from your case? At least Jeanne didn't keep Hoken on a string for 20 years before marrying him.

The only thing I've really respected in you has been your life in the desert. I especially remember how you returned that beautifully-made spear-point to its original resting place out of respect for the people who made it, and how you crossed the Rio Grand with Juan and shared his risks and hardships. So now you're going to leave all that just because this female has finally decided to permit you to become her personal property, and I presume that you will now be adopting a more-or-less conventional middle-class life-style. While you're at it, why don't you take a few courses and learn to be an accountant? Better-why don't you go to law school? We always felt that if a thing is worth doing, then it's worth doing right, so as long as you're selling out you may as well go all the way and become a lawyer. Be all that as it may, I've just been disgusted and irritated by you too damn many times. I just can't take all that crap any more. So from now on, I am just going to cease corresponding with you altogether, and I'll thank you not to send me any letters of any kind. There's no question of ill will here-it's just that I can't any longer take the frequent irritations that I have from you. You probably don't realize how often I've restrained myself in the face of your irritating traits. That's the reason for the present outburst of irritation in response to relatively minor irritants; as I said, it's been building up for a long time. Time after time, after receiving a particularly asinine letter from you I've told myself that I ought to cut off correspondence with you, but then I've always softened again. But now I just can't take any more. I realize that it's partly my fault. It's true that you're a fatuous ass and that our personalities are

incompatible, but its also true that my tolerance for irritation is unusually low. I suppose that one reason why you get me so upset may be the fact that I do care about you. When my neighbor down here chatters along idiotically like the jerk that he is, I just listen noncommittally to his nonsense and then forget it. But when you speak or act like a fool I find it hard to be indifferent.

You're still my little brother (unworthy though you are of that honor) and you still have my loyalty, and I'm ready to help you if I can whenever you may be in serious need. But, as I said, I'm not going to write you any more, and I don't want to receive any letters from you either. If you send me any letters I'll just throw them in the stove unread. Except: if something really important comes up, you can write to me and get my attention as follows: On the envelope, draw a straight, heavy line under the stamp (or stamps). If you send me a letter with this marking, I will know that it is something particularly important and will read the letter. But don't cry wolf by putting marking on an envelope that contains an unimportant letter. If you do so, then I will no longer regard the marking, and you'll have no way of getting in touch with me if something important comes up. As to what I consider important: If you're seriously ill, that's important; if our parents croak, that's important; If you're in any kind of serious trouble and need my help, that's important; and so forth. On the other hand, if you want to justify to me your ideas about writing, that's not important; if you want to explain your relations with Linda Patrik, that's not important; and so forth.

I realize that, not knowing very much about the case, I may possibly be wrong about your relations with Linda P. (though I'm probably right), and I don't doubt that you could be induced to withdraw your threat (contained in your last letter) to send me some of your goofballs ideas on language and literature (the last thing I want to hear from you), but it wouldn't really matter, because if it's not one thing then it's another. If you don't irritate me in this way then you irritate me in that way..So remember-you still have my love and loyalty, and if you're ever in serious need of my help, you can call on me...

September 12, 1990

Dr. Paul Moomaw
c/o The Missoulian
P.O. Box 8029
Missoula, Montana 59807

Dear Dr. Moomaw:

I was shocked by your recent column in which you spoke disrespectfully of psychoanalytic theory, and in particular by your remark that "that is the great part about analytic theory; no matter what the patient does, it's always pathological." In reply to your sneering aspersions, I'd like to report part of a conversation that I once had with the distinguished Dr. Adalbert Verruckt, of Vienna.

I had remarked to Dr. Verruckt that practically everything that's fun seems to be bad for the health.

"Yes, Theodore," he replied, "things that are pleasurable tend to be ^{connected with} organic disease. As Karen Horney has demonstrated, pleasure is associated with masturbation and its attendant feelings of guilt. Persons who become ill as a result of pleasurable activities -- smoking, drinking, eating rich foods, so forth -- are punishing themselves for their guilt over natal masturbatory fantasies." ...

..."Now, Dr. Verruckt, that's really amazing. But I mean, has all this actually been scientifically?"

"Rather than answer that directly, Theodore, let me simply point out that toilet training is the first step in the socialization of the infant; and Jung has shown that 62% of all persons suffering from red-green color-blindness have had improper toilet training."

"Well, I guess that sounds pretty conclusive. But, to take another tack, Dr. Verruckt, haven't there been a number of scientific studies that have proved psychoanalysis to be useless in the treatment even of psychological problems, let alone organic cases?"

"Theodore, these conclusions on the part of some researchers illustrate the phenomenon that we call 'resistance.' Many persons are so terrified by the possibility that psychoanalysis might reveal to them the filth that lurks in the depths of their ^{unconscious} that they reject entirely the truths of psychoanalysis."

"But Dr. Verruckt, the objective data they've assembled, the scientific controls ... doesn't all that mean anything?"

"If I considered it worthwhile, Theodore, I could review their data and show how their interpretation of it has been distorted by their need to deny their oedipal feelings. But, in the final

analysis, it matters not. Any attempt to undermine the tenets of psychoanalysis through 'objective' or 'empirical' studies must rest on the assumption that there is an external, empirical reality providing criteria of truth that take precedence over the criteria of psychoanalysis. Krankesimo, however, has shown that what we call 'external reality' has no objective existences, but is merely the projection of our neuroses. Thus psychoanalysis stands supreme and unassailable as the sole arbitrator of truth."...

C-474

August 13, 1990

Andrea Pagenkopf
Food and Nutrition Specialist
Montana Cooperative Extension Service

Dear Ms. Pagenkopf:

In an article in the Missoulian, June 27, 1990, you were quoted on the dangers of taking overdoses of vitamins, including vitamin C...I would appreciate it very much if you could answer the following question for me. As far as you know, would there be any risk in taking, say, 250 mg per day of vitamin C in addition to a normal diet? Since I have to spend a lot of time out of doors, I be at greater risk than the average person of developing cataracts due to ultraviolet-induced oxidation of proteins in the eye...

C-365

Oct 10 [1990]

[Note to Parker Medical Clinic - appointment was for 10/22/90]

When I made my appointment the nurse or receptionist asked me to make a log or schedule indicating when I sleep and when I carry on various sorts of activities. As long as I am doing that I may as well put into writing the nature of my complaint, which is, in general terms, intermittent insomnia.

I always used to sleep between 8 and 9½ hours per 24-hour period and never felt comfortable with less than 8.

For the last few years (say four, roughly) there has been a specific reason why I have suffered from a good deal of worry and mental stress. The reason is personal, and I do not intend to discuss it. Though I suffered from occasional sleepless nights, I didn't start having insomnia frequently enough for it to be a problem until about 2½ years ago. For the last 2½ years I have slept very irregularly.

During my worst periods, out of any ten nights I might get 8 hours of sleep one night, 7 or 7½ hours on four nights, and 6 to 6½ hours on the other five nights; or occasionally only 4 hours in a night. During these periods, on days that follow nights of 6½ hours or less I feel very miserable and function poorly.

During my best periods, out of any ten nights I might get 8 hours of sleep on four nights, 7 to 7½ hours on four nights, and 6 to 6½ hours on the other two nights. During these periods I find it fairly easy to put up with the 6 or 6½-hour nights.

As far as I can make out, the insomnia started with stress and worry, and has tended to continue even during the periods when I am not worrying, owing to a bad habit initiated by worry. During the period when the stress and worry were at their worst, when I lay down to go to sleep my mind would go into high gear, grinding over my worries. This became a habit, and now, even if I am not suffering from stress or worry at the time, and even if I've felt tranquil before going to bed, it very often happens that as soon as I lie down to go to sleep my mind starts grinding away, on any subject at all, and this keeps me awake.

I "think" this is the cause of the insomnia, but of course I can't be sure, so I ask you to please:

1. Determine whether the insomnia has any physical cause.
2. If there is no identifiable physical cause, consider whether it would be appropriate to prescribe for me some medicine that would put me to sleep on those nights when I can't get to sleep normally. (I've tried Sominex, and it has no effect on me that I can notice.)...

C-926

[October 13, 1990]

Dear Ma:

I can't honestly say that I feel any sorrow over Dad's death - you know why. But I must say that I feel very sorry for you. These events must be extremely hard on you. I never resented you quite as much as I resented Dad. During my teens I had to take a lot of verbal abuse from both of you, but you at least made up for it with warmth and affection at other times, whereas Dad was generally rather cold toward me during that period. If you'd like to be reconciled and resume correspondence with me, I am willing...

[October 13, 1990]

Dear Dave:

I am astonished that there is to be a "memorial service" for Dad. The term "memorial service" refers to a religious function, probably a Christian one. As you know, Dad was a convinced atheist...

...For reasons of health I do not find it advisable to do any travelling at present. But quite apart from that, I am surprised that you would think that I would want to attend any sort of Christian function.

I haven't shed any tears over our father's death - you know how I felt about him. I must say, though, that I feel very sorry for our mother...I never resented her quite as much as I resented Dad...

At this time there may be various matters about which you have to communicate with me, so - for the present - you can write to me without taking the trouble to underline the stamp, I'll read your letters. (Later we can revert our policy of non-correspondence.) But please, please, Please keep off of those subjects that are likely to lead into those hassles and interminable discussions that we get into. I just CAN'T stand any aggravation at present...

C-922

Nov. 22, 1990

Dear Ma -

Thank you very much for the \$50 check and for the clothes. Both will be very useful to me. I've tried on the clothes and they fit me very well...

...I suppose Dave has told you that I have broken off correspondence with him. I imagine he's also given you his own version of my reasons. If I know him, there's a better than even chance that he's got my reasons all garbled and misinterpreted, so I want to explain to you myself why I have ceased to correspond with him.

You will have noticed that Dave and I have different personalities indeed. Dave is very kind and

generous, but he has certain other traits that I find irritating. I always did find him irritating in certain ways, and that was probably part of the reason why we had so many squabbles when we were kids and why I often insulted him and harrassed him verbally (for which, by the way, I have since apologized to him, for whatever good that may do). At the same time I always had a strong affection for him, partly because, along with his irritating traits, he also had attractive ones, but mainly just because he was my little brother. But the point is that, leaving aside the fact that we were brothers, he was not the type of person whom I would much like, or with whom I would want to make friends. And he still isn't.

Because of my affection for him I was willing to put up with his irritating side up to a point. But in recent years he has just irritated me beyond endurance...

...Being constituted as I am, I find it extremely difficult to refrain from pointing out the holes in his rationalizations...

...Now I want to make it clear that my decision to break off communication with him is neither frivolous nor petty - it's a very serious matter for me. You once sent me a newspaper clipping in which it was mentioned that electrocardiograms of a normal heart are not perfectly regular. This seems to indicate that you think I am just imagining my heart irregularities on the basis of normal minute deviations from regularity. I can assure you that this is not the case. For example, in a few cases my heart has stopped dead for two or three seconds, and I've thought, "Well, this is it." Then it's started going again...What brings on this kind of thing is stress, and the kind of stress that has the worst effect on me is frustration...

...So you can see that I have very serious reasons for avoiding any further frustration along these lines.

I don't know how much danger I am in with regard to my heart. I haven't seen a doctor. (I assume that the cost of an examination by a cardiologist, with electrocardiograms and so forth, would be astronomical.) I would guess that I'm at a fairly high risk of sudden death by ventricular fibrillation, who knows? Albert Spear lived for at least 35 years after beginning to have marked

heart irregularities. On the other hand, you may have read in the newspapers about the recent case of Hank Gathers. He was a young man, a champion athlete, and undoubtedly in a fine state of physical training; but he had heart irregularities, and one day he just dropped dead on the basketball court. So I have very good reasons for avoiding stress as far as possible...

...Now please don't try to give me any advice about this and don't try to argue with me about Dave and so forth, because by doing so you will just get me upset and thus you will perhaps be doing me serious physical harm.

[This concludes the part of the letter of which I considered it worthwhile to keep a copy. The rest is on unrelated subjects.]...

C-920

[December, 1990]

Ma - I've read Dave's story El Cibolo.

I assume you got my recent letter in which I explained in detail why I don't want to correspond with Dave any more except for essential purposes...So I needn't explain any further why I'm not going to write to him directly to give him my opinion of his story. But, if you like, you can pass on to him the following comments...[it is] such a

and sudden vast improvement on Dave's earlier work that I can think of only one explanation, and that is that Dave has found some capable person to criticize his writing whose criticisms he is more willing to accept than he was mine. That person would very likely be his wife, who is evidently a good deal smarter than he is. So I think there's a very good chance that she is responsible for turning Dave's unpublishable writing into publishable and even good writing. If not, then I'm at a loss to understand why his writing has undergone such a great improvement in such a short time.

[This letter was sent in Dec., 1990.

letter went on, on other subjects, but the rest isn't worth keeping a copy of.]...

[January 17, 1991]

Dear Ma,

...Suppose I go and get myself examined by a heart specialist one of these days and he says, "you've got a 50% chance of dropping dead within three years...Or suppose I get bladder problems, and go to a doctor, and he tells me I've got prostate cancer (which, by the way, they say is extremely common in men over 45)...

...You've expressed a willingness to help me out financially if I decide to get my heart examined, but that presumably would be only something in the range of a couple of hundred dollars or so, at most. I assume that you would not be willing to cough up \$5000 for an operation or \$60 per week for medicine. Especially considering the conflicts and resentments there have been between us.

That leaves the possibility of "public assistance," welfare, relief, charity, to put it more fully. Now it could be argued that since I voluntarily dropped out of the system years ago, the system owes me nothing in the way of assistance now. Or it could be argued that since the system has increasingly interfered with my independent way of life here (by cutting down the woods, spraying pesticides that make me afraid to eat the wild herbs and berries, etc., etc., etc.), the system owes me plenty...

...If I go and apply for medical assistance, they will of course ask me to list all my financial resources. If I omit any of my resources, that would be fraud and I could probably go to prison for it...

...If and when I apply for medical assistance from the state, I expect they will ask me whether I have any relatives who are willing and able to help me financially with my medical expenses. Of course I would have to tell them the truth, otherwise I would risk prosecution for fraud. I imagine I would then be required to ask you for help, and only if you said "no" would I be able to get the assistance...

...Going through all this crap of contacting a lawyer or a state agency or any such thing is more stressful for me when I have to do it under these difficult conditions. It's not so bad in summer. You know why I want to avoid stress.

Finally, I don't like to go into town any more than necessary during the flu season. By avoiding town I avoid exposure to disease germs. They say some of these strains of flu are particularly nasty. Bear in mind that getting sick is more dangerous for me than for other people, because I can't just stay in bed and rest - at the least I have to bring in firewood, cook, and melt snow for drinking water. Moreover, the nearest doctor is in Helena, and, having no vehicle, my only way of getting there is by riding in with the mail carrier - a slow trip that I find fatiguing even when I'm in good health. Also, there's a particularly nasty strain of strep around - it killed eleven people in Billings. So, as I said, during the flu season I prefer to avoid people (and germs) as much as possible.

Needless to say, your money is yours to dispose of as you please - you and Dad certainly earned it. Insofar as you may want to leave any of it to me, I would appreciate it if you would try to handle things in such a way as to inflict on me no more problems, worries, or stress than necessary. You already know why I want to avoid stress. Thanks...

C-924

This is a copy of the significant part of a letter that I sent to my mother in **mid-January, 1991.**

...I read your family history with great interest...on a number of occasions in the past when I've heard you recount incidents that I myself had witnessed, your stories were very inaccurate through being overdramatized. Consequently I have no rational choice but to be skeptical about the accuracy of your history...One might possibly see a connection between the physical abuse you suffered as a kid and the psychological abuse that you inflicted on me during my teens. The psychologists claim that people who abuse their kids are usually people who were abused themselves as kids...

...In fairness to you I should add that I always felt you were a good mother to me during my early years. It was when I was around 8 years old that your behavior and the family atmosphere began to deteriorate, and it was during my teens that I was subjected to constant, cutting insults such as imputations of immaturity or mental illness. But enough on that subject for the moment - I'll take it up again at a later date...

...Actually, though, you judge your mother too harshly. Bear in mind that there are no perfect parents...or perfect children, either. As you have reminded me several times....

C-928

[March 13, 1991]

Dear Ma-

I apologize for having been so dilatory about answering your latest (Jan.23) communication on financial matters...I appreciate your generosity with money, but I must say I am not fond of this way of handling financial stuff - signing a card here and a card there, an indefinite offer to help with medical expenses, etc. I would much prefer to know once and for all exactly where I stand financially, and insofar as possible I would prefer to have my financial affairs all under my own control...

...The ideal for me would be to have an annuity, purchased from a company that, for a price, would guarantee someone an annuity for life. (I think there are such companies, but I'm not certain of it.) For such an annuity, the \$1600 per year that you have lately been sending me would be sufficient provided that the annuity contained the following features:

(a) It would be insured, so that if the company goes bust I would be compensated.

(b) The \$1600 per year would be automatically increased as the cost-of-living index goes up. (Who knows when double-digit inflation might come back?)

(c) In addition to the \$1600 per year the annuity would provide medical and dental insurance (low-deductible or no-deductible).

The idea is that Dave and his wife, with or without your help, would purchase such an annuity for me, and in exchange, I would sign over to them all my rights to the inheritance, so that when you died they would get all your assets...

...Actually I would be taking somewhat of a risk by settling for \$1600 per year, since there's been some talk about subdividing the land around here into lots, and if this becomes a residential area there might be some kind of zoning laws that would require me to put in flush toilets, build a new house, etc., and I couldn't conceivably afford that on \$1600 a year. But I'd be willing to gamble on it anyway...

Under the date **March 17, 1991**, I sent Dave a copy of the part of the foregoing letter (Mar. 13) to Ma that lies between the 2 red stars ★...★. Then I concluded the letter to Dave with the following remarks:

...So, Dave, the question is, Are you and your wife interested in buying out my rights to the inheritance, either by buying me an annuity or in some other way? Let me know whether you are interested...

...of course before any definite bargain could be struck I'd have to have full information on just what assets there are to be inherited. As it is, I know almost nothing about our parents' assets.

So let me know what you think - but please confine your remarks to financial matters. As you know, I'm not interested in maintaining personal relations with you...

C-366

April 18, 1991

Dear Dr. Goren:

I have an appointment to see you, for the first time, on April 29 at 3:00 PM. In this letter I'd like to describe the symptoms about which I want to consult you, for two reasons. First, by writing the information down I can communicate it with less risk of forgetting something, or explaining something unclearly, than I could by conveying the information orally. Second, if any tests are required, maybe this letter will enable you to be prepared in advance to give me the tests when I come in, thus reducing the likelihood that I will have to make a second trip to Missoula for tests. Such trips are expensive and very inconvenient for me.

General symptoms. I'm now 48 years old. In my early thirties I started having occasional premature heartbeats when under stress. Since the age of 38 for certain reasons I have frequently been under strong stress. The reasons are personal and I do not intend to discuss them. For the last 4 or 5 years I've been under more stress than previously...

...my heart has been performing various other antics. Some of these are very hard to describe. Very frequently my heart just feels as if it isn't running smoothly, as if it were struggling against something. At other times I'll have a sudden burst of irregular beating, as if several premature beats occurred so close together that they were almost simultaneous. Sometimes my heart feels as if it had taken too large a gulp of blood and expelled it too forcefully. In a few cases, when I've been lying in bed waiting to fall asleep, my heart has stopped dead for two or three

6
seconds, then started going again. This hasn't happened recently but, instead, sometimes for two or three seconds my heart will go into wildly irregular contortions that cannot be described as beating of any kind. Ordinarily there is no pain, but, when my heart is acting up, occasionally when I bend over suddenly I get a twinge that seems to come from the heart.

In a general way I'd say that the symptoms are worse now than they were when they started 10 years ago, but not markedly so. It may be only that I'm under stress now a larger portion of the time than I was earlier. But it does seem that a lower level of stress is sufficient to produce the symptoms now than was the case earlier...

...When under stress I often suffer from insomnia. This means 1 to 3 consecutive nights of perhaps 6 hours sleep. I need 8 to feel right. The insomnia is greatly alleviated when the stress is off.

The following are the kinds of stress that seem to cause my heart irregularities: hurry, frustration, anxiety about problems I can't solve, or in connection with which I have to defer action to a future time, or "anxiety about more than one" problem so that there is conflict concerning which one to take action on.

There is another kind of stress that makes my heart beat hard and fast, but usually not irregularly. This tends to occur when I have to do a single important task that dominates all my attention. I often have this kind of stress when I have to keep any sort of appointment, including doctor appointments.

Because of this stress, when my blood pressure is taken in a doctor's office I tend to get a slightly high reading "90" -- on the order of 150/90 to 95. About 15 years ago I bought my own sphygmomanometer, and, taking my blood pressure at home, got readings that averaged about 130/80...

31
[April 19, 1991]

Dear Ma-

I received your check of April 8, 1991. Thank you very much. But I must say that your letter was quite ill-tempered. I would remind you that I didn't ask you for that money. You offered it spontaneously and I merely accepted your offer and asked for clarification of what you were offering.

Let me explain more completely why I didn't want to have that certificate in my name. I didn't give this explanation before because I didn't want to offend you unnecessarily. As I've mentioned previously, having that money in my name would probably spoil any chance I might have of getting medical aid from the state. The alternative would have been to ask you to dole out the \$7000 to me as I might need it. Knowing you, I thought it all too likely that you would dole out the money to me in a grudging, ill-tempered way, treating me as a beggar. Your last letter shows I was right. Already you've given me a taste of your ill-temper. It would have been different if I'd had the bankbook and certificate in my own hands so that I could withdraw the money myself rather than coming begging to you and being treated to a dose of your ill-temper.

As it is, I've had enough of your ill-temper in the past, I will not put my name on any joint accounts with you unless I have the bankbook and certificate in my own hands. If you send me a check, I will accept it with thanks; but if you offer me money for medical expenses and do not accompany the offer with actual money, then I will simply ignore the offer. Because if I accept the offer then you will probably give the money with the same grudging ill-temper that you did this time, treating me as if I'd come to you asking for the money.

In practice, this means that if the doctor prescribes any expensive medication or return visits, I will just have to tell her that I won't be able to take the medicine or make the visits unless I can get aid from the state -

Needless to say your money is yours to do with as you please. But if you do decide to give me any, I will accept only actual money, not offers of future money, or joint accounts, or any such thing.

The ill-temper of your last letter does not encourage me to engage in any unnecessary correspondence with you, so I'll end this letter here. However, since I promised you I'd return to you any surplus of the \$200 over the doctor bill + travel expenses, and report to you the doctor's conclusions, I will do so after I've seen the doctor...

May 26, 1991

Dear Dr. Goren:

On May 20 I spoke on the phone with your nurse, Ms. Cooper, and she told me that the results of my blood tests were all normal...She then reminded me that you had noted that a holter test and an echo test might be considered for me...it would be helpful if you could give me some indication of how important or unimportant these tests might be for me...

...Since I've paid you only for one examination and the accompanying tests, I have no right to ask you to take the time to answer this letter, but in case you do want to answer it I have enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope containing a piece of paper. You can just jot down your comments informally on the piece of paper and save yourself the time it would take to write a proper letter...

...Besides your advice, a further inducement to cut out the aspirin was an article titled "Aspirin," by Gerald Weissmann, that appears in the January, 1991 issue of the Scientific American...But you probably know all this already, so I'll shut up and bring this letter to a close...

T-145

June 18, 1991]

Dear Ma-

As for the letter from the Murray Research Center, instead of destroying it, please send it on to me. I'm certainly not going to give them any help, but I'd be curious to know what they have to say. Actually I'm quite please that they seem so anxious to secure my (NOTE: One word scratched out by Ted) cooperation, because that gives me the pleasure of denying it to them...As for your suggestion of a visit - either your coming here or my going there - I'll have think it over, and will give you my answer some later time...

C-944

[July 5, 1991]

Dear Ma-

Not long ago you invited me to write to you about my "adolescent pain," as you called it. I'm going to do so now, but I don't think you'll enjoy hearing what I have to say.

On June 14 you wrote me: "I feel bad that you are so intolerant of a brother whose feelings for you have always been so generous and loving. Your rejection of him has hurt him deeply." This is a reflection of the way I've been treated in the family, ever since my teens. Whenever I hurt someone

else's feelings I am automatically treated as the bad boy - the fault is all on my side, and someone else in the family tells me I should go to the offended party and apologize. When someone else says or does something that hurts my feelings, they are never asked to apologize. (At any rate I have almost never received any apology for anything from any member of the family.) On the contrary, I have sometimes been asked to be "understanding" toward the person who has insulted me. For instance, in one case (during a winter I spent with you around 1970), after you had heaped a lot of unprovoked verbal abuse on my head, Dad came to me and told me that I should be tolerant of you because you were "under stress," blah blah blah. Apparently it is assumed that I am never under stress.

As for the assertion that Dave's feelings toward me "have always been so generous and loving," this just isn't true. He certainly has had generous and loving feelings for me, but there has always been an important counter-strain of envy and resentment toward me on his part. He often expressed this in underhanded ways as already mentioned (in an earlier letter) he refused to acknowledge Denis DuBois's in behavior toward me. I could mention other incidents in which he willfully embarrassed or hurt my feelings, but it would take too much time to write them down here. And you'll remember what happened when Ellen Tarmichael (at F Cutting Engineers) intentionally and cruelly humiliated me, and I retaliated by trying to embarrass her. Refusing to listen to my side of the story, Dave (as well as you and Dad) jumped down on me and treated me as if I were some kind of a monster. And even after I had fully explained to you what happened, not one of you three apologized to me or said a single word in sympathy for my pain. To do Dave justice, I should mention that a couple of years later he did apologize to the extent of saying that he "felt horrible about the incident. And more generally, we you and Dad were always essentially selfish people who never showed any real generosity toward anyone (except toward one another), Dave does have real generosity in his character. But, as already mentioned, there is an important counterstrain in his feelings toward me. He has an ego problem with respect to big

brother, and though I tried to discuss these issues with him in letters a few years ago, he still persists in defending his ego against imaginary threats from big brother (though perhaps he never acknowledges this to himself), and I am just sick of it. For that and for various other reasons I just can't stand him any more.

I've read that there are certain families in which all the psychological burdens are thrown on one person. This certainly seems to have been true of our family. Through academic achievements I was expected to earn for you the prestige and status that you were too lazy to earn for yourself. I was used as a butt on which you and Dad could vent your frustrations through insults and verbal abuse. Whenever anything went wrong in interpersonal relations in our family, I usually got the blame. If I got into a shouting match with Dave, you and Dad would always throw on me the burden of keeping the peace. When I squabbled with Dave, you or Dad would start scolding me; I would say, "but Dave did such-and-such"; and you and Dad wouldn't even listen to me; you would interrupt me, saying, "that doesn't matter - you're older - you should be more mature." Yet you and Dad often got into shouting matches with me; apparently it never occurred to you that you were older and should be more mature.

The fact that I always automatically got the blame for anything that went wrong when Dave and I were together is neatly illustrated by what Dave said after he cut his hand. I suppose you remember what happened on that occasion. Dad gave each of us a glass squirt-bottle full of water to squirt each other with. We were happily engaged in doing just that when Dave climbed up on a canvas chair to squirt me from a better vantage point. I was just about to tell him that he'd better get down because he might fall - when he fell. I was several feet away from him and did nothing that could have contributed to his fall. Yet you reported to me that the doctors had reported to you that Dave had said, over and over, "Don't blame Teddy, don't blame Teddy." Why would he say that? Clearly because he knew that I usually got the blame for whatever happened.

This illustrates the generous aspect of Dave's feelings toward me. The opposite aspect of his feelings toward me is illustrated by what happened when I lost my tooth. You'll remember how I felt and reacted when Dave cut his hand - among other things, I wanted to give him my coin collection, which was my most precious possession. But when I came home with my tooth pulled out, Dave jeered at me for it.

It's certainly true that Dave had reason to resent me - I sometimes dominated him physically and often harrassed him verbally. In part this was because I was the defenseless victim of insults both from my parents and from the kids in school, so that I had a lot of frustrated anger that I tended to take out on Dave, especially since he had a type of personality that I probably would have found irritating in any case.

In your note of June 21 you wrote, "I don't like to make anybody feel bad. (Except, of course, my kids when they were young in the interest [mistakenly so] of correction and discipline.)"

The more you resort to rationalizations and excuses to excuse your treatment of me, the more I hate you. The insults you heaped on me were not honest but mistaken attempts at discipline, they were just uncontrolled outbursts of anger. Often the anger was not even a response to my behavior, since in many cases you would scream at me on the most trivial provocations. You once wrote me that your treatment of me was "not malicious". It wasn't calculatedly malicious. But the things you said to me were certainly full of malice. You can't possibly claim that you didn't know that the things you said to me would be painful. You said them because you knew they would be painful - your angry outbursts against me were acts of aggression and were intended to cause pain. By no stretch of the imagination can it be supposed that you actually believed this sort of thing to constitute a rational system of discipline.

There is no evidence whatever that you attempted to restrain your temper toward me. I can remember no instance in which you ever apologized for your behavior to me and only one instance in which Dad ever did so.

So quit trying to evade responsibility for

your behavior by claiming that what you did was the result of "mistakes" or "misunderstanding." You were simply using me as a defenseless butt on which to take out your frustrations.

After my mid teens I never had a word of sympathy or moral support from you in anything, except when I was physically sick. During my earlier teens unless sick, I never had any sympathy from you except sometimes when I went into a prolonged sulk as a result of your treatment of me. Then sometimes you would come to me and talk sympathetically and I would express some of my grievances and you would make vague promises of improvement. But your behavior to me never changed as a result of your promises.

Generally, if I experienced any failure or showed any weakness I found that I couldn't come to you for sympathy, because rather than giving me moral support you would show your disappointment in me. I was supposed to be your perfect little genius, so as to gratify your vanity, and you made it pretty clear that you didn't want to see any weaknesses or defects in me.

Do you remember how I was infatuated with the Radcliffe girl when I was at Harvard? I was in real pain over it, so much so that I was willing to write to you and Dad for moral support - in spite of the way you abused me and in spite of the fact that I had little reason to expect that I would actually get any moral support from you. Do you remember how you both reacted? Though an adolescent infatuation is normal enough, you both acted as if there were something wrong with me. There was no warmth or sympathy in your reply. Later, when I came home over the summer, I tried to talk to you about it personally. Your response was cold and embarrassed - you said only a few words. You were disappointed because your perfect little genius had shown a defect by getting stuck on a girl and being unable to do anything about it.* Of course, that was the last time I was ever foolish enough to look for any moral support from you or reveal any of my inner feelings to you.

Actually, up to a point, you did me a favor by denying me any moral support. By throwing me on my own inner resources you made me psychologically self-reliant. "What does not destroy strengthens me." But in one vitally important respect I was destroyed rather than strengthened.

In the social area I did need someone's help

*Actually, from your own point of view, you should have encouraged me to pursue this girl, since by your values she was very nearly perfect. She was exceptionally beautiful and highly intelligent and moral support. Since I didn't get it, my social self-confidence was pretty well destroyed.

Can't you grasp the magnitude of the harm that you, Dad, Miss Frye and Miss Skillen together did to me? I've never had a friend in my adult life (with the possible exception of our local librarian here, and that is by no means a close friendship - it can't be close, because she's a married woman), and I've never had a girlfriend (except Ellen Arl for a few months when I was 19, and I never could get along with her). Suppose that for a period of years whenever you touched - let us say - a banana, you got a severe electric shock. After that you would always be nervous around bananas, even if you knew they weren't wired to shock you. Well, in the same way, the many rejections, humiliations, and other painful experiences that I underwent during adolescence at home, highschool, and at Harvard have conditioned me to be afraid of people. I'm always under stress when I'm around people, excepting only a very few people whom I've gotten used to through long association, and I'm never able to feel

(Footnote continued) and had a gentle, nice personality. She wore no makeup, jewellery, or fancy clothes, and even though she was pursued by many boys she never showed the least sign of vanity or arrogance. Best, from your point of view, was the fact that she was an orthodox believer in the liberal-intellectual ideology. But that's why she wouldn't have suited me. She was too passive and conforming - she'd apparently absorbed liberal-intellectualism that people are likely to accept me. This fear of rejection - based on bitter experience both at home and at school - has ruined my life, except for the few years that I spent alone in the woods, largely out of contact with people. That was a good way of life, and I was happy then, but that way of life has been ruined during the last 9 or 10 years because too many trees have been cut down, too many roads have been put in, and there are too many people here now.

You were good parents to me until I was about 8 or 9 years old. At about that time Ma, began to become excessively irritable

and cranky. Whereas punishments had previously been more or less rational and inflicted with little anger, they now tended to degenerate into outbursts of ill-temper. At approximately the same time, coincidentally, many of the kids on our block, on Carpenter Street, stopped accepting me - I became an outsider with them. I'm not sure why this was so, but I think it may have been because I was too much of a good boy. For example, I remember one case when a bunch of kids lay in ambush for an old rag-picker and pelted him with garbage when he came by. I wouldn't participate in this - I hung back in the rear and immediately afterward went home to tell you about it

(Footnote continued) uncritically from her parents the way a good Catholic girl absorbs Catholicism. I think she was disappointed and a little shocked at my rejection of that ideology. because I was shocked at that kind of disrespect being shown to an adult.

But the problems at that time weren't yet serious - I was still getting along well with the kids in school, and you didn't begin shouting really vicious insults at me until I was maybe 11 or 12 years old.

When I was 11 that stupid old biddy Miss Frye arranged that I should skip a grade. You claim that Miss Frye said I was drawing pictures of violence during my spare moments in school. Actually, it was quite common for the other boys at that time and place to draw violent pictures - war scenes, shipwrecks, etc. I'm not aware that I drew violent pictures any more often than the other boys. Miss Frye may have thought I did, but I certainly wouldn't trust her judgement, since she was obviously a damn fool. Assuming for the moment that I really was drawing violent pictures more often than the other boys, which presumably would indicate hostile feelings on my part, what reason had she to assume that making me skip a grade would remove those hostile feelings? As a cause of hostile feelings she might have looked into the home situation, which was already bad at that time, though not as bad as it later became.

But whatever one may think of her decision to have me skip a grade, her behavior after I skipped a grade was inexcusable. I was not accepted by the other kids with whom I was put, and if Miss Frye was doing her job she should have been

aware of this. Probably she was aware of it, and she should have told you about the problem and recommended that I should be taken out of that school and put in a different school. Why didn't she do so? The answer is pretty obvious. If you had to put me in a different school it would cause big problems for you, because either you'd had to pay the high costs of private schooling or you'd have to move to a new neighborhood - so of course she was afraid you would raise a big stink about it. To protect herself from criticism she kept me in a situation that had disastrous consequences for me. And you thought Miss Frye was so wonderful. Miss Frye says this, Miss Frye says that, Miss Frye says the other thing. The reason you thought Miss Frye was so wonderful was that she gratified your silly vanity by telling you that your kid was a "genius."

Miss Skillen also was aware that I was not accepted by the kids in school and she too should have advised you to take me out of that school and put me in a different one. She didn't do so because she wanted to satisfy her own needs by dealing with an unusually smart kid and sending him to Harvard and all that crap.

Let me describe just one incident to show the kind of thing I had to endure in high school. One day in gym class the gym teacher, Mr. Megson, told the kids to divide themselves up into several teams and start playing basketball. Then he went out of the gym for a few minutes. When the kids chose their teams, nobody wanted me, so there was nothing I could do but go and sit by myself on the bleachers. Mr. Megson wasn't very bright - in fact, he was pretty dumb - but he was a kindly man, and when he saw me sitting by myself he came to me and asked me gently what was wrong. I told him simply that nobody wanted me on their team, so he took me and put me on one of the teams. The boy who was leading that group accepted me very grudgingly. (By the way, I am crying as I write this even though it all happened 35 years ago.) And then after going through a day of that kind of thing in school I would come home to have you and Dad scream at me that I was "sick," "immature," that I had "the mind of a two-year-old," etc., etc., etc.

For a kid of working-class origin who already had a serious problem with social rejection, Harvard

was probably the worst possible school. You'll remember that I wanted to go to Oberlin, but you and Miss Skillen pressured me into going to Harvard. And don't give me any crap to the effect that you felt this would be best for me, blah blah blah. That's how you rationalized it to yourself, but the real motive was your own greed for prestige and status. You wanted to be able to brag. In fact, you repeatedly embarrassed me by foolishly bragging to everyone we met that "Teddy is going to Harvard this Fall!"

Harvard of course was very good academically, very stimulating intellectually, and it would have been alright for a kid of working-class origin who had good social skills and social self-confidence to start out with. The actual snobs were only a minority. The majority of the students were upper-middle-class types and they formed a social environment that was not congenial to a kid of working-class origin, but they were not necessarily snobs, and a kid of working-class origin who had good social skills could have found friends both among the upper-middle-class types and among the minority who were not upper-middle-class. But I had experienced so much rejection both at home and in school that I had very little social self-confidence. As a result, when my first attempts to make friends met with a cool reception, I just gave up and became solitary.

Incidentally, it's likely that the rejection I experienced at home and at school even affected me physically. In case you wonder why Dave is 3 inches taller than I am - I have read of 2 different studies that purport to show that rejection during adolescence tends to stunt growth.

By the time I graduated from Harvard at the age of 20 my social self-confidence was destroyed and I had passed through adolescence without learning the social skills that one normally learns during that period. Especially, I didn't know how to ask a girl for a date or how one is supposed to behave on a date. Your mother may have treated you worse than you treated me, and you may have experienced as much rejection during adolescence as I did, but, in the first place, that does not excuse the way you treated me, and, in the second place, it's easier for a woman because all she

has to do is sit there and wait for a man to make advances to her, and once she gets a husband or boyfriend she can expect to meet other people through him. (I notice that all our old family friends came originally from Dad's circle.) A man has to ask a woman for a date, and if he's too shy to ask, then he gets no girlfriend. Or if his shyness makes him get flustered and awkward when he tries to speak to a woman, or if his ignorance of the relevant social conventions makes him do the wrong things, then the woman thinks he's a "geek" and doesn't want him.

Actually I find solitude congenial and can get by comfortably without male friendships. But women are another matter. Women are so beautiful! I'm not just talking about physical beauty. Women are gentle, nice, pleasant to be with; they represent warmth, joy, family life, love, and, of course, sex. Naturally, women have their faults, too, and moreover not all women have the good qualities I've just mentioned. But for 37 years I have desired women. I've wanted desperately to find a girlfriend or a wife but have never been able to make any progress toward doing so because I lack the necessary social self-confidence and social skills. I was reasonably free of these desires during the few years that I lived mostly isolated from the human race. I didn't see any women or have anything to remind me of them, so I was able to forget about them. But when in contact with people I've suffered acutely from frustrated desire for women.

It may be just as well that I didn't get married when I was young, because I probably would have been unhappy without the experiences I've had in the woods. The time for me to get married was when I was 36 years old - this was in 1978 and 1979, when I was staying with you in Lombard and working first at Foam-Cutting Engineers and later at Prince Castle. At that time I'd lived in the woods for about 7 years and my needs in that direction were adequately satisfied. I was very interested in getting married and in having a kid or two; and I was still relatively young. But I had no social skills and didn't know how to find a wife. I had a deep-seated conviction (a subjective, not intellectual conviction) that I could never be successful with people, especially with women. So

When my awkward attempts to meet women were unsuccessful, after a few months I lost all hope, and went back to the woods, where at least I wouldn't be tormented by being constantly reminded of women, sex, love, marriage, and children.

In recent years, because of the changes around here, it hasn't been practical for me to isolate myself as much as I used to, and I've often been nagged by desire for women. At times I've been attacked by outbreaks of intense desire for women - so intense that sometimes it is almost unendurable. The current outbreak is due to my having made the mistake of going to a woman doctor. This Dr. Goren is not pretty, but she gives the impression of being highly intelligent and capable, and, so far as I can judge on the basis of the half-hour or so of contact I had with her, I like her personality better than that of any other woman I've ever met (perhaps with one exception). Of course, the chances are she's married. And even if she's not married she probably wouldn't be interested in me, since I'm at the bottom of the social scale and I'm probably about ten years older than she is. And anyhow I wouldn't know how to go about making advances to her, and even if I did know how I probably wouldn't have the nerve.

If I'd had a normal adolescence I probably would have gotten married in my middle or late thirties and would be raising a kid now. As it is, I'm 49 years old, I'll be an old man in a few years, my life in the woods has been ruined by "progress," I have no wife, no kids, no friends, and nothing to look forward to but old age and death. I am tormented by bitter regret at never having had the opportunity to experience the love of a woman.

In one of your letters you gave me a little lecture about how I should "learn how to forgive." It's easy for you to preach, especially when you expect to be the beneficiary of the forgiveness. But I don't notice that you are particularly anxious to forgive your own parents. I hate you, and I will never forgive you, because the harm you did me can never be undone...

July 12, 1991] [letter to Dr. Sharon Kay Melnick, M.D., Psychiatrist]

Dear Dr. Melnick:

I am interested in consulting you about a personal problem...I would like to outline in this letter the problem about which I want to consult you, and I'd appreciate it if you would let me know whether you think you can help me and what approach you would be likely to take in dealing with the problem. If your answer seems promising, then I'll make an appointment to see you....The problem is this. When I was ten years old I scored at the genius level on an I.Q. test, as a result of which I skipped a grade in school. I was not accepted by the other kids...in high school I skipped another grade, so that I was with kids who were two years older than I was. At the same time, I was the victim of a great deal of verbal abuse from my parents...

...by the time I graduated from Harvard at the age of 20 my social self-confidence had been pretty well destroyed and I had a crippling fear of rejection...I'd had no opportunity to learn the social skills that one normally learns during adolescence. Especially, I knew nothing about how to get acquainted with women, how to ask for a date, or what one is supposed to do on a date...as a result, I've been almost completely without friends or social contacts throughout my adult life...I find solitude congenial and can get by comfortably enough without male friendships...But I am frequently tormented by a desire for women...What I crave is a close personal relationship with a woman whom I can love and respect...

...I would like to have help in learning enough social skills and social self confidence to be able to make friends with women...

[Letter from Wanda, dated July 12, 1991; Ted has numbered each sentence]

Dear Ted,
How can parents convince a child that they have always loved him -- never, never rejected him? Obviously you have deep feelings of being rejected...

...I cried, too, when you mentioned crying at a 35 year old memory. I cried for you and for myself, too, because I was very much a loner as a child...But you rejected everyone who tried to be your friend... I could never convince you to be kinder and more tolerant of the many people who made overtures to you. You always arrogantly pushed people away..

...As for your life being "ruined," sure it is if you persist in regarding it as such. People still get married at your age and even later.* I went back to school and embarked on a new career in my fifties. Why can't you? I am deeply sorry for whatever way I have hurt you, but I have always loved you and always will. Needless to say, it hurts terribly to have you say you "hate" me and will never forgive me...

* Obviously, you would have to change your life style if you were to get married, and to be a kinder, gentler person, less vengeful whenever people don't measure up to your expectations....

C-947

[Mid-July, 1991]

The foregoing letters from my mother show (a) how she resists accepting responsibility for the way she and my father treated me during my teens, (b) how she tends to blame me for every problem I run into and any defeat I suffer, just as she has done ever since my early teens, and (c) how it is impossible to reason with her (or with any member of my family) on any subject in which she is emotionally involved - by comparing my letter of July 5 with hers of July 12, the reader will see how she either ignores the points I made or gives obviously spurious rationalizations to get around them.

First consider lines 1 and 2 of her letter of 12...She claims they "never, never rejected" me. They used to scream at me

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insults of the most cutting kind. I was "sick," "immature," "a creep," "another Walter Teszewski," I had "the mind of a two year old"; and if I talked back it was "speak respectfully to your parents or we'll throw you out of the house." She has never denied that they actually talked (or rather shouted) to me this way. But, because it suits her needs to do so, she apparently prefers to consider that this does not constitute rejecting...

...In lines 3 through 7 she tries to put off my feelings of rejection on the experience of hospitalization that I had in infancy. I won't pretend to say what effect that experience might or might not have had on me; but, in the first place, I showed no signs of feeling rejected in my early years, and, in the second place, even if I did have feelings of rejection stemming from the hospital experience, the constant rejection that I experienced during adolescence both at home and at school could only be expected to greatly worsen those feelings. My mother well knows this, but she prefers to ignore it because it suits her own needs to do so. She feels much more comfortable blaming my resentment of her on "that hospital experience" than on her own behavior. In the past I've tried to reason with her about her attempts to attribute my resentment of her to "that hospital experience," but she ignores my arguments and keeps going back again and again to "that hospital experience" in order to avoid responsibility for her mistreatment of me...

...I never heard them inflict on Dave the kind of cutting, vicious insults that they inflicted on me, such as imputations of mental illness or gross immaturity ("mind of a two-year old")...In lines 18-19 she claims I "rejected" everyone who tried to be [my] friend." This is absurd. It does have a grain of truth in it: Since I experienced so much rejection, under certain circumstances I tended to reject the world right back. (This is discussed pretty fully elsewhere in my notes...

...Lines 21-24: It's true that my parents were often kind and tolerant toward me, but that doesn't make up for the other, equally frequent times when they shouted insults at me...

...Lines 30-33. As mentioned above, feeling rejected by the world I would sometimes reject the world right back so to speak, but any rejecting I did was the result of having been rejected myself. Moreover, my mother here GROSSLY exaggerates the extent to which I repulsed other people. Note that, as is her usual practice, she blames my problems on me...

...Lines 63, 64: Again, she blames all my troubles on me. Throughout my life I have probably been about as kind and gentle as the average male of my age; during recent years probably more kind and gentle than the average man of my age. Ask the people around Lincoln who know me...

...I would challenge the reader to find even one person other than my mother and brother who would describe me as "arrogant and bossy." Most everyone who knows me would describe me as quite the contrary...

...I am indeed sensitive to slights, because I have been rejected so many times in the past; as a matter of prudence, I very seldom give any external sign of my anger at slights.

...She claims I wrote my cousin Kim an "insulting" letter. This too is absurd. Kim twice wrote to me inviting me to correspond. I knew Kim very little, had had very little contact with her, but from what I did know of her I thought she was shallow, unthinking, and uninteresting. I ignored her first invitation to correspondence. To her second invitation I responded as follows. To start with, I pointed out that she and I had very little common past experience to talk about; so, as a subject for correspondence, I proposed an intellectual problem...I then invited my cousin to comment on Ortega y Gasset's thesis. I concluded with some very restrained comments on the militant feminists..

...It would be useless and frustrating for me to send my mother this rebuttal of her letter, because she would simply ignore the parts of it that it suited her to ignore, and to other parts would respond with spurious reasoning, distorted facts, evasions, and so forth...

...Lines 61-63 of undated letter.
The ridiculous statement that I have "at

least 30 more good years," ahead of me is another example of my mother's silliness. If I lived another 30 years I would be 79 years old. The majority of people do not live to be 79, and there is no particular reason to suppose that I will do so. Moreover, of the minority who do live to be 79, a substantial proportion - probably the majority - are by that time in poor health or suffer from physical or mental disabilities of one kind or another, so that their years cannot be called good ones...

C-948

[July 20, 1991]

Dave -

Recently you offered to help me if I ever needed your help. Well, I need it now and I need it desperately. It is a matter of life and death, and this is not an exaggeration. I seriously believe I will die if you can't accomplish this for me. And soon.

What you have got to do is this: In case you don't know, Ma put aside \$7,732.81 in an account that is to pay medical expenses for me. The deal is that when I have a medical bill, I am to ask her for the money to pay it, and she will pay it, up to the amount of \$7,732.81 total. I asked her to put the money in my name so that I wouldn't have to come begging to her when I have to pay a medical bill, and she wouldn't do it...Apparently she likes power and wants to keep it in her own hands...

...What you've got to do for me is this, and you've got to do it NOW. You've got to persuade Ma to do one of 2 things.

Either she's got to send me a check for that \$7032.81 so that it will be my outright property, Or she's got to send me a letter that states in clear and unequivocal terms that she is withdrawing irrevocably her offer of money for medical expenses. And she has got to state also that she is going to stop sending me any money of any kind at any time.

That way I may be able to get welfare, because the letter will show that I

am no longer getting help from Ma. It is better if I get the \$7032.81 rather than the letter withdrawing the offer, because I have already told the welfare dept about the \$7000 - odd dollars and they told me I could probably get state medical aid if it weren't for the \$7000. So if I now show them a letter saying that the \$7000 has been withdrawn, they might reasonably suspect that the letter withdrawing the offer is something I cooked up with Ma just to avoid spending family money on medical expenses and throw the expenses on the welfare dept...

...But whether I get the \$7000 on the one hand, or the letter of withdrawal on the other, is less important than that I should get one or the other. The point that really matters is a psychological one: I have got to know, I have GOT TO, GOT TO, GOT TO know, that every last tie joining me to this stinking family has been cut FOREVER, and that I will never NEVER be able to communicate with any of you again. You're going to live up to your offer of help, you have GOT TO take care of this for me, IMMEDIATELY. I have got to cut myself off FOREVER from this family and from everything that reminds me of it, and I've got to do it NOW. I can't tell you how desperate I am. You know that I am reserved in expressing my feelings and that if I express this kind of desperation I am very desperate indeed. It is killing me. You have GOT TO get Ma to sever all ties once and for all - either send that \$7000 to me as my exclusive property or else send me a letter stating unequivocally and irrevocably that she will send me no more money under any circumstances. Once again, the question of whether I get any money for medical expenses is not the most important one. (Though I should have medical treatment I can probably get by without it for a while without danger to life.) The important point is the psychological one - I've got to know that I'm cut off from this horrible family once and for all - FOREVER.

Recently I sent Ma a letter in which I tried once more to get her to accept responsibility for the verbal and psychological abuse to which she and Dad subjected me during my teens. I ventured to try this because lately she had seemed to be in a more or less sympathetic mood. More frankly than ever before I tried to tell her about the consequences for me of the constant rejection that I suffered both at home and at school throughout my teens - about the terrible fear of rejection that has prevented me from ever having any friends or social life of any kind.

In reply she sent me two letters in a patronizing tone. As she's done before, she tried to evade responsibility by attributing my fear of rejection to "that hospital experience." No one can say with any confidence what effect "that hospital experience" may have had on me. The point is that, hospital experience or no hospital experience, the psychological abuse I had from Ma and Dad was inexcusable and she refuses to accept responsibility for it. Parts of her letter were even insulting. For instance, she blamed the social rejection I've suffered on my being "arrogant" and "bossy." This is absurd. Most people who know me would probably describe me as shy and reticent, even to the point of timidity. I challenge you to find even ONE person other than you and Ma who would describe me as arrogant and bossy. I can't blame YOU (Dave) for feeling that I'm arrogant and bossy, because I did indeed treat you that way when we were kids. And I was sometimes arrogant toward our parents, after I was old enough to feel no longer dependent on them, because of the (justified) resentment I felt toward them. But I challenge you to find one other person to whom I've been arrogant or bossy.

I got Ma's letters yesterday evening, and since then I've been in a desperate state of frustration, anger, and outrage. I've tried and tried to get through to her but I can't get her to understand and acknowledge what she and Dad did to me. It's always "that hospital experience," or "we may have made mistakes, but then, there are no perfect parents...". When they screamed insults at me they weren't making a "mistake" - they were indulging in

uncontrolled outbursts of anger and using me as a butt on which to take out their own frustrations. She had the gall to say in her letter of July 12 that she and Dad "never, never rejected" me. They used to scream at me that I was "sick," "another Walter Teszewski," "immature," that I had "the mind of a two year-old," and if I talked back it was "speak respectfully to your parents or we'll throw you out of the house." Evidently, Ma finds it convenient to consider that this kind of thing does not constitute rejecting. Clearly, she is totally inaccessible to reason on this subject.

Last night, after getting those letters, I was unable to sleep at all. I tossed in bed all night tortured by desperate outrage and frustration. I took one of the sleeping pills that my cardiologist prescribed for me for use on such occasions, but it had no effect at all - I still tossed and turned hour after hour with my heart pounding and pounding and pounding and pounding like a hammer. This is killing me. It's got to stop - and the only way to stop these things from happening is to cut off all connection whatsoever with this stinking family so that I can forget it once and for all.

DON'T give me any arguments about the rights and wrongs of this. You will be doing me serious harm if you give me any arguments, because by doing so you will only increase my frustration. For present purposes it makes no difference who is right and who is wrong in this business. What does matter is that, rightly or wrongly, I have a terrible, consuming sense of outrage and injustice over the way they treated me during my teens, and the fact that I can't get a full and sincere acknowledgement of what I consider to be the justice of my position is killing me. This is not hyperbole. I am desperate with frustration and anger and I can't stand it any more. You will only be making matters worse if you try to argue with me or advise me, etc.

There is only one solution, and that is to completely and permanently sever all connection with every member of the family and with anyone who may even remind me of it.

If you were serious about your offer of help, you've GOT TO help me here. By ANY MEANS NECESSARY, you have to bring about the following:

1. Ma has to either send me, as my own absolute property, the \$7032.81 that she promised me for medical expenses, or she has to send me a letter stating unequivocally that she is irrevocably withdrawing all offers of financial aid and that she will send me no more money under any circumstances.

or check as the case may be

2. This letter ^ has to be sent to me by registered mail, and it has to be sent by express mail if it is possible to send a registered letter by express mail, because I have to get the check or the letter as soon as possible, because the limit has been reached. I won't be able to eat or sleep. Stop my heart from pounding until this whole thing is settled and I know that I am separated forever and irrevocably from this whole stinking family. This has got to be done as soon as possible, because I don't know how long I can stand up under the strain.

3. You must not send me any letter or any communication of any kind, except the registered letter containing either the check for \$7032.81 or the letter withdrawing all offers of money. Any communication you could send me, no matter what it might be, would only get me more upset, because the one vital thing that I desperately need is to permanently sever all connection with this family NOW.

4. Mother must not send me any checks, money, or communication of any kind, except that one registered letter containing either the check for \$7032.81 or the letter withdrawing all offers of money. Other than that one registered letter, any communications that I receive from you, Ma, or anyone connected with our family, will be thrown in the stove unopened, regardless of

whether they contain checks, money, or anything else important.

5. As for my share of the inheritance, I don't want any of it. Not because I can't use the money, but because in order to collect the money I would have to have contact with the family, and I can't endure that. If you don't want my share of the inheritance for yourself, then I suggest that you dispose of it in this way: A... use part of it to pay off Juan Sanchez's medical bills. B...Put aside several thousand dollars to help out Juan's family if Juan dies or becomes unable to work before his kids are old enough to support themselves, or if they have any family emergency such as serious illness. C...Keep the rest of the money to help other people whom you may encounter and who are not covered by any of the standard welfare or charity organizations. If nothing else, you can hand out \$10 bills to bums and panhandlers. That way you'll at least let them get a little of booze and forget their troubles for a while. Since I am renouncing all claim to the inheritance, there is no need for me to be involved in family affairs in any way, so there is nothing that could ever be important enough so that you would have to get in touch with me. Even if Ma dies, I don't want to hear about it. Thus, letters with underlined stamps will be burned the same as any other letters from you. I'll have to withdraw now the offer that I once made to help you if you're ever in trouble; not because of ill will, but because I have to permanently cut off contact with every member of the family, including you. From a practical point of view it will make little difference to you because you have a wife and many friends, and can certainly get help if you ever need it - besides which, you can expect to inherit a lot of money.

I think it will be extremely difficult for you to get Ma to comply with these measures, but you've GOT TO do it somehow, and QUICKLY. Because I've got to get away from this family NOW, and I don't know how I can live until I'm sure that I will

never again have any communication with you. You certainly won't be able to communicate with me if I'm dead, so you may as well stop communicating with me now, and let me have relief. You've got to persuade Ma, and Now...

C-949

[Late July, 1991]

Concerning the foregoing letter of July 20 that I wrote to Dave:

Quite intentionally, I grossly exaggerated my real feelings. I did this because Dave is so inert and passive that I figured that in order to be sure of getting any action out of him I had best lay it on pretty thick.

Actually I was very upset after reading those two letters from my mother, which I received on July 19. I did lie awake with my heart pounding for most of the night of July 19-20; but I did get about 2 hours' sleep toward the end of the night. Moreover, I knew from past experience with similar upsets that my anger and frustration would be greatly alleviated by July 21 and mostly gone by July 22; and so it turned out.

From a practical point of view (i.e., money) it is greatly to my disadvantage to cut myself off from my family, but I'm glad I'm doing so anyway. I don't know how I ever got born into such a family of incapable, silly fools. When I broke off correspondence with my brother a couple of years ago, I felt so good to be rid of them! I felt clean and free! When, last October, I resumed correspondence with my mother because I felt sorry for her after my father died, it gave me a kind of sick feeling to be coming back into contact with that family again. I would compare it to a scene in the movie African Queen. Humphrey Bogart gets out of the water and is horrified and disgusted to find himself covered with leeches. He sprinkles himself with salt and the leeches drop off, to his great relief. But after awhile he realizes that he is going to have to get back down in the water again, among the leeches. Well, that's the kind of feeling I had about getting back into contact with my rotten family again. So I'm glad now to be breaking off with that family once and for all.

[Mid July, 1991]

Dear Mr. Kaczynski,

I will reply in writing to your letter. Certainly the issue that you asked me about, can psychotherapy help you with your isolation and difficulty with intimate relations, and relations to women is an appropriate one...

/s/ Sharon Melnick, M.D.

[Notes handwritten by Ted on this letter]:

What a dummy this woman is! Her letter is disorganized and inept and shows an incompetence in the use of language that makes me wonder how she even graduated from high school. She doesn't even know the difference between "then" and "than." How did she ever get to be an M.D., let alone a specialist? Compare this letter with the letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbertson, who has only a master's degree. Mrs. Gilbertson uses language well and writes a well-organized letter, which probably reflects a capacity for organized thinking. This...reinforces my contempt for advanced degrees!

I liked Mrs. Gilbertson and thought she was intellectually sharp. That being said, the reader may wonder why I wanted to consult someone else. First, Mrs. Gilbertson is located in Helena, and I hate that trip into Helena with Dick Lundberg. It always leaves me feeling physically and mentally exhausted.

Second, as I've mentioned elsewhere, I get quickly and easily discouraged at any failure in an attempt to make social contacts. Since I consulted Mrs. Gilbertson once before and it led nowhere (though no fault of Mrs. Gilbertson's), I felt subjectively discouraged about going back...though intellectually I didn't doubt that she could help me as well as most other shrinks.

Third--a factor of less importance--I felt somewhat embarrassed about going back to Mrs. Gilbertson because I never carried through the intention that I expressed to her of going back to Chicago to get unemployment, etc...

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July 28, 1991

Dr. Sharon Kay Melnick
Providence Center, Suite 304
900 North Orange Street
Missoula MT 59802

Dear Dr. Melnick:

Thank you very much for your answer to my letter of July 12. As I'd promised in that letter, I did stop in at your office on Friday, July 19, but apparently you weren't available at the moment and other obligations prevented me from waiting.

Unfortunately, it looks as if my financial situation is taking an unexpected turn for the worse, so that it's not likely I'll be able to afford your fees. Thus, if I want help with my problem, it seems I'll have to go to a mental health center where fees are proportioned to income...

C-832

[August 13, 1991]

[Letter sent to Dave Aug. 13, 1991]

Ma sent me a letter which I did not open and two postcards AFTER I made it emphatically clear that I did NOT want to hear anything more from this stinking family. POST CARDS so that the whole world can read the messages about this family stuff. And now you send me a post card. You KNOW that the mailman is an acquaintance of mine. I introduced you to him when you visited me. Now I will be too embarrassed to ride to Helena with him after he has seen these stupid cards from you and Ma. Don't you have any common sense? By sending me these postcards instead of letters you two are deliberately thwarting my expressed desire to receive NO communications from you. I made it clear - I said it over and over again in my last letter that I DESPERATELY need to get away from this stinking family once and for all and to get away from anything that even reminds me of it. How many times do I have to say this before you get it through your stupid head? I quite clearly in that letter that any

message you could send me would only get me more upset - and it did. After I got the check I felt so relieved and so good thinking I would never again have to have any contact with or reminders of this filthy family. Then I start getting these postcards and letters from you and Ma, and every time I get one I get upset all over again. You two are driving me desperate with frustration. I've TOLD you in the clearest possible terms that I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING MORE FROM THIS FAMILY EVER AGAIN - NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON IS OR HOW IMPORTANT IT IS. By this time you have got my heart beating irregularly again and I don't know when it will go back to beating normally. I do know that I won't be able to sleep for the next 2 or 3 nights since receiving your stupid postcard.

Since you can't seem to get it through your head, I'll say it a few more times:

I have got to get away from everything that reminds me of this family

I have got to get away from everything that reminds me of this family

I have got to get away from everything that reminds me of this family.

You must not try to communicate with me
 You must not try to communicate with me
 You must not try to communicate with me.
 Now have you finally absorbed that?

ALSO you have got to stop Ma from sending me these letters and postcards. I have GOT TO get away from this stinking family and forget it completely, and by repeatedly frustrating my need to do so, you two are driving me to THE UTMOST DESPERATION. So you have GOT TO stop Ma from trying to communicate with me. She has got to understand that this means FOREVER.

Once more, you have GOT TO stop Ma from sending me these letters and postcards.

67 [September 2, 1991]

...Dear Dr. Goren:...For the most part I have been able to avoid stress during the last few months. I still experience irregular heart beats now and then, but very much less often than I'd been experiencing them in the period preceding my visit to your office...

...There's something else about which I'd like to consult you...It does have to do with the "heart," but only in a figurative sense. A little more than four months ago I met a woman whom I liked a great deal. Just about at the end of April I consulted her in her professional capacity...I liked her personality very much. She had the nicest blue eyes.

I've thought about her often since then and I'd like to get to know her better, but at the moment it doesn't look as if I will have occasion to consult her again professionally in the near future. I thought of phoning her at her office and asking her out to dinner, but she might not want to receive calls of that nature at her office. And I'd certainly look like a fool if it turned out she were married. I have a vague impression that she wasn't wearing a wedding ring, but that may be just wishful thinking, since I didn't make a point of noticing her left hand when I visited her office. At that time I was mainly concerned with the matter about which I was consulting her and only afterward did I begin to wonder whether she was married...

...Well, what do you think? Dare I call her office and ask her out to dinner? Shall I do something else? Or had I best forget about her except I may need to consult her in her professional capacity?...

C-481

September 4, 1991

Sarah McHugh and Nancy Vasquez-Terramin
Interlibrary Loans
Lewis and Clark Library
120 S. Last Chance Gulch
Helena MT 59601

...Some weeks ago I asked you about the book Depression, by Martin E. P. Seligman. (I can't give you the date of the letter in which I requested this book because I did some drastic house-cleaning recently and I seem to have inadvertently disposed of my copy of that letter along with a lot of superfluous junk.) I wasn't even sure whether the book actually existed; I only remembered reading in the newspaper about a year ago that such a book was about to be published. Did you ever find out whether such a book actually exists, and whether it is available?..

March 11, 1992

School of Journalism
University of Montana
Missoula MT 59812

...You can expect to receive within a few days my scores on the Graduate Record Examination General Test, which I took on February 1...on January 21 I talked the matter over with Professor Durso, and he pointed out to me the advantage of enrolling as an undergraduate rather than as a graduate student. I do intend to apply for admission as an undergraduate, but, since I had already arranged to take the Graduate Record Exam and paid the fee, I decided to take it anyway, since the scores might prove useful at some later time...

C-940

[March 11, 1992]

Ma-

I have to know whether or not you are claiming me as a dependent for income tax purposes. Because of the amount of money you gave me last year you could legally claim me as a dependent, but it is likely to cause me serious inconvenience if you actually do so. I need this information promptly. I tried to get it through Dave, but I received no answer from him.

I do NOT want to resume correspondence. I just need this one piece of information. Thank you...

Missoulian Letters
 P.O. Box 8029
 Missoula, MT 59807

March 21, 1992

Dear Sirs:

In recent weeks the Missoulian has printed some article on fly-tying. Perhaps your readers would be interested to know that there is more than one way of tying flies...there is no reason why a fly couldn't be tied to one end of a woman's hair while the other end of it was still attached to her head. She could then walk around with pet fly on a leash, so to speak. This might even become a new hair-style, a regular fad. Imagine a lovely young woman walking along with a dozen tethered fliers, each at the end of her long, golden hairs. They buzz around her head in a kind of halo, their iridescent wings flashing in the morning sun...

C-330

April 8, 1992

Dr. Bernard Rimland
 Autism Research Institute
 2 Adams Avenue
 Diego CA 92116

I never got any
 answer to this

Dear Dr. Rimland:

I am a layman who is interested in psychology as an aid to understanding human nature, for which reason I have been doing a good deal of reading in psychology in recent years. Unfortunately, I've had to conclude that much of what is presented to the general public as psychology is no better than pseudoscientific claptrap. This conclusion was reinforced by a letter of yours, printed in Time magazine on September 12, 1988, in which you wrote: "Research has repeatedly demonstrated that patients who undergo talk therapy do not improve any faster or any better than those who receive no treatment at all. The insight that people believe they got from discussions with a therapist is in reality nothing more than psychobabble."...

I would appreciate it very much if you could send me references to a few of the most important research papers that have demonstrated the uselessness of talk therapy...

...I understand that there are modern methods of therapy that seem more plausible than the old-style psychoanalytic nonsense. For instance, if a person suffers from a lack of social skills and self-confidence, he may be introduced he may be able to build some of the skills and confidence that he lacks. Might not this be helpful to some people? Or is all therapy useless?...

C-28

life-threatening illness after my \$7000 is all used up.

The fact that I have a PhD would be no obstacle to my getting welfare assistance while a student.

C-504

August 2, 1992

Office of Admissions
University of Montana
Missoula MT 59812

Dear Sirs:

Regarding my application to the University of Montana:

It appears that hitherto unforeseen circumstances will prevent me from attending the University of Montana this fall. If I find it possible to attend the University during a later semester, will it be necessary for me to go through the application process all over again?

C-820

[Aug 18, 1992]

Dave - Ma wrote me another letter. I don't know what was in it because I burned it without opening it. But you have got to stop her from writing to me. I don't care how important it is. I don't want to hear from her...She has got to understand that there must be no further connection between us of any kind. She is not to know even whether I am alive or dead. You've got to make her stop writing to me. I can't tell you how desperate this is making me - because I know that if she is allowed to get away with sending me this one letter, then she will send me another one and another one and another one. [Sent August 18, 1992. I intentionally exaggerated my feelings because that is the only way I can make any impression on those clods.] One reason why I am so anxious to stop her writing to me is this. She's a worry-wart, and she always used to nag me about

Writing to her regularly so she would "know that I was alright." I suspect that she writes to me now and sends me checks so that when the cancelled check comes back to her with my endorsement she will know that I am still alive...I wouldn't put it past her to contact the Montana Highway Patrol, or the Sheriff's Office, and ask them to check up on me. Needless to say, it would be acutely embarrassing to me if the cops came up here and I had to tell them that I wasn't writing to my mother because of family problems. So the position in which this puts me is that either I have to make some response to her communications, at least to the extent of cashing her checks, or else I have to risk her sending the cops up here. But I want to completely sever all communication with her...

C-941

[late 1992 - ?]

Regarding the materials in this envelope I want to make the following remarks.

Actually I've been in reasonably good health during the last few years. The problems I've had have been:

Irregular heartbeats...this Dr. Goren says they are probably not dangerous...By the way, on my second visit to Dr. Goren I found her disappointing. On the first visit I had the impression that she was really sharp, competent, on the ball. On the second visit I got a much less favorable impression. For example, when I asked her several questions about items of health information, mostly related to the circulatory system, that I'd encountered in the news media, she seemed to know nothing about them...she seemed to become annoyed at my asking her questions that she couldn't answer; and she sometimes was evasive. If she didn't know the answer to a question, she should have just said so plainly and without showing annoyance.

Teeth. My teeth were crumbling...I needed a gold crown on one tooth (\$400⁰⁰)...

...Glasses. I was getting so that I needed glasses for doing fine, close work...cost me over \$100⁰⁰

...Feet. I've got very flat feet now...pains I often get in my ankles, which I suspect are due to incipient arthritis...

...In fact, it was primarily for other purposes

and not for medical reasons that I wanted the \$7000⁰⁰...

...As for other medical matters:

Insomnia. Ever since a little before my 46th birthday I've been suffering from intermittent insomnia. It may be that the insomnia is caused by the fact that I am involved in a project in which I have a tremendous psychological investment and which I am absolutely determined to bring to a successful conclusion, but which involves endless difficulties and delays, so that it drags on and on - hence frustration. Or the insomnia may be due to mild depression - yet the only other symptoms of depression I've experienced are feelings of hopelessness that I often have during the evening, when I am inactive; and the periods when I have feelings of hopelessness do not seem to correlate well with the periods when the insomnia is worst. The feelings of hopelessness, by the way, focus mainly on the fact that I've never had a wife or girlfriend, or any kids, and that I'm now pretty nearly too old for that.

Blood pressure. My blood pressure is about 80, pretty consistently, and that's what it's been for many years. So I guess that's OK...

...Joints. I mentioned in my notes when I was about 36 or 37 years old that I got soreness in my finger-joints. Since then I've found that I can avoid this soreness by being careful to protect my hands from cold...

...Guts. When I don't get enough roughage, I'm apt to get cramps and constipation...

...So on the whole I guess I'm in pretty good health considering that I'm 50 years old...

...By the way, several years ago I bought a radio (a very beat-up second-hand one, for \$3). What I bought it for originally was so that I could get the date and time from it when I needed to go to town. For reasons which should be apparent from my grey loose-leaf notebooks, I by that time I had occasion to go to town much more frequently than I once used to...

But after I started having a problem with insomnia, I began doing something that almost against my principles. I began

listening to the radio recreationally. By providing distraction - and occasionally pleasure, as when I heard some music that I liked - the radio seemed to help somewhat with the insomnia and the mild depression...

...Regarding the fact that I paid a visit to the welfare Dept. in Helena to find out what benefits were available...If it were merely a matter of preserving life, I'd very likely die of starvation or disease before I'd go to the welfare dept...But what worried me in connection with my health was the possibility that I might die or be disabled before I accomplished what I wanted to accomplish with the projects described in my grey loose-leaf notebooks. Those goals are literally more important to me than life itself, and to accomplish them I'd even go crawling to the welfare dept. for medical-expense money. As for money to help study at the U. of M., that was during a period when I was suffering from an outbreak of desire for women. Studying at U of M would have provided a way to get out of Lincoln, hence to have opportunity to meet women, and also might have provided qualifications for steady employment, which most women (slaves to respectability they are) demand in a man. Sex, alas, is the one thing that has too much power over me, and to get opportunity to meet women I'd even perhaps have lowered myself to the point of leeching off welfare Dept. I actually did go so far as to apply for admission to U. of M. Journalism School. (I didn't intend to apply for welfare, and hoped to finance schooling without that.) But I decided not to attend U of M after all, because can't afford to take that much time out from my projects, and by that time I'd got over the worst of my desire for women...I still desire women, and even apart from that I'd like to study certain things at U. of M. So, conceivably, I may still study at U of M. at some time in the future...

C-386

January 20, 1993

Dear Dr. Goren:

In a note dated August 6, 1992, your nurse, Ms. Cooper, asked me to periodically notify you of my blood-pressure readings.

I checked my blood pressure on the morning of January 16, 1993, but got very erratic readings. Since the readings were so erratic I checked my pressure several more times during the day and kept getting erratic readings all day long...

[1993]

Questions for Dr. Goren.

1. In a letter late last summer you asked whether I'd had any recurrence of heart irregularities. Answer is yes...Is further testing advisable?
2. Is eventual damage to be expected over the years from repeated episodes of stress with irregular heartbeats? (Mention article)
3. Do the irregularities indicate an increased risk of heart attack or stroke?
4. According to news reports, a recent study claims to show that only about 30 mg., or less than 1/10 of an aspirin tablet is as good as a whole tablet a day for decreasing risk of heart attack or stroke. Has this been confirmed?...Aqueous solution of aspirin?

...Halcion - news reports have mentioned possible harmful side effects. Care to comment on this?

Can you prescribe one sleeping tablet for night before test? If it's not halcion, maybe I should have two tablets so that I can try one beforehand to make sure that (a) it puts me to sleep and (b) it doesn't leave me groggy in the morning...

...She says I should tell dentist about heart murmur, also if I ever have any surgery I should tell them about heart murmur - Antibiotics should be used to avoid risk of heart infection...

...Questions not connected with circulatory system...Harm to lungs from working outdoors at 20° to 30° below zero?...

1990

Sept. 1993

to

[To] Dr. Wielenga

I've been suffering from insomnia intermittently for several years. Last summer (1992) I was sleeping adequately. Over the winter the insomnia started getting worse again. This summer the insomnia is worse than it has ever been, and is causing me serious hardship. I am probably averaging less than 6 hours sleep a night...

...The insomnia first started while I was going through a period of stress. But for the last couple of years I've had very little stress, yet the insomnia is no better...

...I can think of two possible causes for the insomnia.

Deficiency of melatonin. I don't know if I have spelled "melatonin" correctly...

Clinical depression. I suspect that the most likely cause of my insomnia is clinical depression. I usually do not feel subjectively depressed, but, as you probably know, clinical depression is not always accompanied by a subjective feeling of depression...

The reasons for suspecting mild clinical depression are as follows. (1) Insomnia is a common symptom of clinical depression. At present, for highly personal reasons that I prefer not to discuss, my objective situation is very unsatisfactory, and I can see very little prospect of improving it in the future. Consequently I sometimes have feelings of hopelessness. But most of the time I do not have such feelings. At present I have insufficient sources of pleasure in life, my existence is rather barren and austere, and I imagine this would be conducive to depression...

...If you decide that clinical depression is the likely cause of my insomnia, you may want to treat it yourself, perhaps by prescribing an antidepressant...If you do refer me to a psychiatrist I'd like to be referred to one whose orientation is primarily physiological and neurological. I think talk therapy is a lot of crap, and I wouldn't take that kind of treatment even if I had the money for it, which I don't...

Director

October 6, 1993

Mental Health Services Inc.
512 Logan
Helena, Montana

Dear Sir:

I am suffering from insomnia, which is causing me serious hardship and which I suspect is due to some form of depression. I am seeking referral to a psychiatrist or other doctor who could diagnose and treat this problem...I have consulted the general practitioner who has an office here in Lincoln, Dr. Wielenga...he decided that I was not suffering from depression. For the insomnia he prescribed a low, non-anti-depressant dose of the antidepressant trazodone (50 mg, one tablet daily an hour before bedtime), saying that in low doses antidepressants act as sedatives. I took the trazodone four or five times and found that it had no effect whatever on the insomnia. Then I stopped taking it because it had a side-effect that worried me.

It may be that Dr. Wielenga was right in concluding that I am not suffering from depression. but I have my doubts...I suspect that Dr. Wielenga's view of depression is oversimplified according to what I have read, clinical depression can range from mild to severe and from the purely biological (endogenous) kind, through mixed types, to the purely emotional (exogenous) type. So I am not certain that Dr. Wielenga is fully qualified to diagnose depression, and I would like to be diagnosed by a specialist...

...for reasons of privacy, I don't feel I can discuss this problem fully with Dr. Wielenga. Lincoln is a small town...

...In order to explain fully to Dr. Wielenga why I suspect my insomnia is due to depression I would have to discuss extremely personal and embarrassing matters, and all this would presumably be recorded in my folder, where the nurse and receptionist would be likely to see it. I don't even like to tell Dr. Wielenga about the negative side-effect that the trazodone has on me, since it has to do with sex...

...I don't want to pick a psychiatrist at random out of the yellow pages, because I might pay a hundred dollars or more for a visit to him only to find that he is, for example, a freudian who tries to tell me that I have insomnia because I am unconsciously punishing myself for oedipal feelings or some such nonsense...

...I would strongly prefer to see a psychiatrist who is oriented more toward physiology and neurology than toward talk therapy...My hope is that in one or at most two visits to a psychiatrist I could have my insomnia diagnosed and get a prescription for some medication that would enable me to sleep, perhaps by relieving depression, if that is the cause of the insomnia...

0-368

Director
Golden Triangle Community
Mental Health Center
P.O. Box 5048
Great Falls, Montana 59433
Dear Sir:

October 6, 1993

I am suffering from insomnia, which is causing me serious hardship and which I suspect is due to some form of depression. I am seeking referral to a psychiatrist or other doctor who could diagnose and treat this problem...[same text as previous]

C-232

November 24, 1993. Because I hoped to get some information that might shed light on the social rejection that I experienced in my early years, I recently wrote to the schools I had attended requesting copies of all the records that they had concerning me...

20, 1994. In a fairly recent entry in another notebook I mentioned that for the last few years I have had a great deal of trouble with insomnia, and I suggested that the cause was mild depression that resulted from frustrated desire for women, and for certain things that are associated with women, such as children and family life. I have some fairly definite evidence to support this diagnosis...

...the insomnia is greatly alleviated whenever anything happens that gives me some kind of hope (however remote) of finding a woman for myself...For example, whenever any of the women around Lincoln seems particularly friendly toward me, I sleep much better for a while afterward...

3, 1994 (?). Concerning the abuse my grandmother inflicted on my mother, as

that my maternal

32

reported in an autobiographical sketch that my mother sent me and that I have among my papers: In their classic sociological study, The Polish Peasant in Europe and America, W.I. Thomas and F. Znaniecki report that in traditional Polish peasant culture, before it was disrupted by migration and other modern developments, domestic abuse was prevented by pressure from other members of the extended family, or, failing that, by pressure from the village community...

C-368

July 20, 1994

Dear Dr. Goren:

Here is my semiannual blood-pressure report. On 19, 1994 at about 5:15 PM I took four successive readings: 125/78, 136/80, 130/78, 128/80, for an average of 130/79...

C-232

Dec. 21, 1994. Since last spring I have not been nagged by frustrated desire for women. Nor have I had the feelings of hopelessness that I had been having often in the evenings. I continued sleeping badly, but somehow I seemed to have adjusted to the insomnia, so that the lack of sleep didn't bother me as much as it had done formerly. And now, during the last few several weeks, I've been having very little trouble with insomnia. Last nights I get my 8

C-332

hours of sleep, sometimes
9, which is what I like.
It's true, though that my
sleeping schedule is still
screwy. My 8 hours of
sleep is broken into 2 or
3 periods of 2 to 4 hours
each...

C-333 [early 1995 - ?]

Dave --

I need another \$2000⁰⁰. If you don't
want to lend me any more, I don't blame
you, but if you are willing to lend me either
part or all of this amount I'll be very
grateful. If you can lend me anything, it would
be best if I get it by Feb 1...

...If and when I get over present
difficulties sufficiently to have an opportunity to do
so, I will get a formal deed made up to transfer
the property to you. That way, if I croak or
something, you'll get the property without having
to wait for probate or suchlike formalities...

...There won't be any further requests for loans. If another \$2000 won't
do it, then I guess nothing will, so I may as well give up...

C-368

Jan 9, 1995

Dear Dr. Goren:

I took my blood pressure on January 6, 1995
and got 124/80. Since my readings are always
well within the normal range, it hardly seems
worthwhile for me to continue reporting my blood
pressure at intervals, so, unless you ask me to
continue doing so, I will no longer send you my
readings...

Meanwhile, I thank you for your good
medical services...

January 1995

Dave--Thanks again! Some time ago I withdrew my offer to give you any help I could if you ever needed it. I'll now reinstate that offer. It would be ungracious of me, to say the least, not to do so after you've been so generous with me. Probably you'll never have to make use of the offer, since you have so many friends and so forth. But if you ever do need help in a big way and don't know where else to turn, I'll do everything I can for you...

C-324

NOTE: FOLLOWING IS COPY OF LETTER SENT TO DAVE ON **NOV 30, 1995**. BUT THIS COPY WAS MADE FROM MEMORY ON DEC 1, SO MAY NOT BE PERFECTLY ACCURATE; BUT IT CERTAINLY IS VERY CLOSE TO THE ORIGINAL.

i am not "suffering, sick, or discouraged," and I don't know what "indications" you think you have that I am so. But if you want me to get sick, all you have to do is keep trying to communicate with me, because I get just choked with frustration at my inability to get our stinking family off my back once and for all, and "stinking family" emphatically includes you.

So get this straight--and I certainly hope you will get it straight this time, because I get desperately frustrated at the fact that I've told you this again and again and it just doesn't seem to sink in--
I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU OR HEAR FROM YOU, OR ANY OTHER MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY, AGAIN.
If I were "suffering, discouraged," etc., it would only make me feel worse, MUCH worse, to see you or any other member of our family.

It was with the greatest reluctance that I asked you for a loan. But since

I did ask you, of course some communication may be necessary for practical reasons to connection with the loan, or the land that is security for it. But I would really appreciate it if you would communicate only for strictly practical reasons connected with the loan or the land. Or, of course, you can contact me if you ever have to cash in on my offer to help you if you have nowhere else to turn, all your friends have failed you, etc. But understand that I reinstated that offer not from any affection, but only from a sense of obligation due to your generosity in lending me money. The affection that I once had for you is all gone by this time, and it will never come back.

As for my wishes with regard to the land, if I should die before I get your loan to me paid off, then the land will be yours and I can do whatever you please with it. On the other hand, if I ever do get you paid off, we will take your name off the deed, and then you will never have to worry about what to do with the land.

--Ted

C-232

...[Note: **Now, January 1996**, I feel excellent physically, no lower back pain, not much other problems. Also no longer feel hopeless about personal fate, though hopefulness is on different basis than it was earlier.]...

[1996]

...Series II, #5. p. 130. I now (Feb., 1996) feel very sorry about the fact that, in a few cases, I tortured small wild animals (two mice, one flying squirrel, and one red squirrel, as far as I can remember offhand) that caused me frustration by stealing my meat, damaging my belongings, or keeping me awake. **There are two reasons why I tortured them.** (1) I was rebelling against the moral prescriptions of organized society. (2) I got excessively angry at these animals because I had a tremendous fund of anger built up from the frustrations and humiliations imposed on me throughout life by organized society and by individual persons. (As any psychologist will tell you, when you have no means of retaliating against whomever or whatever it is that has made you angry, you are likely to vent your anger on some other object.) When I came to realize that I had taken out on these little creatures the anger that I owed to organized society and to certain people, I very much regretted having tortured them. They are part of nature, which I love, and therefore they are in a way my friends even when they cause problems for me. **I ought to reserve my anger for my real enemy, which is human society, at least the present form of society.** I have not tortured an animal for many years now. However, I have no hesitation about trapping and killing animals that cause problems for me, at least if they are animals of the more common kinds.

Series II, #3, p. 29 queer 1 (embarrassing, not dangerous)
p. 56 queer 2 (but past statute of limitations)
p. 64 queer 7
p. 82-86 queer 7
p. 102 queer 1
p. 105 queer 3
pp. 120-121 queer 2 (but past statute of limitations)

Bad public relations

SEC 3

C4-B

1957

By the time I was, say, 12 years old, my system of morality had evolved into an abstract, artificial construction that could not possibly be applied in practice. I never told anyone about this system, since I knew they would never take it seriously.

After I had skipped 6th grade and began feeling a great deal of hostility toward many of my schoolmates, I developed a habit of trying to find ways of justifying my [s/o] hatred in terms of my moral system.

By and by I got bored with this game. One day when I was 13 years old, I was walking down the street and saw a girl. Something about her appearance antagonized me, and, from habit, I began looking for a way to justify hating her, within my logical system. But then I stopped and said to Zmyself, "This is getting ridiculous. I'll just chuck all this silly morality business and hate anybody I please." Since then I have never had any interest in or respect for morality, ethics, or anything of the sort.

However, it is important to understand that, while on the level of the intellect and the conscious will I had completely rejected all morality and all respect for authority, nevertheless on an instinctive animal level I was still the ~~slave~~ slave of my early conditioning, so that I was very much afraid to act contrary to the precepts of authority. For example, when I was, say 15, I was full of contempt [s/o] for the school authorities and the rules they laid [s/o] down; but it would have been unthinkable for me to play hooky, and to have failed a course would have been an unbearable shame. It [s/o] was not that I believed that there was anything wrong with playing hooky; but (like Pavlov's dog salivating at the sound of the bell) I

She thought that I thought I already had cancer. I certainly did not think this. But she did not explicitly make it clear that she thought I thought I had cancer, and since I wasn't sure I was correctly interpreting what she thought, I was too shy to correct her, not being sure she needed correcting. So the whole thing was an embarrassing farce, and I think I left her imagining that I thought I was going to die or something. Well, never mind that stupid episode anyway.

The reader must realize by now that ~~often~~ in high school and college I often became terribly angry at someone, or hated someone, but, as a matter of prudence, I could not express that anger or hatred openly. I would therefore indulge in fantasies of dire revenge. However, I never attempted to put any such fantasies into effect, because I was too strongly conditioned, by my early training, against any defiance of authority. To be more precise: **I could not have committed a crime of revenge, even a relatively minor crime, because my fear of being caught and punished was all out of proportion to the actual danger of being caught.** I could have much more easily risked my life in a lawful way, than take an equal risk of spending 30 days in jail for some minor crime.

Thus, when I had a fantasy of revenge, I had very little ~~conf~~ comfort from it, because I was all too ~~clearly~~ clearly aware that I had had many previous fantasies of revenge, and nothing had ever come of any of them. This was [s/o] very frustrating and humiliating. **Therefore I became more and more determined that some day I would actually take revenge on some of the people that I hated.**

In 1978 I knew a woman named Ellen Tarmichael. Once she told me that if anyone ever played a dirty trick on her she would get revenge no matter what; she would do anything, no matter how underhanded, etc. etc. She sounded so

unscrupulous that I started to feel a little uneasy with her. Later that same day, she started giving me a spiel about how she felt everyone had a duty to help society and all that kind of stuff. I asked her how she would square this with the vengeful attitudes she had been expressing earlier. She said, "Well, those ideas of revenge are only things that I fantasy. I have never actually done anything like that." Still, it would seem she found at least a partial relief for her resentments by means of ~~from~~ such fantasies. But I don't function like that. Knowing my revengeful fantasies are not being realized, completely spoils them for me. **Thus my hatreds accumulated, and I swore that some day I would break free of law and order.**

Prior to my senior year at Harvard I don't recall ever having had a nightmare - though I suppose I might have had ~~one~~ at some at one time or another that I don't remember. But during my senior year I had maybe [s/o] 3 or 4 or 5 nightmares. One of them I recall clearly. My trombone teacher Jaroslav Cimera was standing in a room, looking like a fine, noble, erect old man. Then there came a singing, as if of angels. Then everything faded into mist. The mist cleared, and Cimera had been transformed into a bent, senile, slobbering old wreck. I woke up in a sweat.

Some time during college, I had the following dream, which I found very pleasant. There had just been an atomic attack, and civilization had melted into anarchy. My father, brother, and I had some containers of precious food in our hands, and we were hurrying to get out of the city with them. Some hooligans came after us to rob us of our food. They were armed with pieces of 2X4 and other makeshift clubs. I let my father and brother run on ahead with the food, and I hung back to hold off the hooligans. The first hooligan ran up intending to attack me with a piece of 2x4, but I drew my hunting-knife from my belt and stabbed him in the chest. He fell down dead. The other hooligans drew back afraid. Then I ran to catch up with my

said to myself, "Why not really kill that psychiatrist... and anyone else whom I hate." What is important is not the words that ran through my mind, but the way I felt about them. [s/o] What was entirely new, was the fact that I really felt I could kill someone. My very hopelessness had liberated me. Because I no longer cared about death, I no longer cared about consequences, and I suddenly felt that I really could break out of my rut in life and do things that were daring, "irresponsible", or criminal.

My first thought was to kill somebody I hated and then kill myself before the cops could get me. (I've always considered death preferable to long imprisonment.) But, since I now had new hope, I was not ready to relinquish life so easily. So I thought, "I will kill, but I will make at least some effort to avoid detection, so that I can kill again." Then I thought, "Well, as long as I am going to [s/o] throw everything up anyway, instead of having to shoot it out with the cops or something, I will do what I've always wanted to do, namely, I will go up to Canada, take off into the woods[s/o] with a rifle, and try to live off the country. If that doesn't work out, and if I can get back to civilization before I starve, then I will come back here and kill someone I hate." What was new here was the fact that I now felt I really had the courage to behave "irresponsibly".

All ~~this took~~ these thoughts passed through my head in the length of time it took me to walk a quarter of a mile. By the end of that time I had acquired bright new hope, an angry, vicious kind of determination, and high morale.

I didn't feel I wanted to take off into the wilderness [s/o] in autumn, with the cold northern winter coming on, and besides,

C226-D (1970)

(29) Circled

decisions in question
were senseless, the real
reason would be that
there are criteria superior
to the popular will
according to which popular
will is judged. Popular
will can only express
itself within the limits
that technical necessities
have fixed in advance."

p. 217: **"What is at stake
here is all of man's liberty,
the liberty to take chances,
even to gamble with the
death penalty. We see in
this loss of liberty the**

{circled - 148}

In my experience, a surprizingly large percentage of the individual's transactions with the bureaucracy involve some error, delay, or foul-up on the part of the bureaucracy.

July 1, 1970: See the "Phoenix Nest" department of the Saturday Review, June 13, 1970.

July 4, 1970: Went almost as far north as it is possible to go by road in Alaska - only about 50 mi from the Arctic circle. All the streams I saw had detergent foam in the them. The place was mobbed with tourists. Almost every place along the way where it was possible to pull a vehicle off the road there were one or more campers,

C226-B (1970)
{circled - 149}

trailers, or cars parked. **Hippies with ostentatious whiskers, tarty girls in skin-tight pants, the whole pile of shit. This makes me want to kill people.** It confirms a lesson I have learned elsewhere: there is no place accessible by road where it is possible to get any solitude. Walk half a mile from the road and usually you will find yourself quite alone, because most people are too lazy to walk that far except on a well-marked trail, but anyplace where people can get to without making any physical effort is mobbed. This is one reason why I hate

{circled - 157}

even to the individual himself, except in the trivial matters of wealth and prestige.

Sept.28,1970: Not only do rules and regulations continually increase in number; it also becomes more and more difficult to evade them as the efficiency of law enforcement increases. I think a person should have a sporting chance to get away with even murder. I resent the idea that any rule should be so sacred and the power of society so great that it is impossible for it ever to be violated successfully. But eventually technology will probably make law

Much of the information for this period is contained in my journals and other notes. Therefore, I will only cover here, perhaps in a disorganized way, that information for this period which I do not remember covering in my other notes. Also, I expect to include some general information about my personality. And I may go back and record some occurrences from earlier periods, since I omitted some ~~occur~~ occurrences that I would have liked to include, because I feared I would never finish this account if I tried to put everything in.

As long as this section is probably going to be disorganized anyway, [s/o] I can just as well begin by stating my motives for writing these autobiographical notes.

1. **I intend to start killing people. If I am successful at this, it is possible that, when I am caught (not alive, I fervently hope!) there will be some speculation in the news media as to my motives for killing** (As in the case of Charles Whitman, who killed some 13 people in Texas in the '60's). If such speculation occurs, they are bound to make me out to be a sickie, and to ascribe to me motives of a sordid or "sick" type. Of course, the term "sick" in such a context represents a value-judgement. I am not very concerned about the negative value - judgements that will be made about me, but it does anger me that the facts of my psychology will be misrepresented. For that reason I have attempted to give here an account of my own personality and its development that will be as accurate as possible.
2. Desire for self - expression. From my early teens, I have

never had any strong desire to communicate with ~~another~~ another human being on an intimate level, or to "unload" any of my troubles by talking about them, except in 2 cases. One was when I was so desperately in love with Carol Wolman. The other has been over the last few months, after my desire for women was strongly brought to life by Ellen Tarmichael. This so strongly roused my life-long frustration at not being able to get a girl, that I wished very much that there were someone I could talk to about it. So I partly relieved myself by writing about my past social life - or lack of social life, I should say.

3. Since passing the age of about 30, I have enjoyed reminiscing about my past life. A sign of aging, I suppose.

Item 1. induces these remarks: **As I said, If if I succeed in killing enough people, the news media my have something to say about me when I am killed or caught. And they are bound to try to analyse my psychology and depict me as "sick".** In [s/o] this connection I would point out that many tame, conformist types seem to have a powerful need to depict the enemy of society as sordid, repulsive, or "sick".* This powerful bias should be borne in mind in reading any attempts to analyse my psychology. Also [s/o] bear in mind that psychoanalytic type theories are without adequate scientific foundation. (I recently read a small part of a book called "your own true

*An example: A "responsible" historian named Robert Waite, in a book titled (I think) "The psychopathic God" gave a physical description of Hitler. Anyone reading that discription, without having seen a picture of Hitler, would assume that Hitler must have been grotesque in appearance. Of course, photographs of [s/o] Hitler show him to have been a very ordinary-looking person, neither handsome nor ugly. (I mean ordinary-looking if you (next page)

love" by a psychiatrist named Robertiello. If I remember correctly, this author stated that studies have shown that, in psychotherapy, the psychiatric theory followed by the therapist is of little importance, and that the personality of the therapist is the important factor in "curing" the patient. Of course, many of the various ~~psych~~ psychiatric theories are mutually contradictory; so, if they are all equally effective in "curing patients", this suggests that none of the theories actually are objectively true.)

Be that as it may, I think that there are certain [s/o] qualities of my mind that could be described as intellectual rather than emotional which have been of central importance in determining [s/o] my development. I refer to my ~~tenden~~ strong tendency to think everything over in a careful, disciplined, analytic way; to turn things over and over in my mind until I have seen them from every angle. I also refer to the fact that my mind is very "closely organized" in the sense I have used that term in my essay on purpose. One way in which these characteristics have been of critical importance for me is this: They have (by and large) prevented me from using (or being used by?) the self-deceptions, escapisms, and ~~other~~ other shams that make life [s/o] in modern society tolerable for many other people. (Of course, I am [s/o] not claiming to be totally free of self-deception; only to be much freer of it than the average person, including the average high-intelligence person.)

Also, I want to say this about my motives for wanting to kill people: As is indicated in some of my other notes, my central motive for wanting to get revenge on society is that organized society is destroying [s/o] such opportunities as

[footnote continued from last page] discount his supposedly "hypnotic" eyes and facial expression.) I am certainly not defending Hitler. I am only pointing out how some people have a need to depict the enemy of society as grotesque.

warm toward some of them. But I fear some readers may get an exaggerated idea of this change, so I will qualify what I said. ~~First, I STILL have as much hostility as I ever had~~ First, I still have as much hostility as ever toward people participating in or contributing to things that interfere with my life or threaten [s/o] what I value. [s/o] But most people in modern society do contribute to things that interfere with my life or threaten what I value. So, [s/o] one day I might like a fellow and feel friendly toward him. But, the next day, if I see him riding a snowmobile, boarding an airliner, performing technological research, doing anything that promotes economic growth, or any [s/o] other such activity, then I will want to kill him. And I would do it, too, if only it were safe.

Moreover, I retain a great capacity for cold, ~~had~~ hard feelings against people. To some extent, I can turn on my cold or my warm feelings at will toward a person. I cannot completely control my cold or warm feelings, but I can do so to a certain extent. For instance, I mentioned, on page 204, three children toward whom I had warm feelings to determine whether I was developing too much of a tie with them, **I asked myself whether I would be psychologically capable of killing them if I had something very important to gain by it, and I decided that I would be capable of killing them, provided I were relieved of the fear of being punished for it. Anyhow, I could comfortably picture in my thoughts the idea of killing them.**

(However, when I am infatuated with a woman, I am not able to make myself feel cold toward her. And it is probable that through long association with a small child, I would develop

-if you can manage to forget for a time that society is in the process of destroying the most of the free country and turning the rest into ~~museum~~ museum pieces in the form of scientifically managed national parks and national forests.]

To me,

March 25, 1971: Pride and self-respect demand that a person be able to physically resist anything that he regards as an intrusion on his rights, rather than being entirely dependent on society for protection. This requires that he

have the physical and mental capacity for violence. Of course, when individuals have the capacity for violence, they may at times hurt people. But to me that risk is a price worth paying for a measure of personal pride and independence. Unfortunately, the capacity for aggression will probably be brainwashed out of people within a few decades, by means of the new mind-control techniques.

I have recently read most of the book "Behavior control" by Perry London. London claims

have a crude illusion of wilderness independence and they are satisfied with that. But I want the real thing.

My motive for doing what I am going to do is simply personal revenge. I do not expect to accomplish anything by it. Of course, if my crime (and my reasons for committing it) gets any public attention, it may help to stimulate public interest in the technology question and thereby improve the chances of stopping technology before it is too late; but on the other hand most people will probably be repelled by

our tour of toy departments, I found that from a third to a half of the merchandise consisted of aggressive toys (war games or guns), racing cars and dolls!.. The two psychologists, both of them parents, buy toys which encourage ... cooperation rather than aggression ... The two psychologists suggest the following considerations when toy shopping: ... is it psychologically desirable?"

I am in certain respects attracted to aggression, mainly because I desire revenge on society at large. Anyhow, I would like to make the following point. Let us assume, for the moment, that hatred and aggression, like pain, are to be considered undesirable in themselves. But this does not preclude their being regarded as appropriate reactions to certain situations. Presumably everyone seeks to avoid physical or mental pain. Yet many people (including me) would not want to be deprived of the capacity for

sophisticated biotechnology.

About a year and half ago, I planned to murder a scientist - as a means of revenge against organized society in general and the technological establishment in particular. See the notes that I made during that period. [insert - p.276.ff. of first set of notes. Unfortunately, I chickened out. I couldn't work up the nerve to do it. The experience showed me that propaganda and indoctrination have a much stronger hold on me than I realized. My plan was

being caught. I made my preparations with extreme [], care, and I figured my chances of being caught were less than, say, my chances of being killed in an automobile accident within the next year. I am not in the least nervous when I get into my car. I can only attribute my fear to the constant flood of anticrime propaganda to which one is subjected. For example, murderers in T V dramas are always caught,

[] denotes words that are scratched out

there is always the stern,
moralizing sermon on
their "twisted minds",
they are small and helpless
before the judge, surround
- ed by police, etc., etc.,
etc. **If I ever do work
up the nerve to commit
such a murder, I will
probably have to do it in
a kind of suicidal act
of rage - that is, without
making any attempt to
avoid being caught.** It
may be that I can
overcome my vague,
irrational fear of

give us a hint that this may occur in the relatively near future). If you agree that not all laws are good and that disobedience of the law is sometimes justified, you should find this disturbing. And there is more to it than that. Inefficient enforcement of a law - even a law that we would all consider "good" and "justified" may accomplish a necessary function, and still leave a certain flexibility that is one of the aspects of freedom. Let's take a

Proudly he contrasts his ragged self: he who never has acknowledged a superior...

And he turns upon his heel."

Viktor Frankel, "From Death Camp to Existentialism " (Beacon, 1963),

p.67: "Not only creativeness and enjoyment are meaningful. If there is a meaning in life at all, then there [must] must be a meaning in suffering.... Without suffering and death human life cannot be complete."

March 31, 1973: There is a point beyond which the desire for revenge against society becomes more important than the desire to enjoy that which is worth while in life.

April 14, 1974: Apparently the technophile L. Sprague De Camp would agree with the thesis that the conditions of society (today)

MARCH 12 (typed)
C230-B (1972)

in the far north - would still be plenty of difficulties even if I had lots of money. **I am just sick of the burden of dealing with people and feel like taking to the woods and seeing how many people I can pick off with my rifle before the cops get me.** My infatuation with that girl seems to be getting gradually dulled, but it flares up from time to time, and I think it would come back in full strength (scratch-out) if I were to meet her again. With regard to the melancholy feelings mentioned above, it is interesting that despite these I do not feel depressed - i.e., I am quite ready for activity and feel I am ~~functioning~~ functioning at a pretty high level.

It is frustrating. I look at

C197 (3/16/74)

K-2016 A #6 380

(number in circle) 5

and regular trails as one can get in a one-day excursion from the cabin. Until today, these ridge-tops were the one place where I felt secure from intrusion by this kind of garbage; this area was my last refuge, the last place I could turn to within reach of the cabin. And now **I was so terribly upset that I believe that if those cocksuckers had come into the meadow where I was, I would have shot them.** To top it off, after I got home some cocksucker rode right [s/o] into my yard on a trailbike. I went out there with my .30-30, wondering if I would have the nerve to shoot the son of a bitch, and intending at least to scare him, but by the time I got out there he was gone. Later I spiked a big heavy pole across my road to block it, and I painted a Keep Out sign that I will nail up tomorrow. But I just don't know what to do or where to turn. I can't just hole up in the cabin all the time, and there seems to be nowhere left where I can hunt or gather roots or berries without looking over my shoulder all the time to see if the vile emissaries of civilization are about to break in on me. As for returning permanently to civilization - I would rather die. I never thought civilization would close in on me so quickly - I thought this place would be good for a few years yet. But this summer it seems that about every other time I go out on a long walk I have been frustrated in one way or another by the presence of people. Where did they all come from so quickly?

Oct. 6: --- I had a rather bad dream. I dreamt that some loggers were working around the hill into the area just across the stream from my cabin, building roads and tearing everything up. Then came a stupendous power-shovel, with a bucket big enough to hold half my cabin, digging up the earth. It came closer and closer to my cabin. I yelled and screamed and waved my arms, trying to call the operator's attention to the fact that there was a cabin there, but his attention was

C1 (1975)

K-2003 B 1

rain later. (Next summer I noticed the trailer had been removed.) Still in Summer '75, I went to the camp --- apparently it is an outfitter's camp --- along the divide trail east of the Trout Creek drainage. They have a corral there, and, a little way back in the woods, a kind of lean-to with equipment stored in it. I stole an axe (this is the axe I still use), poked holes in several 5-gallon plastic water-containers, took the stovepipe and hid it off in the woods, smashed 2 thermometers, and scattered most of the other stuff around. At the end of Summer '75, after the roaring-by of motorcycles near my camp spoiled a hike for me, I put a piece of wire across a trail where cycle-tracks were visible, at about neck height for a motorcyclist (Next summer I found someone had wrapped the wire safely around a tree. Unfortunately, I doubt anyone was injured by it.) Summer '76 I went back to Mine X and put a generous quantity of sugar in the fuel-tank of the diesel engine and the gas-tank of the truck. Fall '76, when those guys were taking rock for landfill from near the cabin here, I went at night and put a large quantity of sugar in the gas tank of an oldish pickup truck they had left there. Also in Fall '76 I went to a certain cabin

Lee Mason's mailbox with my axe in such a way that it looks as if some vehicle might have hit it. Fall '77 I went to some cabins along Dalton Mountain Road. There was one pretentious-looking cabin still not finished on the inside. There was a small house-trailer parked on the lot, immaculately furnished inside. I stole a rusty animal trap I found outside the cabin. Overcoming my earlier inhibition, I smashed most of the windows in the trailer, then reached inside with my rifle and smashed a coleman lantern and 2 gas-lamp fixtures. I smashed 6 panes on the cabin. At the cabin next door I shot a hole in a new tire on a trailer. Then I got the hell out pretty quick, because all this was noisy of course, and close to the road.

As a result of indoctrination since childhood, I had strong inhibitions against doing these things, and it was only at the cost of great effort that I overcame the inhibitions. I think that perhaps I could now kill someone (and I don't mean just set a booby trap having only a fractional chance of success), under circumstances where there was very little chance of getting caught. But I'm not sure I could, because often one's brainwashing turns out to be stronger than one thought.

As for motivation: I hate the technological society because

in Rochester Gulch. From tracks I've seen, I am pretty confident that it is the people who own this cabin who are responsible for much of the motorcycle-roaring that occurs on the ridge that runs east from Baldy. Parked behind the cabin I found 2 snowmobiles and a "coot" (a 4-wheeled off-road vehicle). I sugared the gas on the coot and one of the snowmobiles. Spring '77 I went back to this same cabin. There was a diesel earth-moving machine parked near it, and I sugared the fuel tank. Then I unscrewed a window from its frame (still that inhibition about breaking windows), entered the cabin, stole a trail axe, slashed the mattresses of 6 beds they had there, slashed a sofa, and poured out a 1/3-full bottle of vodka. Summer '77 I set a booby-trap intended to kill someone, but I won't say what kind or where, because if this paper is ever found, the trap might be harmlessly removed. But it probably doesn't have more than maybe a 1 in 5 chance of killing or seriously injuring someone. Summer '77 I strung a neck-wire for motorcyclists along the divide trail above Rooster Bill Creek. Later I found the wire was gone. Whether it hurt anyone I don't know. Summer '77, up South Fork Humbug, I shot a cow in the head with my .30-30, then got the hell out of there. I mean a rancher's cow, not an elk cow. Summer '77, I went down at dawn and smashed

when we had that extra ordinary storm of wet snow that broke so many trees, that road was so closed off by fallen trees that it was hardly practical for trail bikes and snowmobiles. **Then that prick-licker Mason cleared it all out with his cat, though it is still blocked for ordinary vehicles. Makes me want to kill that prick.** Anyhow, it got me all upset and very depressed-all the more because the cock

at work. (I could think
of no other way to get
revenge without getting in
trouble with the law.) I
started Tuesday morning
by pasting up some copies
of an insulting poem that I
wrote about her. (Copy
accompanies these notes.)

In coming in in the
morning she [] had to
pass a door where I had
one of these pasted up. She
came into the plant looking
glum. []

[] After "good mornings"
were exchanged, one of the
women said to Ellen, "You
don't look like it's a good

[] denotes scratch outs

There is only one way
left to wipe out this
shame, and that is with
blood. Tomorrow I am
going to get that bitch
and mutilate her face.

Aug. 26. (Sat.) Last thursday
morning I drove to the plant
and parked in the lot, waiting
for Ellen. When she arrived,
I ran over to her car, said I
wanted to speak to her briefly,
and told her to move over so
I could get out of the rain.
This she did slowly and
grudgingly, and I got into
the driver's seat. I carried
with me a knife [insert-concealed]
in a paper
bag. I began by saying that

2 (circled)

C230-E (8/29/78)

technology crap. So its not a question of preserving my life and health; getting out of the power of civilization has long since become an end in itself for me.

By now I have practically lost all hope of ever attaining this end. Thus, my happiness in my Montana hills is spoiled every time an airplane passes over or any-thing else happens that reminds me of the inescapability of civilization. Life under the thumb of modern civilization seems worthless to me, and thus I more and more ~~fell~~ felt that life was coming to a dead end for me, and death began at times to look attractive - it would mean peace.

There was just one thing that ~~re~~ really made me determined to cling to life for awhile, and that was the desire for revenge. I wanted to kill some people, preferably including at least one scientist, businessman, or other bigshot.

This actually was my biggest reason for coming back to Illinois this spring. In Montana, if I went to the city to mail a bomb to some bigshot, Dick Landberg would doubtless remember I rode his bus that day. In the anonymity of the big city I figured it would be much safer to buy materials for a bomb, and mail it. (Though the death - wish had appeared, it was still far from dominant, and therefore I preferred not to be suspected of crime)

As mentioned in some of my notes, I did make an attempt with a bomb - whether successful or not I don't know.

C1 (1978-1979)
it deprives me of personal autonomy. The technological society may be in some sense inevitable, but it is so only because of the way people behave. Consequently I hate people. (I may have some other reasons for hating some people, but the main reason is that people are responsible for the technological society and its associated phenomena, from motor-cycles to computers to psychological controls. Almost anyone who holds steady employment is contributing his part in maintaining the technological society.) Of course, the people I hate most are those who consciously and wilfully promote the technological society, such as scientists, big businessmen, union leaders, politicians, etc., etc. I emphasize that my motivation is personal revenge. I don't pretend to any kind of philosophical or moralistic justification. The concept of morality is simply one of the psychological tools by which society controls people's behavior. My ambition is to kill a scientist, big businessman, government official, or the like. I would also like to kill a Communist.

Aug 21, 1978: I came back to the Chicago area in May, mainly for one reason: So that I could more safely

attempt to murder a scientist, businessman, or the like. Before leaving Montana, I made a bomb in a kind of box, designed to explode when the box was opened. This was a long, narrow box. I picked the name of an electrical engineering professor out of the catalogue of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and addressed the bomb-package to him. I took the package to downtown Chicago, intending to mail it from there (this was in late May, I think around the 28th or 29th), but it didn't fit in mail boxes, and the post-office package-drops I checked did not look as if they would swallow such a long package, except in one post-office (Merchandise Mart); but that was where I had bought stamps for the package a few days before, so I was afraid to go there again because, going there twice in a short time, my face might be remembered. So I took the bomb over to the U. of Illinois Chicago Circle Campus, and surreptitiously dropped it between two parked cars in the lot near the science and technology buildings. I hoped that a student --- preferably one in a scientific field --- would pick it up, and would either be a good citizen and take the package to a post office to be sent to Rensselaer, or would open the package himself and blow his hands off, or get killed. I checked the newspapers carefully afterward, but could get no information about the outcome of what I did --- the papers seem to report only crimes of special importance. I have not the least feeling of guilt about this --- on the contrary, I am proud of what I did. But I wish I had some assurance that I succeeded in

killing or maiming someone. I am now working, in odd moments, on another bomb.

May 31, 1979. The bomb mentioned just above used match-heads as an explosive. Earlier this month I left it in a room marked "graduate student research" at the Technological Institute at Northwestern University. The bomb was in a cigar box and was arranged to go off when the box was opened. I did it this way instead of mailing the bomb to someone because an unexpected package in the mail might arouse suspicion, especially since a short while before there had been an incident in the news where cops in Alabama had been killed and maimed by a bomb sent them in the mail.

According to the newspaper, a "graduate researcher" at Northwestern was "hospitalized with cuts on the arms and burns around the eyes" as a result of my bomb. (Tribune, May 9) Unfortunately, I didn't notice anything in the article indicating that he would suffer any permanent disability. I figured the bomb was probably not powerful enough to kill (unless one of the lead pellets I put in it happened to penetrate a vital organ). But I had hoped that the victim would be blinded or have his hands blown off or be otherwise maimed. Actually, the guy might have been blinded if he hadn't been wearing glasses. The article said his "eyeglasses were blown off." He had burns around the eyes, and maybe he would have had burns in the eyes if his

glasses hadn't momentarily retarded the flow of hot gasses. Well, at least I put him in the hospital, which is better than nothing. But not enough to satisfy me. Well, live and learn. No more match-head bombs. I wish I knew how to get hold of some dynamite.

By the way, my motive for keeping these notes separate from the others is the obvious one. Some of my other notes contain hints of crime, but no actual accounts of felonies. But these notes must be very carefully kept from everyone's eyes. Kept separate from the other notes they make a small, compact packet, easily concealed.

C227-F (6/27/79 +)

[Note-all page numbers are circled]

SERIES II, #6

3

TUESDAY,
June 26, 1979. I started out
before dawn this morning
and am now at an old campsite
of mine overlooking McClellan
Creek. It feels very good to
be in the wild country again.
I especially value the silence
here. (It is now so noisy around
my cabin.) **The only disruptive
sounds this morning have been
caused by the 9 evil jet planes
that have passed within my
hearing.** WED. June 27. Am
now camped at another of my
old campsites in the McClellan
Creek drainage, high up. It
takes 2 very exhausting days of
toting a heavy pack over steep

lunch and now feel better.
Only one thing wrong. **Astonishing**
number of jets flew over [illegible].
I didn't keep count, but there
were too damn many. I hate
them. Tues WED

July 3. July 4. In the 24-
hr. period ending yesterday
evening I counted 20 jets
passing-which of course
omits any that passed while I
slept. This morning I shot a
squirrel near camp. I have
been using saxifrage in
my soups: It is pretty good
for that purpose if cooked long
enough to become tender.
Getting water down by the
stream today, I was attracted

have to be within about 10 feet of a squirrel to be sure of a kill. So hell with it.

(Evening:) today, no less than 28 jets passed within my hearing. In spring 1978 I counted the jets on many days and the record for a 24-hour period was 20. Usually the number was much lower (like 13-16). It seems incredible that the number of jets should increase so much in one year. But maybe I am closer to some major air route here than at my cabin. I'll have to make a few counts when I get back to cabin. Or, many of the jets

No meat today, but am much enjoying huckleberries. In morning I went to sit on the cliffs not far from camp. I broke a dead juniper stem and much enjoyed its fragrance. Brought some juniper back to camp for firewood to make smoke smell good. July 24.

**The 22nd was very bad for jets-
heard many. Yesterday was quite
good-heard only 8 jets. Today was
good in early morning, but later
in morning there was aircraft
noise almost without intermission
for, I would estimate, about an
hour. [insert-Partly jet noise and partly light
planes.] Then there was a very loud
sonic boom. This was the last straw
and it reduced me to tears of
impotent rage. But I have a**

plan for revenge. I think I can make it work. No one who doesn't know how to appreciate the wonderful peace and satisfaction that one can get from solitude and silence in the woods. In Lombard, Illinois there is far more jet noise, and at times it is very annoying, but it does not disturb me nearly as much as does the lesser jet noise here, because here the noise destroys something wonderful; while in the city there is nothing for the noise to destroy, because one is living in a shit-pile anyway. As I get older, my needs get fewer. But there is

aside my anger at the jets, in order to enjoy this wonderful forest. But that solid hour of aircraft noise (partly jets and partly light planes) yesterday, capped by a startling sonic boom, brought up all that anger. Things are spoiled for me now, so I will go home today. Then I will work on my revenge plan. I feel very melancholy about leaving this camp. I was so happy here. I had looked forward to staying out in the woods much longer than this. Isn't there any place left where one can just go off by oneself and have peace and

left on my hike this summer,
I put sugar in the gas tank of
one of Mason's snowmobiles. So
hopefully he will have some
trouble with it this winter.
When I went out on my
hike this summer I was
planning to lie in ambush by
some roadside (dirt by-road)
a long way from home and
shoot some trail-bikers or
other mechanized desecrators of
the forest, without too much
regard for consequences. But
once I was out in the woods
I started to reconsider, for
2 reasons. One was that

once I was out in the woods
I felt so good that I started
to care about the future again
-I wanted to have more years
to spend in the woods. The other
reason is that I thought of
an excellent scheme for revenge
on a bigger scale and didn't
want to screw it up by getting
caught for something else
before I had a chance to
carry it out. Considering
technological civilization as a
monstrous octopus, the
motorcyclists, jeep-riders,
and other intruders into the
forest are only the tips of
the tentacles. I was not

really satisfied with striking at these. My other plan would let me strike perhaps not at the head, but at least much further up along the tentacles:

In spite of this, I wanted to shoot some of those miners who were fucking things up down around Washington Creek, if I could get an opportunity that the looked safe from the point of view of not getting caught. One day I went down there and watched, from cover, a guy with a bulldozer who was tearing a huge chunk out

bulldozer. It was hard to do any thing to it because of its sturdy, tank-like construction, but I cut the fan-belt, cut some tubes, put dirt in the place where oil goes in, and a few other such things. Besides that, there was a nice new pickup down by the road, I think belonging to some of these mining-fools, and I smashed the windshield and cut some belts and tubes on it.

Now, ever since that last day out when I was upset by the almost solid hour of

aircraft noise, I have never taken any full or unalloyed satisfaction in the woods-even on those days when there are few aircraft, motorcycles, or other disturbances. In fact, I have made a conscious decision not to let myself have that feeling of wilderness freedom anymore in this area, because it is just too miserable when that satisfaction is shattered by planes or the like. I now feel sure that this area will never again be for me a satisfactory refuge from the System. You understand, it

is not the noise in itself that bothers me, but what that noise signifies. It is the voice of the Octopus--the octopus that will allow nothing to exist outside the range of its control. Now, with all the planes and so forth, this area makes me think too much of those miserable remnants of prairie that one sees in the Chicago area around airports and in suburban factory districts, or of the smog-choked Cook County Forest Preserves. Just sad reminders of what once was;

though I no longer find satisfaction in this mountain country, I still love it. I suppose it is the same way a mother loves a child who has been crippled and mutilated. It is a love filled with grief.

Again, it is not the aircraft noise in itself that ruins things-it is the spiritually unsatisfactory situation of which that noise is part, and of which it is a constant reminder. Part of the spiritual unsatisfactoriness is in the fact that there is always more and

more intrusion of technological civilization, never less. No hope for the future. I can no longer feel in this area that I have gotten outside the system.

I would add, incidentally, that since coming back here to montana, and getting partly out of the system, my craving for women has vanished. Again I am even somewhat repelled by the idea of being tied down emotionally by such a relationship. Though at the same time I've been a little attracted by the practical advantages there

[Highlighted sections were in numeric code.]

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

Notebook X
APRIL 8

find what I want. The main
problem is to avoid **JET PLANES**.
I've not had success trying to
get information about what areas
are free of **THEM**.

Thus I have to drive around blind,
so to speak, and investigate
different places personally. I've had
to be cautious about making
inquiries concerning what areas are
free of **COMMERCIAL ((COMMERCIAL)) AIR ROUTES**
because I have **COMMITTED CRIMES**
DIRECTED AGAINST PLANES,

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 9

**SO I DON'T WANT TO CALL ATTENTION
TO MYSELF AZ ((AS)) ONE WHO HATES PLANES
AND WANTS TO AVOID THEM!**

June 29, 1980. My brother has a weak, flaccid personality, and I have no respect for him. His ideology of "Art" is based on self-deception; and is quite imitative, in spite of the fact that (like most who latch onto that ideology) he claims to abhor imitation. On the other hand, I have a real affection for him. Thus, my feelings toward him tend to waver between affection and contempt.

July 30, 1980: From "Mythology of All Races, Ed. Louis Herbert Gray, Cooper Square Publishers, Inc. New York, 1964:

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 20

very probable that there is more diversity in our society if you take people from widely different backgrounds (say a ghetto nigger and [S/O] ~~profess~~ an upper middle class type) than what ordinarily occurs between two individuals in a New Guinea village. But it's not so clear if you restrict attention to a particular class in our society (say upper-middle-class- [S/O] ~~bus~~ businessman).

Aug 18, 1980: IN JUNE NINETEEN EIGHTY,
I SENT A BOMB TO P.A. WOOD, PSES. ((PRES.))
OF UNITED AIR LINES. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPERS

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 21

HOSPITALIZED WITH CUTS AND BURNS AND HAD
SURGERY FOR REMOVAL OF FRAGMENTS. POST
OFFICE IFFERED ((OFFERED)) FIVE THOWZAND
((THOUSAND)) BUKS ((BUCKS)) REWARD FOR
CSQRTV IDENTIFICATION OF CULPRIT. FBI
SAID BOMB HAD ENUF POWDER TO KILL, BUT
"FAULTY CRAFTSMANSHIP" WEAKENED IT CAUSE

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 22

CULPRIT "LEFT SOMETHING LOORE ((LOOSE))".
THIS FALSE, THO MY DESIGN MAY HAVE BEEN
POOR DUE TO IGNORANCE OF THE TECHNOLOGY.
THE DETONATOR DID ALL I DESIGNED IT TO DO.
IT IGNITED THE POWDER. I KNOW FOR CERTAIN
THERE WAS NOTHING "LOOSE" IN THE EXPLOSIVE
UNIT ITSELF, CAUSE THE ENDS OF THE PIPE

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 23

WERE STOPPED WITH POODEN ((WOODEN)) PLUGS
FASTENED WITH EPOXY AND FOR EACH PLUG TWO
NAILS PASSING THRU PLUG AND BOTH SIDES OF
PIPE. THERE WOULD BE NOTHING ELSE TO GET
LOOSE THAT COULD WEAKEN ERPLODSION ((EXPLOSION)).
PROBABLY ((PROBABLY)), BOMB WEAK FROM
NAIVE DESIGN OR FBI MISTAKEN ABOUT TYPE

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 24

**OF POWDER. THEY WERE PARTLY WRONG ABOUT
TYPE OF SWITCH USED, JUDGING FROM
NEWSPAPER."**

Sept. 15, 1980. Shortly after getting back to Montana after spending the greater part of a year working in the Chicago area, I reported in my notes that I no longer had the powerful desire for women that had troubled me while I was living among people. That was correct, and I am still untroubled by any strong sexual desire. Furthermore, I now look with a certain amount of disgust not only on the desire for sexual love that I experienced while at

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 26

Another topic: Since COMMITTING THE
CRIMES REPORTED ELSEWHERE IN MY NOTES
I FEEL BETTER. I AM STILL PLENTY
ANGRY, you understand, but the
difference is that I AM
NOW ABLE TO STRIKE BACK, to a
degree. True, I CAN'T STRIKE BACK
TO ANYTHING LIKE THE EXTENT I WISH
TO, BUT I NO LONGER FEEL TOTALLY
HELPLESS, AND THE ANGER DUZZENT ((DOESN'T))
GNAW AT MY GUTS AS IT USED TO.

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 27

GUILTY FEELINGS? YES, A LITTLE.
OCCASIONALLY I HAVE BAD DREAMS IN
WHICH THE POLICE ARE AFTER ME.
OR IN WHICH I AM THREATENED WITH
PUNISHMENT FROM SOME SUPER NATURAL
SOURCE. SUCH AS THE DEVIL. BUT
THESE DON'T OCCUR OFTEN YOU ENUF TO
BE A PROBLEM. I AM DEFINITELY GLAD
TO HAVE DONE WHAT I HAVE.

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 28

Just **TWO OR THREE WEEKS AGO I**
COMMITTED A PARTICULARLY SATISFY SMALL
MISDEED. Feeling the need for a little
peace, I took a couple of weeks rations
in my pack and set off. I went first to
THE THICKETS AROUND THE HEAD OF ROCHESTER
GULCH. Tired, I cooked a little cake of
bannock, ate, and lay back to rest.
Despite occasional passing airplanes,
the peace of the woods began to settle
over me. Then my ears picked up a tiny
fluctuating sound that seemed like
THE DISTANT BUZZ OF CHAINSA-

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 29

WS but it was so faint that I dismissed it as imaginary. However, the noise soon became louder, and it came closer so rapidly that I concluded it was **NO LOGGING OPERATION. SOMEONE MUST BE CUTTING A TRAIL THRU THVSE ((THOSE)) THICKETS OF WHICH I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN** especially fond, because they are difficult to walk through, and therefore I had always felt sure of my solitude in them. Though tired, I picked up my **[S/O]** rifle, stuck a few items in my pockets, and went to investigate. By this time **THE CUTTERS WERE PASSING**

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

APRIL 30

**WITHIN A HUNDERD YARDS OF MY CAMP AND I
COULDD HEAR THEIR VOICES.** I sneaked through
the thickets very quietly. I passed
close to a male spruce grouse
which had been resting on the
ground, sitting flat on its belly. It
moved slowly away, watching me
dubiously. When I got close enough,
I stood and watched **THE CUTTERS.** I
**COULD HAVE SHOT ONE, BUT I WAS AFRAID
THAT IN THAT CASE I MITE BE TRACKED BY
DOGS** and with my heavy pack and
fatigue I was in no position to
GET AWAY BY SOME LONG

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 1

COMPLICATED ROUTE

wading along stream beds. After
a while I saw **THEM MOVE A
MOTORCYCLE ALONG THE TRAIL
THEY HAD CUT.** I was now
fairly sure these must be the
**PEOPLE WHO HAVE ONE OF
THE CABINS AT THE MOUTH
OF ROCHESTER GULCH.**

I think these people are some
of the **MAIN CULPRTS
AMONG THOSE WHO GO TEARING
OVER THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
ON THEIR CYCLES.** You can
follow the tracks to where they

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 2

come out quite near **THAT**
CABIN, AND THERE IS A BIG
RUTTED PLACE WHERE THE
MOTORCYCLES climb up
to get up on the ridge. This
new **TRAIL WOULD NICELY**
COMPLEMENT THE ROUTES THEY USE,
AND LET THEM RIDE PAST THE
HEAD OF ROCHESTER.

After watching them play with
their CHAINSAWS A WHILE, I
sneaked around behind them and
followed **BACK ALONG THEIR**
OWN TRAIL for

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 3

maybe 1/8 or 1/4 mile until I found
where **THEY HAD LEFT THEIR
OTHER TWO MOTORCYCLES. I
PUT SUGAR IN THE GAS TANKS
OF BOTH AND SLASHED ALL
THE TIRES. THEN I SNEAKED
BACK TO MY CAMP.** Here
I waited tensely for a while, afraid
to move out immediately because
it's very hard to move **THICKETS
WITH A PACK, AND THEY WERE
WLKING ((WALKING)) SO CLOSE
THAT I WAS AFRAID THEY MITE
HEAR ME.** In the intervals
when they **WERE NOT RUNNING
THE SAWS.**

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 4

After a while I heard the first
**CYCLE RUNNING UP WHERE THE
OTHER TWO CYCLES HAD BEEN LEFT.**
After a short interval it ran
back to where **THE WORK
HAD BEEN GOING ON,**
and after another interval I heard
it **ROERING ((ROARING)) AWAY
OVER THE MTN ((MOUNTAIN)),
AND DOWN** in the
general direction of the
MOUTH OF ROCHESTER. I
waited a while longer, and, all
being quiet, I loaded up my
pack and moved out. I was more
successful than I'd expected
(though not completely so) in
being **QUIET WITH THE PACK IN**

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 5

THE THICKET. After some hard work getting through that stuff, I went down to a favorite campsite of mine, near where

I HAD MY SECRET

SHACK. Here I found the peace I wanted. But next day I went home, because I was **NERVUS ((NERVOUS)) ABOUT LINGERING ANY WHERE IN THE AREA AFTER MY MISDEED.**

I was particularly pleased with myself after this incident, for 2 reasons. For one thing, it was a very **NEAT TRICK THAT I PULLED.**
THOSE FUCKERS MUST HAVE BEEN

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 6

ASTONISHED AND MYSTIFIED TO
FIND THEIR CYCLES RIPPED UP
ONLY A QUARDER ((QUARTER))
MILE FROM WHERE THEY
WERE WORKING, IN AN AREA
WHERE THEY WOULD hardly
expect to FIND ANY
PEEPLE ((PEOPLE)). For
another thing, this
REVENGE WAS PARTICULARLY
SATISFYING BECAUSE IT WAS
AN immediate and precisely
directed response TO
THE PROVOCATION.
Contrast it with the
REVENGE I ATTEMPTED FOR
JET NOISE. I LONG FELT

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 7

**FRUSTRATED ANGER AGAINST
THE PLANES.**

After complicated preparation I
succeeded in **INJURING THE
PRES OF UNITED A.L., BUT HE WAS
ONLY ONE OF A VAST ARMY OF
PEEPL (PEOPLE)**

WHO directly and indirectly are
responsible for the **JETS.**

SO THE REVENGE

WAS long delayed, vaguely directed,
and inadequate **TO THE
PROVOCATION.** Thus it felt
good to be able, for a change, to
**STRIKE BACK IMMEDIATELY
AND** directly.

A few days later I
**SENT ANONYMOUS NOTE
TO THE FOREST SERVICE**

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 8

**SERVICE INFORMING THEM OF THAT
PRESUMABLY ILLEGAL TRAIL.**

But I think the **F.S. IS A
LITTLE LAX ABOUT SUCH THINGS,
AND IF THEY DO ANYTHING AT
ALL THEY PROBABLY ONLY
REPRIMAND THE PEOPLE**
concerned.

Sept. 23, 1980: Yesterday I got back from
a 5-day excursion in mostly wet,
drizzly or rainy weather. Generally
slept cold at night. At the age of 38, I
should be well over the hill physically,

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 29

OF ORGANIED ((ORGANIZED))
SOCIETY AS "SICK" AND THERE-
FORE UNHAPPY, BUT I FIND THAT
I AM A HAPPY MAN OF COURSE.
I HAVE HAD MUCH SATISFACTION
AND HAPPINESS EVER SINCE I
CAME TO LIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS,
BUT ALL TOO OFTEN I WAS ACUTELY
TROUBLED BY FRUSTRATED ANGER AT
MITORCYCLES, AIRPLANES, ALL

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 30

THAT STUFF AGAINST WHICH MY
JOURNALS ARE FULL OF CIMPLAINTS,
AND AT THE DEATH OF WILDERNESS
AND FREEDOM THAT I FORESEE. I
SOMETIMES FELT AS IF I WANTED
TO DIE ALONG WITH THE WILDER-
NESS. HOWEVER, SINCE ACQUIRING
THE ABILITY TO COMMIT REVENGE
CRIMES, I HAVE FOUND VAST RELIEF
FROM THESE PROBLEMS. NOW MY ANGER

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

MAY 31

NEED NO LONGER BE HELD IN. ALSO,
I HAVE MADE A CHANGE OF ATTITUDE.
Wild country is still best, but now I
am more willing to take what good
things I can get from life even
when I can't isolate myself from
the system nearly as much as I'd
like. This change of attitude is
made possible by MY REVENGE ((REVENGE))
CRIMES, BECAUSE (SINCE I CAN STRIKE
BACK) THIS CHANGE OF ATTITUDE NO
LONGER ((LONGER)) REPRESENTS A
HUMILIATING, SLAVISH SURRENDER.

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

JUNE 2

**WITH FRUSTRATED ANGER, PROVIDED
I CAN GET SOME REVENGE.**

Jan. 21. Having chiseled and ground the surface of my flat stone to make it more efficient for grinding seeds, I am now adding a heaping tablespoonful of meal made by grinding pennycress seeds to each of my cakes of bread -- the pennycress meal being substituted for an equal amount of whole-wheat flour. I am short on whole-wheat flour, which I need for roughage to keep my guts acting right, so that the equally rough pennycress meal is useful in stretching my supply. It makes a dark-brown bread of very good flavor, with a mustardy bite to

(TN: Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

K2046A
PAGE 63

AUGUST 8

[Spanish]

[Spanish]

3 [Spanish]

gadas: -10° , -21° , $+10^{\circ}$, $+10^{\circ}$, -8° ,
 -15° , 0° , -2° .

[Spanish]

-21° y -22°

$-29\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ ($-31\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$)

[Spanish]

Feb. 12. I RECENTLY WROTE IN A LETTER
TO MY BROTHER THAT THE INHIBITIONS
THAT HAVE BEEN TRAINED INTO ME ARE

[TN:Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

AUGUST 9

TOO STRONG TO PERMIT ME EVER TO
COMMIT A SERIOUS CRIME. THIS MAY
SURPRIZE READER CONSIDERING SOME
THINGS REPORTED IN THESE NOTES,
BUT MOTIVE IS CLEAR. I WANT TO
AVOID ANY POSSIBLE SUSPICION ON
MY BROTHERS PART.

Feb. 14. [Spanish]

AUGUST 15

[Spanish]

Pero tengo otro motivo
(mas importante por mucho)
de aceptar este dinero.

[Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

AND THIS IS THAT MY PROJECTS
FOR REVENGE ON THE TECHNOLOGICAL
SOCIETY ARE EXPENSIVE AND I NEED
MONEY TO CARRY THEM OUT.

[Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

AUGUST 16

FOR INSTANCE, LAST FALL I
ATTEMPTED A BOMBING AND
SPENT NEARLY THREE HUNDRED
BUCKS JUST FOR TRAVEL EX-
PENSES, MOTEL, CLOTHING
FOR DISGUISE, ETC. ASIDE
FROM COST OF MATERIALS FOR
BOMB. AND THEN THE THING
FAILED TO EXPLODE.

[Unsure exactly where coded words break between lines & pages]

AUGUST 17

DAMN, THIS WAS THE FIREBOMB
FOUND IN U. OF UTAH BUSINESS
SCHOOL OUTSIDE DOOR OF ROOM
CONTAINING SOME COMPUTER
STUFF.

March 6. [Spanish]

32°. [Spanish]

C228-H (5/18/80)

when my anger against modern civilization is such that I really need some form of escapism, and at least mathematics is far less degrading than watching TV and that kind of crap. Doubtless I will turn to mathematics again when the need to escape arises. But I want to record it here that the fact that I work on mathematics at times does not imply that I respect it or feel it is worthwhile or anything of that sort. On the contrary, it is merely a rather unwholesome pleasure that I turn to sometimes when I need to forget.

Of course, the kind of mathematics I play with is not likely ever to have any practical applications-i.e., it is not likely ever to be useful to The System. April 27. This past winter I shot 41 rabbits, at a cost of 42 cartridges, and trapped one rabbit. But haven't been keeping any consistent record of what I shoot any more. Have shot a couple of grouse this spring, though (being involved in other projects) I've done little hunting or gathering. A couple of days ago I had a fine day. Shot a particularly large packrat at the old mine, and a big male blue grouse that I heard grunting up on the ridge, and I got waterleaf, bitter-root, lomatium, dandelions, and wild onions. So I've had excellent eating last couple of days. The lomatium was better than usual, whether because I cooked it longer or because it was gathered earlier, hence more starchy. These fine spring days are pure joy. There's been a little bird hanging around here whose singing is most wondrously beautiful.

(next page)

(circled) 5

May 18, 1980. I have got hold of an introductory book on **electronics**. I'd like to learn electronics because I hope to use it for purposes of mischief-making - i.e. war against the system. But I have other projects in hand, and also it takes a lot of time around here just to get a proper diet (hunting, gathering greens, getting firewood, cooking), so that as yet I have not made much progress in reading on electronics. But I've been doing a lot more recreational reading than I used to do when living here in the mountains, because some of my projects are such as I don't enjoy, and I have to make myself pursue them; and also because as mentioned before my satisfaction in living in this country has been largely spoiled (planes, etc.); hence I am now doing (**carat** - much) more reading for relaxation - escapism than I used to do. But electronics is not relaxing.

(end of document)

U-1 (1980)

3414 N. Ravenswood
Chicago, IL 60657
June 3, 1980

Mr. Percy Addison Wood
887 Forest Hill
Lake Forest, IL 60045

Dear Mr. Wood:

I am taking the liberty of sending you, under separate cover, a book which I believe to have great social significance. I am sending copies of this book, "Ice Brothers," by Sloan Wilson, to a number of prominent people in the Chicago area because I believe this to be truly a book for our time, a book that should be read by all who make important decisions affecting the public welfare.

I realize that a man in your position does not have time to read every book that is recommended to him, so that I may have wasted time and money in sending you a copy of Mr. Wilson's work. But I feel sure that it will be worth your while to at least glance through the book. Since it is as entertaining as it is significant, perhaps you will then decide to read the entire work.

Sincerely,

Enoch W. Fischer

Percy
Wood
Letter

(Highlighted sections were in numeric code.)

Decoded
Notebook
Re Bombs

Date of transcription 5/7/96

The following is a decoded transcription of notebooks K2046C (A1) and K778F (B1).

"MAY ABOUT 1982 I SENT A BOMB TO A COMPUTER EXPERT NAMED PATRICK FISVER. HIS SECRETARY OPENED IT. ONE NEWSPAPER SAID SHE WAS IN HOSPITAL? IN GOOD CONDITION? WITH ARM AND CHEST CUTS. OTHER NEWSPAPER SAID BOMB DROVE FRAGMENTS OF WOOD INTO HER FLESH. BUT NO INDICATION THAT SHE WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED. FRUSTRATING THAT I CANT SEEM TO MAKE O LETHAL BOMB. USED SHOTGUN POWDER IN THIS LAST HOPING IT WOULD DO BETTER THAN RIFLE POWDER. NEXT I MUST TRY ANOTHER GASOLINE BOMB, DIFFERENT DESIGN. THOUGH GASOLINE BOMB I TRIED LAST FALL DID NOT GO OFF. REVENGE ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN GOBBLING MUCH TIME, IMPEDING OTHER WORK. BUT I MUST SUCCEED, MUST GET REVENGE. NOT LONG AFTER FOREGOING, I THINK IN JUNE OR

JULY, I WENT TO U. OF CALIFORNIA BERKELEY AND PLACED IN COMPUTER SCIENCE BUILDING A BOMB CONSISTING OF A PIPEBOMB IN GALLON CAN OF GASOLINE. ACCORDING TO NEWSPAPER, VICE CHAIRMAN OF COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. PICKED IT UP. HE WAS CONSIDERED TO BE "OUT OF DANGER OF LOSING ANY FINGERS", BUT WOULD NEED

FURTHER SURGERY FOR BONE AND TENDON DAMAGE IN HAND. APPARENTLY PIPE BOMB WENT OFF BUT DID NOT IGNITE GASOLINE. I DONT UNDERSTAND IT. FRUSTRATED. TRAVELING EXPENSES FOR RAIDS SUCH AS THE FOREGOING ARE VERY HARD ON MY SLENDER FINANCIAL RESOURCES. LOST SUMMER DYNAMITE BLAST WAS BOOMING ALL OVER THE HILLS. OCCASIONALLY AUDIBLE AT MY CABIN, MUCH MORE AUDIBLE A COUPLE OF MILES EAST OF HERE. EXXON CONDUCTING SEISMIC EXPLORATION FOR OIL. COUPLE OF HELICOPTERS FLYING ALL OVER THE HILLS, LOWER A THING WITH DYNAMITE ON CABLE, MAKE BLAST ON GROUND, INSTRUMENTS MEASURE VIBRATIONS. EARLY AUGUST I WENT AND CAMPED OUT, MOSTLY IN WHAT I CALL DIAGONAL GULCH, HOPING TO SHOOT UP A HELICOPTER IN AREA EAST OF CRATER MTN. PROVED HARDER THAN I THOUGHT, BECAUSE HELICOPTERS ALWAYS IN MOTION, NEVER KNOW WHERE THEY WILL GO NEXT,

TALL TREES IN WAY OF SHOT. ONLY ONCE HAD BE HALF A CHANCE. 2
QUICK SHOTS, ROUGHLY AIMED, AS COPTER CROSSED SPACE
BETWEEN 2 TREES. MISSED BOTH. WHEN I GOT BACK TO CAMP I C2IED,
PARTLY FROM FRUSTRATION AT MISSING, BUT MOSTLY GRIEF ABOUT AT
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE COUNTRY. IT IS SO BEAUTIFUL. BUT IF
THEY FIND OIL,DISASTER. EVEN WHOF NOT FIND OIL, THE BLASTS AND
HELICOPTERS RUIN IT. DESECRATION. WHERE CAN I GO NOW FOR PEACE
AND QUIET? TRUE,IF NOT FIND OIL,EXXON WILL EVENTUALLY LEAVE
HERE. BUT IF IT ISNT ONE THING ITS ANOTHER. SUCH AS ONE OF MY
FAVORITE PLACES BEING LOGGED OFF,SPEAING OF WHICH, SUMMER OF 1981
I BEGAN HEARING DISAGREABLE NOISES OF MACHINERY,SOMETIMES
SURPRISINGLY LOUD, DEPENDING APPARENTLY ON METEOROLOICAL
CONDITIONS. OFTEN BUT OTHERWISE BEAUTIFUL, SILENT MORNING WAS
RUINED FOR ME WHEN THESE NOISES STARTED UP. THE FOLLOWING WINTER
MANY OTHERWISE PLEASANT EXCURSIONS WERE RUINED FOR ME BY THE
MOANING AND HOWLING OF THOSE IRON MONSTERS, AUDIBLE BUT OFTEN
LOUDLY) FOR MILES OVER THE HILLS. MADE UP MY MIND TO GET
REVENGE, BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE JUST WHERE NOISE WAS
COMING FROM. HAD TO WAIT FOR SUMMER AWYWAY, SINCE MY TRACKS
COULD EASILY BE FOLLOWED IN SNOW. BUT NOISE SEEMED TO STOP IN
SPRING. THEN I BEGAN HEARING IT AGAIN IN LATE SUMMER,1982. I
THINK IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER THAT I TOOK BLANKET, PISTOL, 1 DAYS
RATIONS AND FOLLOWED NOISE TO FIND IT CAME FROM A LOGGING
OPERATION IN WILLOW CREEK DRAINAGE, LOGGING OFF ONE OF MY
FAVORITE WILD SPOTS. THEIR METHOD WAS HORRIBLE. AS FAR AS I
COULD TELL WITHOUT GOING CLOSE ENOUGH TO RISK BEING SEEN, THEY
WERE JUST PUSHING TREES OVER WITH BULLDOZERS INSTEAD OF CUTTING
WITH SAWS. WHEN THEY LEFT FOR THE DAY I WENT IN AND FOUND THE
WHOLE SURFACE OF THE GROUND STRIPPED RIGHT OFF LEAVING UGLY
TANGLE OF LIMBS, UPROOTED TRUNKS, AND DIRT. THEY LEFT A 5
GALLON CAN OF OIL SITTING ON THEIR MACHINE THAT THEY USE TO
PICKUP LOGS AND LOAD THEM ON TRUCK. I POURED THE OIL OVER
THE MACHINES ENGINE AND SET FIRE TO IT. I BET IT COST OVER 1000
BUCKS TO FIX IT. SPENT PLEASANT NIGHT SLEEPING
OUT ON TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN AND CAME HOME LEISURELY IN THE
MORNING. I FELT SO GOOD AFTER HAVING DONE THIS. THOUGH A
MITE UNEASY OVER THE RISK OF BEING SUSPECTED. FORGOT TO
MENTION, ON TRIP WHERE I SHOT AT HELICOPTER, I CHOPPED
DOWN WOODEN POWER LINE POLE, HOGUM CREEK AREA. FEW YEARS AGO
SOME FUCKERS BUILT A VACATION HOUSE JUST ACROSS
STEMPLE PASS ROAD. MOTORCYCLE AND SNOWMOBILE FIENDS. THEY WOULD
BUZZ UP AND DOWN ROAD PAST MY CABIN ON MOST WEEKENDS,
SUMMER AND WINTER. LAST SUMMER SEEMED THEY WERE WORSE THAN
USUAL. SOMETIMES MADE IT A 3 DAY WEEKEND. WHEN THEY WERE NOT

Vandalism
-Bull Dozer
-Cabin ->

BUZZING UP THIS ROAD I WOULD HEAR THOSE CYCLES GROWLING AND GROWLING OVER BY THEIR PLACE, ALL DAY LONG. IT WAS GETTING ABSOLUTELY INTOLERABLE. MY HEART IS GOING BAD. TAKES EXERCISE OK, BUT ANY EMOTIONAL STRESS, ANGER ABOVE ALL, MAKES IT BEAT IREGULARLY. IT GOT SO THAT THAT CONSTANT CYCLE NOISE WAS CHOKING ME WITH ANGER, HEART GOING WILD. RISKY TO COMMIT CRIME SO CLOSE TO HOME, BUT I FIGURED IF I DID NOT GET THOSE GUYS, THE ANGER WOULD LITERALLY KILL ME ANYWAY. SO ONE NIGHT IN FALL I SNEAKED OVER THERE, THOUGH THEY WERE HOME, AND STOLE THEIR CHAINSAW, BURIED IT IN A SWAMP. THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH, SO COUPLE WEEKS LATER WHEN THEY HAD LEFT THE PLACE, I CHOPPED MY WAY INTO THEIR HOUSE, SMASHED UP INTERIOR PRETTY THOROUGHLY. IT WAS A REAL LUXURY PLACE. THEY ALSO HAD A MOBILE HOME THERE. I BROKE INTO THAT TOO, FOUND SILVER PAINTED MOTORCYCLE INSIDE, SMASHED IT UP WITH THEIR OWN AX. THEY HAD 4 SNOWMOBILES SITTING OUTSIDE. I THOROUGHLY SMASHED ENGINES OF THOSE WITH THE AX. THINK THEY WERE THE ONES I CUT CYCLE TRAIL AT ROCHESTER, SINCE SILVER PAINTED CYCLE IS UNUSUAL. WEEK OR SO LATER, COPS CAME UP HERE AND ASKED ME IF I HAD SEEN ANYONE FOOLING AROUND WITH ANY BUILDINGS AROUND HERE. ALSO ASKED IF I HAD HAD ANY PROBLEMS WITH MOTORCYCLES. THIS LAST QUESTION SUGGESTS THAT THE TRUTH CROSSED THEIR MINDS. BUT PROBABLY THEY DID NOT SERIOUSLY SUSPECT ME, OTHERWISE THEIR QUESTIONING WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO PERFUNCTORY. THIS WINTER (1982 TO 1983) VERY FEW SNOWMOBILES HAVE COME BY. I SUPPOSE EITHER THOSE FUCKERS HAVE NOT GOT MACHINES FIXED YET, OR HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS SOMEONE WHO WILL NOT LET THEM GET AWAY WITH TERRORIZING THE AREA. WHO SAYS CRIME DOESNT PAY? I FEEL VERY GOOD ABOUT THIS. I AM ALSO PLEASED THAT I WAS SO COOL AND COLLECTED IN ANSWERING COPS QUESTIONS. DEC 29, 1979. IN SOME OF MY NOTES I MENTIONED A PLAN FOR REVENGE ON SOCIETY. PLAN WAS TO BLOW UP AIRLINER IN FLIGHT. LATE SUMMER AND EARLY AUTUMN I CONSTRUCTED DEVICE. MUCH EXPENSE, BECAUSE HAD TO GO TO GR. FALLS TO BUY MATERIALS, INCLUDING BAROMETER AND MANY BOXES CARTRIDGES FOR THE POWDER. I PUT MORE THAN A QUART OF SMOKELESS POWDER IN A CAN, RIGGED BAROMETER SO DEVICE WOULD EXPLODE AT 2000FT. OR CONCEIVABLY AS HIGH AS 3500FT. DUE TO VARIATION OF ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE. LATE OCT. MAILED PACKAGE FROM CHICAGO PRIORITY MAIL SO IT WOULD GO BY AIR. UNFORTUNATELY PLANE NOT DESTROYED, BOMB TOO WEAK. NEWSPAPER SAID WAS "LOW POWER DEVICE". SURPRISED ME. (IN ORIGINAL AS I WROTE IT IN 1989, THERE FOLLOWED SPECULATIONS WHY BOMB WEAK. NOW KNOW WHY. SMOKELESS POWDER IS DEFLOGRATING NOT DETONATING EXPLOSIVE, AND CONTAINER TOO EAK EVEN TO FULLY UTILIZE ITS DEFLAGRATING POTENTIAL) SEEMS

AK44
Dennis

THAT I GGER SYSTEM NOT TOO RELIABLE. ACCORDING TO CHI. TRIBUNE, BOMB WENT OFF AS PLANE APPROACHED WASHINGTON. ACCORDING TO SUN TIMES, PASSENGERS AIN BOMB WENT OFF ABOUT HALF WAY TO WASHINGTON. SHOULD HAVE GONE OFF LONG BEFORE. SET FOR 2000 OR UP TO 3500FT. ACCORDING TO INFO I GOT IN L000000000000000000000000 25000 TO 40000FT. AND CABINS PRESSURIZED AT ABOUT 8000FT. POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS... DEFECTIVE BAROMETER. PRESSURIZATION INF FROM ABOUT 1971, CONCEIVABLY THEY NOW PRESSURIZE AT LOWER ALTITUDE. SYSTEM WORKED OK WHEN I EXPERIMENTED BEFORE MAKING UP PACKAGE BUT I HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT LIGHT TOUCH OF BAROMETER NEEDLE ON CONTACT NOT ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE IN TRANSMITTING CURRENT. I WILL TRY AGAIN IF CAN GET BETTER EXPLOSIVE. BOMO DID NOT ACCOMPLISH MUCH. PROBABLY DESTROYED SOME MAIL. PAPERS SAID IT WAS WITH MAIL SACKS AND THERE WAS SMOLDERING FIRE. NO DAMAGE TO PLANE. AT LEAST IT GAVE THEM A GOOD SCARE. MUCH THICK SMOKE CAME INTO PASSENGER SPACE, PLANE LANDED AT AIRPORT OTHER THAN ITS DESTINATION BECAUSE OF THIS. TRIBUNE SAID NO PANIC. BUT SUN TIMES SAID THEY DROPPED OXYGEN INHALATORS TO PASSENGERS BECAUSE OF SMOKE AND PASSENGERS DID NOT KNOW HOW TO USE THEM AND SOMEWERE "JUMPING UP AND DOWN AND SCREAMING FOR THE POOR STEWARDESS, "AND AS PASSENGERS IAME OUT OF PLANE SOOME WERE EMBRACING EACH OTHER, PRESUMABLY IN RELIEF. THE PAPERS SAID FBI INVESTIGATING INCIDENT. FBI SUCK MY COCK. SO I CAME BACK TO MONTA EARLY DECEMBER, NOW WORK ON OTHER PLANS. JUNE 1, 1985. SUCCESS AT LAST AFTER MANY FAILURES REPORTED IN THESE NOTES. TOOK ME YEAR AND A HALF OF INTENSIVE EFFORT, LARGELY NEGLECTING OTHER WORK Y TO DEVELOP EFFECTIVE TYPE BOMB. 4.45 PARTS AMMONIUM NITRATE (FROM FERTILI) ER) TO 1 PART EXTREMELY FINE PYWDERED ALUMINUM (FROM ALUM. PAINT) MIXURE NOT CAKED BUT LEFT IN POWDER FORM, IGNITED IN ORDINARY IRON WATER PIPE WITH METAL PLUGS IN ENDS STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ROUGHLY SAME PRESSURE AS WHAT WALLS OF PIPE WILL WITHSTAND. SIMPLE ENOUGH BUT I FOLLOWED SOME FALE LEADS BEFORE TRYING THIS ONE. NOTE DIFFICULTIES I FACED. FOR OBVOUS REASONS CANT ORDER CHEMICALS FROM SUPPLY HOUSE, MUST MAKE THEM OR EXTRACT THEM FROM READILY AVAILABLE MATERIALS. NO VEHICLE TO TRANSPORT STUFF, DIFFICULT ACCESS TO LIBRARIES, VERY LIMITED EQUIPMENT, HAVE TO BUILD OWN BALANCE, OTHER MONEY RELATED PROBLEMS. MAY 8 I PLANTED A SMALL BOMB (LESS THAN 2 OZ. OF EXPLOSIVE) IN THE COMPUTER SCI. DEPT. AT BERKELEY. THIS IS APARATO NO. 2, EXP. 83 IN MY NOTEBOOKS. AT SAME TIME I MAILED A LARGER BOMB (APARATO NO. 1 EXP. 82) TO BOEING CORP., AUBURN, WA. OUTCOME OF BOEING BOMB UNKNOWN. BERKELEY BOMB DID WELL FOR ITS SIZE. IT WAS SPRUNG BY AIRFORCE PILOT, 26 YRS OLD, NAME HAUSER, WORKING ON MASTERS DEG. IN ELECTRICAL ENG. HE PROBABLY WOULD

#8
Hauser

HAVE BEEN KILLED IF SO POSITIONED RELATIVE TO BOMB AS TO TAKE THE FRAGMENTS IN HIS BODY. AS IT WERE, MAINLY HIS RIGHT ARM WAS HIT. WITNESSES SAID, "WHOLE ARM WAS EXPLODED, "BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE. "ONE NEWSPAPER SAID ARM WAS "MANGLED". ANOTHER SAID IT WAS "SHATTERED" AND THAT HE WOULD NEVER RECOVER FULL USE OF ARM AND HAND. ALSO THERE WAS DAMAGE TO ONE EYE. ONE PAPER THAT SAID THE SMALL COMPUTER LAB WAS "DESTROYED". THIS IS IMPROBABLE. OTHER PAPER SAID "MODERATE DAMAGE" TO VARIOUS ITEMS OF COMPUTER EQUIPMENT. PROBABLY MOST OF THE DAMAGE TO ARM AND EQUIPT. WAS DUE TO FRAGMENTS, NOT SHOCKWAVE. I WAS RELIEVED TO READ WHAT KIND OF GUY SPRANG THE TRAP. I HAD WORRIED ABOUT POSSIBILITY THAT SOME YOUNG KID, UNDERGRAD, NOT EVEN COMP SCI MAJOR MIGHT GET IT. BUT THIS GUY CLEARLY TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE TECHNICIAN CLASS. MIGHT EVEN BE ONE OF THE GUYS THAT HAS FLOWN THOSE FUCKING JETS OVER MY HOME. THIS GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO MY CHOKING, FRUSTRATED ANGER AND SENSE OF IMPOTENCE AGAINST THE SYSTEM. AT SAME TIME, MUST ADMIT I FEEL BADLY ABOUT HAVING CRIPPLED THIS MANS ARM. IT HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME A GOOD DEAL. THIS IS EMBARRASSING BECAUSE WHILE MY FEELINGS ARE PARTLY FROM PITY, I AM SURE THEY COME LARGELY FROM THE TRAINING, PROPAGANDA, BRAINWASHING WE ALL GET, CONDITIONING US TO BE SCARED BY THE IDEA OF DOING CERTAIN THINGS. IT IS SHAMEFUL TO BE UNDER THE SWAY OF THIS BRAINWASHING. BUT DO NOT GET THE IDEA THAT I REGRET WHAT I DID. RELIEF OF FRUSTRATED ANGER OUTWEIGH MY UNCOMFORTABLE CONSCIENCE. I WOULD DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN.

SO MANY FAILURES WITH FEEBLE INEFFECTIVE BOMBS WAS DRIVING ME DESPERATE WITH FRUSTRATION. HAVE TO GET REVENGE FOR ALL THE WILD COUNTRY BEING FUCKED UP BY THE SYSTEM. LATER... FURTHER SEARCH OF NEWSPAPERS YIELDED...HAUSER'S ARM WAS "SEVERED OR NEARLY SEVERED". TIPS OF 3 FINGERS TORN OFF. USE OF ARM AND HAND WILL BE PERMANENTLY IMPAIRED, TO WHAT DEGREE NOT KNOWN. HAUSER FATHER OF 2 KIDS. HE WAS WORKING TOWARD PHD, CONTRARY TO OTHER PAPER THAT SAID MASTERS. HE WAS AFRAID HIS "DREAM" WAS RUINED. DREAM WAS TO BE ASTRONAUT. IMAGINE A GROWN MAN WHOSE DREAM IS TO BE AN ASTRONAUT.

I AM NO LONGER BOTHERED BY HAVING CRIPPLED THIS GUY, PARTLY BECAUSE I JUST "GO TO VERIT "WITH TIME, PARTLY BECAUSE HIS ASPIRATION FOR SO IGNOBLE. SEARCHED OTHER NEWSPAPERS. FOUND NO REFERENCE TO BOEING BOMB. SEEMS INEXPLICABLE IT WAS DESIGNED AND BUILT WITH SU DOWN OF ARE THAT MALFUNCTION SEEMS HIGHLY IMPROBABLE. LATER. RECENTLY I CAMPED IN A PARADISE LIKE GLACIAL CIRQUE. AT EVENING, BEAUTIFUL SINGING OF BIRDS WAS RUINED BY THE OBSCENE ROAR OF JET PLANES. THEN I LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF HAVING ANY COMPUNCTION ABOUT CRIPPLING AN AIRPLANE PILOT. EXPERIMENT 100. MID NOVEMBER 1985 I SENT BOMB IN MAIL TO JAMES

McConnell
Device
#10

V. MCCONNELL, BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION RESEARCHER AT UNIV. OF MICHIGAN. ONLY MINOR INJURIES TO MCCONNLLS ASSISTANT. DEFLAGRATED, DID NOT DETONATE. MUST BE EITHER PIPE WAS A LITTLE WEAK OR LOADING DENSITY OF EXPLOSIVO A SHADE TOO HIGH AT FAILURE. EXPERIMENT 97. DEC. 11, 1985 I PLANTED BOMB DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE SCRAP OF LUMBER BEHIND RENTECH COMPUTE STORE IN SACRAMENTO. ACCORDING TO SAN FRANCISIO EXAMINER, DEC.20, THE "OPERATOR" (OWNER? MANAGER?) OF THE STORE WAS KILLED, "BLOWN TO BITS", ON DEC.12. EXCELLENT. HUMANE WAY TO ELIMINATE SOMEBODY. HE PROBABLY NEVER FELT A THING. 25000 DOLLAR REWARD OFFERED. RATHER FLATTERING. DEC. 11 I MAILED LETTER TO S.F. EXAMINER IN NAME OF A GROUP CALLING ITSELF THE FREEDOC CLUB, CLAIMING CREDIT FOR THE HAUSER BOMBING AND ANNOUNCING ITSELF AS AN ANTI TECHNOLOGY TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. BUT THE IN GC.20 ARTICLE IN THE EXAMINER DESCRIBED MY SERIES OF BOMBINGS AND STATED THAT NO GROUAND HAD CLAIMED CREDIT FOR THEM.UP TO DEC.22, NO MENTION IN EXAMINER OF MY LETTER. LETTER NOT YET ARRIVED? SEEMS STRANGE. AFTER THIS LATEST RAID I SEARCHED L.A. TIMES THROUGH DEC 13 AND SOME OTHER PAPERS THROUGH DEC 14, FOUND NO MENTION OF BOMBING. I FEARED SOMETHING HAD GONE WRONG, AND SINCE EXP. 100 WAS FAILURE TOO I WAS TERRIBLY FRUSTRATED AND THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO SPEND ALL WINTER MAKING NEW, BETTER BOMBS, SO WROTE MY BROTHER GIVING EXCUSE TO CALL OF VISIT I WAS GOING TO MAKE HSM. BUT SINCE EXP 97 TURNED OUT SO WELL, I WILL TRY TO ARRANGE TO VISIT BROTHER AFTER ALL. "

Rentech
Bomb
#11

U-2 (1985)

Department of History
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah 84112
November 12, 1985

Dr. James V. McConnell
2900 E. Delhi Road
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103

McConnell
Letter
NOV 15 1985

Dear Dr. McConnell:

I am a doctoral candidate in History at the University of Utah. My field of interest is the history of science, and I am writing my dissertation on the development of the behavioral sciences during the twentieth century.

This dissertation aspires to be more than a mere collection of facts. In it I am attempting to analyse the factors in society at large that tend to promote vigorous development in a given area of science, and especially I am attempting to shed light on the way in which progress in a particular field of research influences public attitudes toward that field in such a manner as to further accelerate its development, as through research grants, increased interest on the part of students, and so forth. I have selected the behavioral sciences for study because I believe that they illustrate particularly well my hypotheses concerning the interaction of science and society.

I have now prepared an initial version of the dissertation, but expect to revise it heavily before putting it into final form. Before completing the revisions, I am asking several distinguished researchers in the behavioral sciences for their comments on the paper. It is for this purpose that I am sending you herewith a copy of my dissertation in its preliminary form.

Since this dissertation is very long and detailed, I realize that you may not have time to read it in its entirety, but I would appreciate it very much if you could at least look over Chapters 11 and 12, the chapters most closely related to your own field of research, and give me your comments and any corrections you may have. Particularly I would like to know your reaction to the idea outlined in the last three paragraphs of Chapter 12. Of course, any comments that you might care to make on any other part of the dissertation would also be most welcome.

I thank you in advance for your kind assistance.

Very truly yours,

Ralph C. Kloppenburg

6c

6c. Origin of various things

Objects that have an attached number have their origin indicated as follows:

June 1985

1. Found near the old antennas atop Baldy.
2. Bought at Kramis Hardware in Missoula; **disguised**; June 1985;
2a: other remains of tubes[;] with these I touched them.
3. Solid bar has a safe origin. The tubes were bought from Burton Lumber of S.L.C. (Salt Lake City), May 1985. **On the margin of the part of the receipt the company kept, there will be impressions from one part of my fingers.**
4. I took these tubes from the remains of the old and abandoned mining equipment (**placer**) which is in the creek next to Stemple Pass Rd. beyond S. Poorman. A man went by the road in his truck while I was standing there, up near the equipment; I do not know if he saw me or not. He was the only one who went by or who could see me. June 1985
5. Found by the side of Stemple Pass Rd. June 1985. Nobody saw me take it.
6. Found at Stonewall Mtn. peak where the remains of the old watchtower are. I found at the peak three girls who had climbed the mountain on horseback; I pretended to go away, but I really hid and waited until they went away; I returned to the peak later to get the tubes, so that nobody saw me take them. July 1985
7. Orange insulation wire found in the foothills where I have my encampment further up from McClellan Gulch, July 1985. **This wire is either 23 ga. Or 24 ga. according to a measurement of resistance.** [TN: ga. = gauge]
8. Aluminum tube found in Gt. Falls, June 1985. Found on the street.
9. Tubes bought from Rock Hand, August 1985. On this date they are clean.

10. Tubes bought in a **Junkyard, Utah Scrap Metal**, at 900 S Street, some blocks to the west of **West Temple**, in Salt Lake City. When buying these tubes, I gave them **Charles Kradnick** as the name, **without an address**. I was wearing silvered glasses, gum (chewing gum) under the upper lip (changing its shape that way), and a piece of wax in the left nostril, distorting it. I had to sign a receipt (with the name of **Charles Kradnik**), but I did it in such a way that I did not leave impressions on it from my fingers. Neither did I leave on the tubes themselves the **impressions from my fingers**. December 1985.
11. Tubes bought from the small "**surplus**" and "**junk**" store in Helena. Summer 1986.
12. Tubes bought from the **Coast to Coast Store, Holiday Village**, Great Falls, August 1986.
13. Piece of tube (which comes from **Gold Dollar** mine) which we use to water the garden.
14. Iron bars we found near a small mining firm by the south side of **Stemple Pass Rd.**, July 1986.
15. Wire found in **Stemple Pass Road**, near our house.
16. Bolts, nuts and springs bought in **Skaggs** and **Coast to Coast** in Great Falls, August 1986. They should be cleaned.
17. **Clean for experiment 116. Butchpipe.**
18. **Beer can. It is clean as far as my fingerprints, but it may well have the fingerprints of a Friend of Kim Williams.**
19. Rubber letters, etc. Bought in **Spokane**, Nov. 1990

6(c)

20. Copper tube, outside diameter 3/8". Bought Nov. 1990 in a **hardware** store in Spokane, on E. Sprague Ave., approximate number: 1802 E Sprague. In any case, it is some 2 blocks to the east of the post office which is on 1602 E. Sprague. **This tube may have my fingerprints (which, nevertheless, will be easy to erase with a file).** When buying this tube, I was wearing a bulky cloak, with a jacket inside, so I would seem heavier than I am; silvered glasses; a cap with visor that covered my forehead; and kleenex inside the nostrils which expanded them; and the beard was darkened so it would seem almost black, or, at least, a very dark brown. To be sure to obtain a tube of the correct diameter, I showed the employee a small piece of tube of the kind I wanted to buy. This small piece was from a tube that, almost for sure, I had bought either at **Pacific Hyde and Fur** in Helena, or (less probably) at an **auto parts store** in Missoula. I am sure I took with me this small piece of tube when leaving the **hardware** store, and that I still had it with me upon arriving at the bus station in Spokane. But in some way that I do not understand, I lost it afterwards.
21. Stamps with \$1 value. I bought them Nov. 1990 [TN: the date was inserted above the words and also on the left margin] from a **vending machine** at the post office which is at 1602 E Sprague in Spokane. Here is a strip of 11 stamps and one loose stamp. I first bought the strip of 11 stamps. I took them with my left hand which had on a soft leather (**soft leather**) glove [TN: "soft leather" was rendered in English after the Spanish]. **I took the first stamp from the strip without remembering to first wipe the glove's fingers.** I later wiped the glove (although not with [TN: continues on page 86])

T. J. Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639
July 9, 1986

Professor Paul Kurtz
660 Le Brun Road
Eggertsville, New York 14226

No answer received
as of Aug 31, 1986

Dear Professor Kurtz:

I have seen some of your writings in the Skeptical Inquirer, and it has occurred to me that you may be the sort of philosopher who would be able to help me with a certain question. If you can't answer it yourself, you can most likely refer me either to another philosopher or to a discussion of the problem in the literature.

I have always been a Materialist, but recently I have come up against a certain difficulty in reconciling consciousness with a strictly materialistic view of the human mind. In the first place, it is clear that there can be no scientific explanation of consciousness, since there is no way of defining "consciousness" operationally in terms of the concepts used by science. (For that matter, there doesn't seem to be any way at all of defining "consciousness". Yet we all claim to know what we mean by it and we all claim to experience it¹.) **But the facts obtained through research on the brain tend to indicate that all human behavior, thought, and feeling are determined by chemical and electrical events that occur in the body -- principally in the brain.** In my youth, therefore, I concluded that while I was aware of certain sensations, and while the fact that I was aware of these sensations could not be explained in materialistic terms, nevertheless it was the laws of physics and chemistry that determined what sensations I was aware of, and moreover the fact of my awareness affected

1, One can provide for one's own use an ostensive definition of one's own consciousness. There is something that I directly experience and I can associate with it the word "consciousness" even if I can't explain to another person the meaning of this word. See Footnote 2.

T85 (1985)

dept. has only so much money. To get the money they either have to raise taxes or increase the tax base. Your friend won't want to raise taxes. As for increasing the tax base, that can only be done by bringing in more people and industry so that cities like San Antonio get bigger and worse. Well, wait. That argument leads into ramifications that are probably beyond your friend's limited capacity to absorb abstractions. Probably it would be best to keep the argument simpler still: You can't "separate the good from the bad" because you can't have paved roads without having big cities too. Why? Because it would be impossibly expensive to pave all those roads with picks and shovels. To do it you need machinery. And you can't have machinery without those poor bastards slaving away on the assembly lines in Detroit and in the steel mills in Pittsburgh and so forth. The more roads you pave the more machinery you need, and the bigger the cities have to get.

Still, the best you can hope to do with someone like that, I think, is create enough confusion in his mind so that he stops whining for a paved road. Fact is that most people are animals. Except with issues that are of such immediate and obvious practical importance that they can't evade them (and sometimes even with such issues), what they think is what enables them to most easily avoid any psychological conflict. This applies to intellectuals and others supposedly "thinking" people as well as to the average man.

I doubt that the pigmies have any guilt, conscious or otherwise, about killing animals. **Guilt is a conflict between what we're trained not to do and impulse that lead us to do it anyway.**

great care) on my cloak, and I touched the other stamps only after wiping or cleaning the glove's fingers. I used up my quarters and I returned after 2 or 3 hours to buy more stamps from the same machine, but soon after buying one single stamp (this is the loose stamp that is in the envelope), the stamps in the machine ran out. I only touched this last stamp with the woolen cloth gloves (or cloth, fabric or whatever it may be) that had been well wiped or cleaned on my cloak. When buying these stamps, I was wearing the same clothes, glasses, beard color, etc., that I described under number 20 above. When writing on the outside of the envelope that contains these stamps, I was careful for the stamps not to be under the pencil so the impression from the writing would not be on them. So these stamps should be quite clean, unless it were due to the quite remote possibility that one of the two stamps which are at the ends of the strip got from the leather glove some impression of my finger that would have gotten on the leather when I handled the gloves before putting them on. [TN: The following words were inserted at the end of this item.] Also see the note which is with the stamps.

22. 9 volt batteries bought at a Safeway in Spokane, Nov. 1990.
23. **Typing paper.** Bought at a Safeway in Missoula, Nov. 1990.
24. Springs. Bought at **Coast to Coast**, Missoula, Nov. 1990. **The only disguise I was wearing were the silvered eyeglasses.**
25. Wires removed from our old Japanese radio.
26. Wires bought from UBC in Helena, probably in the middle of the decade of 1980-1990.

(A top spiral Mead "the Spiral" memo pad with handwritten text)

[Page 63]

(63)

aspirations in terms of the super-ego
..." -- Jules Monnerot,
Sociology and Psychology of Communism,
translated by Jane Degras and
Richard Rees, Beacon Press,
Boston, 1960. Page 136 and page
140. This very neatly describes
one of the most important functions
that ideology serves for the over-
conditioned or over-moralized person.
But it should be noted that ideology can
serve at least 3 other functions. #1. It
seeks to reconcile real or apparent contra-
dictions in the socially accepted values.
**E.g., in our society both rationality and
morality are highly valued, yet rational
self-interest would seem at times to
lead one to perform immoral acts for**

(A top spiral Mead "the Spiral" memo pad with handwritten text)

[Page 64]

(64)

one's [S/O] ~~own~~ own advantage. Thus the philosophy of "enlightened selfishness" was invented to reconcile morality with prevailing notions of "rationality". #2. One seeks to have an organized view of the world and how it functions, and what the future is [S/O] likely to bring under given circumstances; this provides, among other things, a guide to decision-making. But a strictly rational view of the world leaves too many questions unanswered and leads to too many unpleasant conclusions. Ideology fills in the gaps and also may replace unpleasant conclusions with more palatable ones. It also provides a guide for decision-making where rationality fails. For example, what

3 (A around #)

was referring to in my letters. Nevertheless, I haven't had my feet examined, because I assume the only possible treatments would be either surgery or special shoes, either of which I'm sure would be much too expensive. Though they cause me some pain, my foot problems don't restrict my activities in any way. I should have them seen to anyway, since the eventual result of neglecting them may be arthritis; but I need the money for other purposes.

In fact, it was primarily for other purposes and not for medical reasons that I [S/O] ~~wanted the~~ wanted the \$7000⁰⁰.

As for other medical matters:

Insomnia. Ever since a little before my 46th birthday I've been suffering from intermittent insomnia. **It may be that the insomnia is caused by the fact that I am involved in a project in which I have a tremendous psychological investment and which I am absolutely determined to bring to a successful conclusion, but which involves endless difficulties and delays, so that it drags on and on - hence frustration.** Or the insomnia may be due to mild depression - yet the only other symptoms of depression I've experienced are feelings of hopelessness that I often have during the evening, when I am inactive; and the periods when I have feelings of hopelessness do not seem to correlate well with the periods when the insomnia is worst. The feelings of hopelessness, by the way, focus mainly on the fact that I've never had a wife or girlfriend, or any kids, and that I'm now pretty nearly too old for that.

6 (A around #)

...But what worried me...

in connection with my health was the possibility that I might die or be disabled before I accomplished what I wanted to accomplish with the projects described in my grey loose-[S/O] lee leaf notebooks. Those goals are literally more important [S/O] ~~than life itself~~ to me than life itself, and to accomplish them I'd even go crawling to the welfare dept. for medical-expense money. As for money to help study at the U. of M., that was during a period when I was suffering from an outbreak of desire for women. Studying at U of M would have provided a way to get out of Lincoln, hence to have opportunity to meet women, and also might have provided qualifications for steady employment, which most women (slaves to respectability as they are) demand in a man. Sex, alas, is the one thing that has too much power over me, and to get opportunity to meet women I'd even perhaps have lowered myself to the point of leeching off welfare Dept. [S/O] ~~A~~ I actually did go so far as to apply for admission to U. of M. Journalism School. (I didn't intend to apply for welfare, and hoped to finance schooling without that.) But I decided not to attend U of M after all, because can't afford to [S/O] ~~lose the take that much time out from my projects,~~ and by that time I'd got over the worst of my desire for women.

I still desire women, and even apart from that I'd like to study certain things at U. of M. So, conceivably, I may still study at U of M. at some time in the future.

U-3 (1993)

We are an anarchist group calling ourselves FC. Notice that the postmark on this envelope precedes a newsworthy event that will happen about the time you receive this letter, if nothing goes wrong. This will prove that we knew about the event in advance, so our claim of responsibility is truthful. Ask the FBI about FC. They have heard of us. We will give information about our goals at some future time. Right now we only want to establish our identity and provide an identifying number that will ensure the authenticity of any future communications from us. Keep this number secret so that no one else can pretend to speak in our name.

PAGE 4. In a letter, say that the "scientists think that they're very intelligent because they have advanced degrees (advanced degrees) but they're not as intelligent as they think they are, because they opened up those packages." This will make [TN: The Spanish verb hara (make) is misspelled] them think that I don't have an advanced degree.

Advanced
Degrees

U-4 (4/20/95)

Gelernter
Letter

Dr. Gelernter:

People with advanced degrees aren't as smart as they think they are. If you'd had any brains you would have realized that there are a lot of people out there who resent bitterly the way techno-nerds like you are changing the world and you wouldn't have been dumb enough to open an unexpected package from an unknown source.

In the epilog of your book, "Mirror Worlds," you tried to justify your research by claiming that the developments you describe are inevitable, and that any college person can learn enough about computers to compete in a computer-dominated world. Apparently people without a college degree don't count. In any case, being informed about computers won't enable anyone to prevent invasion of privacy (through computers), genetic engineering (to which computers make an important contribution), environmental degradation through excessive economic growth (computers make an important contribution to economic growth) and so forth.

As for the inevitability argument, if the developments you describe are inevitable, they are not inevitable in the way that old age or bad (NOTE: WORD CROSSED OUT BY TED) weather are inevitable. They are inevitable only because techno-nerds like you make them inevitable. If there were no computer scientists there would be no progress in computer science. If you claim (NOTE: WORD CROSSED OUT BY TED) you are justified in pursuing your research because the developments involved are inevitable, then you may as well say that theft is inevitable, therefore we shouldn't blame thieves.

But we do not believe that progress and growth are inevitable. We'll have more to say about that later.

FC

P.S. Warren Hoge of the New York Times can confirm that this letter does come from FC.

U-5 (4/20/95)

Dr. Roberts: It would be beneficial to your health to stop your research in genetics. This is a warning from FC.

Warren Hoge of the New York Times can confirm that this note does come from FC.

U-6 (4/20/95)

Dr. Sharp: It would be beneficial to your health to stop your research in genetics. This is a warning from FC.

Warren Hoge of the New York times can confirm that this note does come from FC.

U-7 (4/20/95)

NYTimes
letter
4/20/95

This is a message from the terrorist group FC. To prove its authenticity we give our identifying number (to be kept secret): 553-25-4394.

We blew up Thomas Mosser last December because he was a Burston-Marsteller executive. Among other misdeeds, Burston-Marsteller helped Exxon clean up its public image after the Exxon Valdez incident. But we attacked Burston-Marsteller less for its specific misdeeds than on general principles. Burston-Marsteller is about the biggest organization in the public relations field. This means that its business is the development of techniques for manipulating people's attitudes. It was for this more than for its actions in specific cases that we sent a bomb to an executive of this company.

Some news reports have made the misleading statement that we have been attacking universities or scholars. We have nothing against universities or scholars as such. All the university people whom we have attacked have been specialists in technical fields. (We consider certain areas of applied psychology, such as behavior modification, to be technical fields.) We would not want anyone to think that we have any desire to hurt professors who study Archaeology, history, literature or harmless stuff like that. The people we are out to get are the scientists and engineers, especially in critical fields like computers and genetics. As for the bomb planted in the XXXXXXXX Business School at the U. of Utah, that was a botched operation. We won't say how or why it was botched

Arch.
#3

because we don't want to give that FBI any clues. No one was hurt by that bomb.

In our previous letter to you we called ourselves anarchists. Since "anarchist" is a vague word that has been applied to a variety of attitudes, further explanation is needed. We call ourselves anarchists because we would like, ideally, to break down all society into very small, completely autonomous units. Regrettably, we don't see any clear road to this goal, so we leave it to the indefinite future. Our more immediate goal, which we think may be attainable at some time during the next several decades, is the destruction of the worldwide industrial system. Through our bombings we hope to promote social instability in industrial society, propagate anti-industrial ideas and give encouragement to those who hate the industrial system.

The FBI has tried to portray these bombings as the work of an isolated nut. We won't waste our time arguing about whether we are nuts, but we certainly are not isolated. For security reasons we won't reveal the number of members of our group, but anyone who will read the anarchist and radical environmentalist journals will see that opposition to the industrial-technological system is widespread and growing.

Why do we announce our XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX goals only now, though we made our first bomb some seventeen years ago? Our early bombs were too ineffectual to attract much public attention or give encouragement to those who hate the system. We found by experience that gunpowder bombs, if small enough to be carried

inconspicuously, were too feeble to do much damage, so we took a couple of years off to do some experimenting. We learned how to make pipe bombs that were powerful enough, and we used these in a couple of successful bombings as well as in some unsuccessful ones. Unfortunately we discovered that these bombs would not detonate consistently when made with three-quarter inch steel water pipe. They did seem to detonate consistently when made with massively reinforced one inch steel water pipe, but a bomb of this type made a long, heavy package, too conspicuous and suspicious looking for our liking.

So we went back to work, and after a long period of experimentation we developed a type of bomb that does not require a pipe, but is set off by a detonating cap that consists of a chlorate explosive packed into a piece of small diameter copper tubing. (The detonating cap is a miniature pipe bomb.) We used bombs of this type to blow up the genetic engineer Charles Epstein and the computer specialist David Gelernter. We did use a chlorate pipe bomb to blow up Thomas Mosser because we happened to have a piece of light-weight aluminum pipe that was just right for the job. The Gelernter and Epstein bombings were not fatal, but the Mosser bombing was fatal even though a smaller amount of explosive was used. We think this was because the type of fragmentation material that we used in the Mosser bombing is more effective XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX than what we've used previously.

Since we no longer have to confine the explosive in a pipe, we are now free of limitations on the size and shape of our bombs. We are pretty sure we know how to increase the power of

-Gelernter
-Epstein
-Mosser

our explosives and reduce the number of batteries needed to set them off. And, as we've just indicated, we think we now have more effective fragmentation material. So we expect to be able to pack deadly bombs into ever smaller, lighter and more harmless looking packages. On the other hand, we believe we will be able to make bombs much bigger than any we've made before. With a briefcase-full or a suitcase-full of explosives we should be able to blow out the walls of substantial buildings.

Clearly we are in a position to do a great deal of damage. And it doesn't appear that the FBI is going to catch us any time soon. The FBI is a joke.

The people who are pushing all this growth and progress garbage deserve to be severely punished. But our goal is less to punish them than to propagate ideas. Anyhow we are getting tired of making bombs. It's no fun having to spend all your evenings and weekends preparing dangerous mixtures, filing trigger mechanisms out of scraps of metal or searching the sierras for a place isolated enough to test a bomb. So we offer a bargain.

We have a long article, between 29,000 and 37,000 words, that we want to have published. If you can get it published according to our requirements we will permanently desist from "terrorist activities. It must be published in the New York Times, Time or Newsweek, or in some other widely read, nationally distributed periodical. Because of its length we suppose it will have to be serialized. Alternatively, it can be published as a small book, but the book must be well publicized and made available at a moderate price in bookstores nationwide

"Evening"
"weekend"
"Article"

and in at least some places abroad. Whoever agrees to publish the material will have exclusive rights to reproduce it for a period of six months and will be welcome to any profits they may make from it. After six months from the first appearance of the article or book it must become public property, so that anyone can reproduce or publish it. (If material is serialized, first instalment becomes public property six months after appearance of first instalment, second instalment becomes public property six months after appearance of second instalment, etc.) We must have the right to publish in the New York Times, Time or Newsweek, each year for three years after the appearance of our article or book, three thousand words expanding or clarifying our material or rebutting criticisms of it.

The article will (UI) not explicitly advocate violence. There will be an unavoidable implication that we favor violence to the extent that it may be necessary, since we advocate eliminating industrial society and we ourselves have been using violence to that end. But the article will not advocate violence explicitly, nor will it propose the overthrow of the United States Government, nor will it contain obscenity (UI) or anything else that you would be likely to regard as unacceptable for publication.

How do you know that we will keep our promise to desist from terrorism if our conditions are met? It will be to our (UI) advantage to keep our promise. We want to win acceptance for certain ideas. If we break our promise people will lose respect for us and so will be less likely to accept the ideas.

Our offer to desist from terrorism is subject to three qualifications. First: Our promise to desist will not take effect until all parts of our article or book have appeared in print. Second: If the authorities should succeed in tracking us down and an attempt is made to arrest any of us, or even to question us in connection with the bombings, we reserve the right to use violence. Third: We distinguish between terrorism and sabotage. By terrorism we mean actions motivated by a desire to influence the development of a society and intended to cause injury or death to human beings. By sabotage we mean similarly motivated actions intended to destroy property without injuring human beings. The promise we offer is to desist from terrorism. We reserve the right to engage in sabotage.

It may be just as well that failure of our early bombs discouraged us from making any public statements at the time. We were very young then and our thinking was crude. Over the years we have given as much attention to the developments of our ideas as to the development of bombs, and we now have some thing serious to say. And we feel that just now the time is ripe for the presentation of anti-industrial ideas.

Please see to it that the answer to our offer is well publicized in the media so that we won't miss it. Be sure to tell us where and how our material will be published and how long it will take to appear in print once we have sent in the manuscript. If the answer is satisfactory, we will finish typing the manuscript and send it to you. If the answer is unsatisfactory, we will start building our next bomb.

We encourage you to print this letter.

FC

P.S. Mr. Hoge, at this time we are sending letters to David Gelernter, Richard J. Roberts and Phillip A. Sharp, the last two being recent Nobel Prize winners. We are not putting our identifying number on these letters, because we want to keep it secret. Instead, we are advising Gelernter, Roberts and Sharp to contact you for confirmation that the letters do come from FC.

U-8 (6/24/96)

WARNING

The terrorist group FC, called unabomber by the FBI, is planning to blow up an airliner out of Los Angeles International Airport some time during the next six days. To prove that the writer of this letter knows something about FC, the first two digits of their identifying number are 55.

U-8
LAX Threat
SF Chronicle

U-9 (6/24/95)

1.

NY Times
Cover letter
for
Manifesto

New York Times:

This is a message from FC,

If the enclosed manuscript is published reasonably soon and receives wide public exposure, we will permanently desist from terrorism in accord with the agreement that we proposed in our last letter to you.

In that letter we stated that whoever agreed to publish the manuscript was to have exclusive rights to it for six months, after which the material was to become public property. We are willing to be flexible about the six month limit. The reason we offered exclusive rights (temporarily) was to provide an incentive for publication the manuscript. Presumably, whoever published it would hope to profit by doing so. We assume that the six month limit should be ample if the material is published in a periodical, but if it is published in book form we xxxx don't know how long the publisher would need exclusive rights in order to have a reasonable expectation of making a profit. So if the NY Times arranges for publication in book form, we leave the period of exclusive rights to your discretion. But it should be no longer than necessary and in any case must not exceed one year, unless you publish in the Times xx good and convincing reasons for making it longer than that. We don't want our material to remain locked up by a copyright, especially if it is published in the form of a book and the book doesn't sell.

Contrary to what the FBI has suggested, our bombing at the

California Forestry Association was in no way inspired by the Oklahoma City bombing. We strongly deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event. We have no regret about the fact that our bomb blew up the "wrong" man, Gilbert Murray, instead of William N. Dennison, to whom it was addressed. Though Murray did not have Dennison's flammatory style he was pursuing the same goals, and he was probably pursuing them more effectively because of the very fact that he was not inflammatory.

A letter from an anarchist to the editors of the NY Times made us realize that we owe an apology to the radical environmentalist and nonviolent anarchist movements. Statements we made in our letters to the NY Times would tend to associate us with anarchism and radical environmentalism and therefore might make the public think of anarchists and radical environmentalists as terrorists. So we want to make it clear that there is a NONVIOLENT anarchist movement that probably includes most people in America today who would describe themselves as anarchists. It's a safe bet that practically all of them strongly disapprove of our bombings. Many radical environmentalists do engage in sabotage, but the overwhelming majority of them are opposed to violence against human beings. We know of no case in which a radical environmentalist has intentionally injured a human being. (There was one injury due to a tree spiking incident, but the spiking was probably intended only to damage equipment, not injure people.)

We decided to call ourselves anarchists not in order to associate ourselves with any particular anarchist group or movement but only because we felt we needed some label to apply to ourselves and "anarchist" was the only one that seemed to fit. The term "anarchist" has been applied to a wide variety of attitudes and about the only thing these attitudes have in common is opposition to the power of governments and other large organizations. That certainly fits us.

For an organization that pretends to be the world's greatest law-enforcement agency, the FBI seemed surprisingly incompetent. They can't even keep elementary facts straight. Many news reports based on information provided by the FBI are incorrect and even contradict each other. Maybe some of these errors and contradictions are the result of the journalists' mistakes, but it appears that most are the fault of the FBI.

Examples: It was reported that the bomb that killed Gilbert Murray was a pipe bomb. It was not a pipe bomb but was set off by a home made detonating cap. (The FBI's so-called experts should have been able to determine this quickly and easily, especially since we indicated in an unpublished part of our last letter to the NY Times that the majority of our bombs are no longer pipe bombs.) It was also reported that the address label on this same bomb gave the name of the California Forestry Association incorrectly. This is false. The name was given correctly.

The FBI's theory that we have some kind of a fascination with wood is about as silly as it can get. They apparently based this theory mainly on the fact that we've used a lot of wood in the construction of bomb packages, and several of our targets have lived on streets that are named after trees or have names that include words like "wood," etc. As for our use of wood in construction, what other material is so light, so easy to work and so readily available in large chunks (such as a 2x4) from which suitable pieces can be cut? One FBI agent mentioned in support of the wood theory that we had used wood to make parts that could have been made out of xxx metal. But why use metal where wood can be used. Wood is much lighter and much easier to work. One of the reasons why we used wooden rather than cardboard boxes for mail bombs is that cardboard boxes crush easily and rough handling in the mail could cause damage to trigger mechanisms, possibly resulting in premature detonation. As for our use of "exotic" woods, we've used hickory from old tool handles, and we recognized redwood from its color, but apart from that we usually don't even know what kind of wood we are working with since we just use pieces of scrap lumber that we pick up here and there. As for the "polished" wood, it was only sanded. We sanded the outside of wooden boxes to remove saw marks so that the packages would have a smooth, factory-made appearance, less likely to arouse suspicion. Some inside parts were sanded to remove possible fingerprints. Since wood is porous, sweat from the fingers probably penetrates

the surface a short distance, so we assume xx that merely wiping wood does not reliably remove fingerprints. Some metal parts also were scrubbed with sandpaper or emery paper for a similar reason. It is well known that old fingerprints on metal can sometimes be brought out by treating with acid, so presumably the sweat affects the surface of the metal chemically and merely wiping is probably not a reliable method of removing prints. As for the streets named after trees, wood etc., that's only chance. Just check a street map of any suburban area and see how many of the street names include as a component either the name of some species of tree or a word such as "wood," "forest," "arbor," "grove" etc. The FBI must really be getting desperate if xxxx they resort to theories as ridiculous as this one about the supposed fascination with wood.

- - - - -

What about the morality of revolutionary violence? To the extent that the word "morality" refers to a code of behavior laid down by society, it is senseless to apply moral criteria to the actions of revolutionaries. Each society prescribes a system of morality that is designed to preserve the existence and facilitate the functioning of that society. Since revolutionaries work to overthrow the society in which they live, they have no reason to abide by its moral code. Of course, those who want to preserve the society always regard the revolutionaries as immoral.

But the word "morality" might also refer to the consideration for others as motivated by sympathy or compassion (which exist independently of any socially prescribed code). In this sense one can ask about the morality of revolutionary violence. Do the revolutionaries' goals outweigh the harm they cause to others? Do the people they hurt "deserve" it?

Such questions can be answered only on a subjective basis, and we don't think it is necessary for us to do any public soul-searching in this letter. But we will say that we are not insensitive to the pain caused by our bombings.

A bomb package that we mailed to computer scientist Patrick Fischer injured his secretary when she opened it. We certainly regret that. And when we were young and comparatively reckless we were much more careless in selecting targets than we are now. For instance, in one case we attempted unsuccessfully to blow up an airliner. The idea was to kill a lot of business people who we assumed would constitute the majority of the passengers. But of course some of the passengers likely would have been innocent people - maybe kids, or some working stiff going to see his sick grandmother. We're glad now that that attempt failed.

But even though we would undo some of the things we did in earlier days, or do them differently, we are convinced that our enterprise is basically right. The industrial-technological system has got to be eliminated, and to us almost any means that may be necessary for that purpose are justified, even if they involve risk

to innocent people. As for the people who wilfully and knowingly promote economic growth and technical progress, in our eyes they are criminals, and if they get blown up they deserve it.

Of course, people don't kill others and risk their own lives just from a detached conviction that a certain change should be made in society. They have to be motivated by some strong emotional force. What is the motivating force in our case? The answer is simple: Anger. You'll ask why we are so angry. You would do better to ask why there is so much anger and frustration in modern society generally. We think that our manuscript gives the answer to that question, or at least an important part of the answer.

We encourage you to print this letter, but we don't require it a part of the condition for our promise to desist from terrorism.

FC

P.S. We want to add a qualification to our (temporary) grant of exclusive rights to whoever publishes our manuscript. We are sending copies of the manuscript to several other parties besides the NY Times. We want everyone to whom we have sent a copy to have the xxx right to make a small number (say 5) of copies of their copy, for xxxxxxxxxxxx personal use or for private circulation.

FC

Note. Since the public has a short memory we decided to play one last prank to remind them who we are. But no, we haven't tried to plant a bomb on an airliner (recently).

LAX
'Prank'

U-10 (6/24/95)

Washington
Post letter

Washington Post:

This is a message from the terrorist group FC. The FBI calls us "unabom."

In a letter that we sent to the New York Times at the time of our bombing at the California Forestry Association, we offered to desist from terrorism if a manuscript we were preparing were published in accord with certain stated conditions. We are now sending that manuscript to the NY times, and we are sending copies to you, to Penthouse magazine and to a few other people.

If the NY Times is unwilling or unable to publish our manuscript (or arrange for its publication elsewhere) reasonably soon, then we offer the Washington Post the same bargain that we offered the NY Times. NY Times has first claim to the right to publish the manuscript, after that the Washington Post and after that Penthouse. If NY Times gives permission, we have no objection to (unintelligible) simultaneous publication in NY Times and Washington Post.

By the way, to verify that this letter really comes from FC, compare the enclosed copy of our letter to the NY Times with the original that we sent to the Times. The original bears our secret identifying number.

We apologize for sending you such a bad carbon copy of our manuscript. We can't make copies at a public copy machine because people would get suspicious if they saw us handling our copies with gloves.

Penthouse
Letter

Mr. Guccione:

This is a message from FC. The FBI calls us "unabom". You offered to publish our manuscript in Penthouse in exchange for our promise to desist from terrorism, and that is what we are writing to you about.

We have not made any phone calls to you. No communication from FC should be accepted as authentic unless it is verified by means of our secret identifying number, which is known only to the New York Times and the FBI. With the present letter we are enclosing a copy of a letter that we are sending to the New York Times. That letter carries our identifying number (cut out on your copy) and you can confirm the authenticity of the present letter and accompanying material by comparing your copy of the NY Times letter with the original that we've sent to the Times.

We are also enclosing a copy of our manuscript. We are very pleased that you've offered to publish our stuff, and we thank you. We aren't in the habit of reading sex xxxxxxxxxx magazines ourselves, but we don't have anything against those who do read such magazines or those who publish them. However, it will obviously xxx be to our advantage if we can get our stuff published in a "respectable" periodical rather than in Penthouse, because many people do consider sex magazines to be disreputable or worse. Moreover, if we're not mistaken, Penthouse is basically an entertainment magazine that contains also some serious commentary. In such magazines the serious commentary to some extent serves as part of the entertainment. We are down on the entertainment

industry because it is an "opium of the masses" (see paragraph 147, 156 of our manuscript). So we don't like the idea of playing footsy with that industry by allowing our writings to be used as entertainment. Therefore, if possible, we'd like to get our stuff published somewhere other than in Penthouse.

We are sending copies of our manuscript to the New York Times and the Washington Post. The NY Times is to have first claim on the right to publish the manuscript (or to arrange for its publication elsewhere), then the Washington Post, and after that Penthouse. If either the NY Times or the Washington Post is willing and able to publish our material (or arrange for its publication elsewhere) reasonable soon, then they will have exclusive rights to the material for a period that will probably be six months (see our letter to NY Times).

If neither the NY Times nor the Washington Post has published the material, or begun to publish it in serial form, or caused it to be published elsewhere, or announced a definite date for its publication, within 3 months from the day the present letter is postmarked, then Penthouse can publish the material, and will have exclusive rights to it for six months in accord with the conditions stated in our letters to NY Times. BUT, Penthouse must publish the material (or publish the first instalment, if it is to be serialized) within two months after the expiration of the 3 month period we've just mentioned, and publication of the entire manuscript must be completed within about six months after the

1 more
Bomb to kill

3.

first instalment appears.

Also, the deal we offer Penthouse will have to be a little different from what we offered the New York Times. If we offer Penthouse the same promise we offered the Times (to desist permanently from terrorism) then the NY Times will have no incentive to find a "respectable" outlet for the manuscript. They may just say, "What the heck, let Penthouse publish it and that will stop the bombings." So to increase our chances of getting our stuff published in some "respectable" periodical we have to offer less in exchange for publication in Penthouse. Therefore, if our manuscript is published in Penthouse, and is not published and widely distributed through "respectable" xxxxx channels, then we promise to desist permanently from terrorism, in accord with the conditions specified in our letters to the NY Times, EXCEPT that we reserve the right to plant one (and only one) bomb, intended to kill, AFTER our manuscript has been published.

XXXXSince we are grateful for your offer to publish our manuscript, we are sending you an "exclusive" that you can print in Penthouse if you like.

FC

EXCLUSIVE TO PENTHOUSE

Prior to June, 1993, when we sent a letter to the New York Times, the FBI led the public to believe that "the unabomber" had

Missing letter
to SF Examiner

4.

never explained his motives or claimed credit for any bombings. Since June, 1993 the FBI has maintained that our letter of that month was the first one from "the unabomber," and they have implied that the xxxxx significance of the letters "FC" is unknown.

The FBI is probably lying. In December, 1985, shortly after we planted the bomb that killed a computer store owner, we sent a letter to the San Francisco Examiner in which we outlined our motives. This letter revealed that several bombs we'd planted were part of a series, not unrelated events, and it gave enough information about one of the bombs so that the FBI could be sure the letter was authentic. That letter was never mentioned in the Examiner.

Now it is conceivable that the letter was lost in the mail, but that doesn't seem likely, because in late December, 1985 there was an article in the Examiner about the bombings; this was the first news report that gave any indication that our various bombings were part of a series, and the article stated that it had not xxx previously been realized that the bombings were related. So if the FBI is telling the truth, if they never received that letter, then we have to assume that the letter was lost in the mail and that the FBI just happened to discover on its own at that time that the bombings were related. This is too much of a coincidence to seem likely. It's more probable that the Examiner did received the letter and turn it over to the FBI, and that the FBI, for some obscure reason of its own, asked the Examiner to suppress the

letter.

We never followed that letter up with any further communications before June, 1993, because we discovered that the type of bomb we were using then was unreliable. It was a kind of pipe bomb that often failed to detonate properly unless made in a form that was so long and heavy that it might easily arouse suspicion. So we decided that before attempting again to make a public statement we ought to go back to experimenting and develop a type of bomb that would enable us to be adequate terrorists. That we now have such a bomb is indicated by the success of our last four attacks. By the way, contrary to statements made by the FBI, these are not pipe bombs (except in the case of the Mosser bombing).

We give below some excerpts from our December, 1985 letter to the Examiner. We won't xxxxx give the whole letter, because there is just a chance that the FBI may be telling the truth, that they never received the letter, and in that case, if we gave them the whole letter now some parts of it conceivably might be slightly useful to them in their effort to track us down.

The letter FC stand for "Freedom Club." We now think this name, which we adopted early, is rather inane, but since we've xxx already been marking FC on bomb parts for a long time we may as well retain these letters as our signature.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

EXCERPTS FROM 1985 LETTER TO SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Hauser
Bomb

6.

The bomb that crippled the right arm of a graduate student in electrical engineering and damaged a computer lab at U. of Cal. Berkeley last May was planted by a terrorist group called the Freedom Club. We are also responsible for some earlier bombing attempts; among others, the bomb that injured a professor in the computer science building at U. of Cal., the mail bomb that injured the secretary of computer expert Patrick Fischer at Vanderbilt University 3 1/2 years ago, and the fire bomb planted in the Business School at U. of Utah, which never went off.

We have waited until now to announce ourselves because our earlier bombs were embarrassingly ineffectual. The injuries they inflicted were relatively minor. In order to influence people, a terrorist group must show a certain amount of success. When we finally realized that the amount of smokeless powder needed to blow up anyone or anything was too large to be practical, we decided to xx take a couple of years off to learn something about explosives and develop an effective bomb...

... The ends of the pipe were closed with iron plugs secured with iron pins of 5/16 inch diameter. One of the plugs had the letters FC (for Freedom Club) marked on it. ...

We enclose a brief statement partly explaining our aims. We hereby give the San Francisco Examiner permission to print in full any and all of the material contained in this envelope...

1. The aim of the Freedom Club is the complete and permanent destruction of modern industrial society in every part of the

world.

2. The hollowness of the old revolutionary ideologies centering on socialism has become clear. Now and in the future the thrust of rebellion will be against the xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx industrial-technological system itself and not for or against any political ideology xxxx that is supposed to govern the administration of that system. All ideologies and political systems are fakes. They only result in power for special groups who just push the rest of us around. There is only one way to escape from being pushed around, and that is to smash the whole system and get along without it. It is better to be poor and free than to be a slave and get pushed around all your life.

3. No ideology or political system can get around the hard facts of life in industrial society. Because any form of industrial society requires a high level of organization, all decisions have to be made by a small elite of leaders and experts who necessarily wield all the power, regardless of any political fictions that may be maintained. Even if the motives of this elite were completely unselfish, they will still HAVE TO exploit and manipulate us simply to keep the system running. Thus the evil is in the nature of technology itself.

4. Man is a social animal, meant to live in groups. But only in SMALL groups, say up to 100 people, in which all members know one another intimately. Man is not meant to live as an insignificant atom xxx in a vast organization, which is the only

8.

way he can live in any form of industrialized society.

5. The Freedom Club is strictly anti-communist, anti-socialist, anti-leftist ... This does not imply that we are in any sense a right-wing movement. We are apolitical. Politics only distracts attention from the real issue.

1.

We write in reference to a piece by Russell Ruthen, "Strange Matters: Can Advanced Accelerators Initiate Runaway Reactions?" Science and the Citizen, Scientific American, August, 1993.

It seems that physicists have long kept behind closed doors their concern that experiments with particle accelerators might lead to a world-swallowing catastrophe. This is a good example of the arrogance of scientists, who routinely take risks affecting the public. The public commonly is not aware that risks are being taken, and often the scientists do not even admit to themselves that there are risks. Most scientists have a deep emotional commitment to their work and are not in a position to be objective about its negative aspects.

We are not so much concerned about the danger of experiments with accelerated particles. Since the physicists are not fools, we assume that the risk is small (though probably not as small as the physicists claim). But scientists xx and engineers constantly gamble with human welfare, and we see today the effects of some of their lost gambles: ozone depletion, the greenhouse effect, cancer-causing chemicals to which we cannot avoid exposure, accumulating nuclear waste for which a sure method of disposal has not yet been found, the crowding, noise and pollution that have followed industrialization, massive extinction of species and so forth. For the future, what will be the consequences of genetic engineering? Of the development of super-intelligent computers (if this occurs)? Of understanding of the human brain and the resulting inevitable

temptation to "improve" it? No one knows.

We emphasize that negative PHYSICAL consequences of scientific advances often are completely unforeseeable. (It probably never occurred to the chemists who developed early pesticides that they might be causing many cases of disease in humans.) But far more difficult to foresee are the negative SOCIAL consequences of technological progress. The engineers who began the industrial revolution never dreamed that their work would result in the creation of an industrial proletariat or the economic boom and bust cycle. The wiser ones may have guessed that contact with industrial society would disrupt other cultures around the world, but they probably never imagined the extent of the damage that these other cultures would suffer. Nor did it occur to them that in the West itself technological progress would lead to a society tormented by a variety of social and psychological problems.

EVERY MAJOR TECHNICAL ADVANCE IS ALSO A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT. These experiments are performed on the public by the scientists and by the corporations and government agencies that pay for their research. The elite groups get the fulfilment, the exhilaration, the sense of power involved in bringing about technological progress while the average man gets only the consequences of their social experiments. It could be argued that in a purely physical sense the consequences are positive, since life-expectancy has increased. But the acceptability of risks cannot be assessed in purely actuarial terms. "(P)eople also rank risks based on ... how

equitably the danger is distributed, how well individuals can control their exposure and whether risk is assumed voluntarily." (M. Granger Morgan, "Risk Analysis and Management," Scientific American, July, 1993, page 35.) The elite groups who create technological progress share in control of the process and assume the risks voluntarily, whereas the role of the average individual is necessarily passive and involuntary. Moreover, it is possible that at some time in the future the population explosion, environmental disaster or the breakdown of an increasingly troubled society may lead to a sudden drastic lowering of life expectancy.

However it may be with the PHYSICAL risks, there are good reasons to consider the SOCIAL consequences of technological progress as highly negative. This matter is discussed at length in a manuscript that we are sending to the New York Times.

The engineers who initiated the industrial revolution can be forgiven for not having anticipated its negative consequences. But the harm caused by technological progress is by this time sufficiently apparent so that to continue to promote it is XXXXX grossly irresponsible.

This letter, which we invite you to print in Scientific American, is from the terrorist group FC. To prove that this letter does come from FC, we quote below the entire fourth paragraph of a letter that we are sending to the New York Times . The authenticity of the letter to the Times is confirmed by means

4.

of our secret identifying number.

FOURTH PARAGRAPH OF LETTER TO NY TIMES:

Contrary to what the FBI has suggested, our bombing at the California Forestry Association was in no way inspired by the Oklahoma City bombing. We strongly deplore the kind of indiscriminate slaughter that occurred in the Oklahoma City event. We have no regret about the fact that our bomb blew up the "wrong" man, Gilbert Murray, instead of William N. Dennison, to whom it was addressed. Though Murray did not have Dennison's inflammatory style he was pursuing the same goals, and he was probably pursuing them more effectively because of the very fact that he was not inflammatory.

Prof Tyler
letter

U-13 (6/24/95)

Dr Tyler:

This is a message from FC. The FBI calls us "unabom." We read a newspaper article in which you commented on recent bombings, including ours, as an indication of social problems. We are sending you a copy of a manuscript that we hope the New York Times will get published for us.

The trouble with psychologists is that in commenting on what people say or do they often concentrate exclusively on the non-rational motivations behind the speech or behavior. But human behavior has a rational as well as an irrational component, and psychologists should not neglect the rational component. So if you take the trouble to read our manuscript and do any further thinking about the "unabom" case, we suggest that you should not only consider our actions as a symptom of social or psychological problems; you should also give attention to the substance of the issues that we raise in the manuscript. You might ask yourself, for example, the following questions:

Do you think we are likely to be right, in a general way, about the kind of future that technology is creating for the human race?

If you think we are wrong, then why do you think so? How would you answer our arguments? Can you sketch a PLAUSIBLE scenario for a future technological society that does not have the negative characteristics indicated by our scenarios?

If you think we are likely to be right about the future, do you consider that kind of future acceptable? If not, then what, if

anything, do you think can be done about it?

Do you think our analysis of PRESENT social problems is approximately correct? If not, why not? How would you answer our arguments?

If you think we have identified some present social problems correctly, do you think anything can be done about them? Will they get better or worse with continued growth and progress?

We apologize for sending you such a poor carbon copy of our manuscript. We can't make copies at a public copy machine because people would get suspicious if they saw us handling our copies with gloves.

FC

"... we've
had to kill..."

U-14 [The Manifesto] (1995)

96. As for our constitutional rights, consider for example that of freedom of the press. We certainly don't mean to knock that right; it is a very important tool for limiting concentration of political power and for keeping those who do have political power in line by publicly exposing any misbehavior on their part. But freedom of the press is of very little use to the average citizen as an individual. The mass media are mostly under the control of large organizations that are integrated into the system. Anyone who has a little money can have something printed, or can distribute it on the internet or in some such way, but what he has to say will be swamped by the vast volume of material put out by the media, hence it will have no practical effect. To make an impression on society with words is therefore almost impossible for most individuals and small groups. Take us (FC) for example. If we had never done anything violent and had submitted the present writings to a publisher, they probably would not have been accepted. If they had been accepted and published, they probably would not have attracted many readers, because it's more fun to watch the entertainment put out by the media than to read a sober essay. Even if these writings had had many readers, most of those readers would soon have forgotten what they had read as their minds were flooded by the mass of material to which the media expose them. **In order to get our message before the public with some chance of making a lasting impression, we've had to kill people.**

97. Constitutional rights are useful up to a point, but they do not serve to guaranty much more than what might be called the bourgeois conception of freedom. According to the bourgeois conception, a "free"

22.

man is essentially an element of a special machine and has only certain set of prescribed and delimited freedoms; freedoms that are designed to serve the needs of the social machine more than those of the individual. Thus the bourgeois's "free" man has economic freedom because that promotes growth and progress; he has freedom of the press because public criticism restrains misbehavior by political leaders; he has a right to a fair trial because imprisonment at the whim of the powerful would be bad for the system. This was clearly the attitude of Simon Bolivar. To him, people deserved liberty only if they used it to promote progress (progress as conceived by the bourgeois). Other bourgeois thinkers have taken a similar view of freedom as a mere means to collective ends. Chester C. Tan, Chinese Political Thought in the Twentieth Century, page 202, explains the philosophy of the Kuomintang leader Hu Han-min: "An individual is granted rights because he is a member of society and his community life requires such rights. By community Hu meant the whole society or the nation." And on page 259 Tan states that according to Carsun Chang (Chang Chun-mai, head of the State Socialist Party in China) freedom had to be used in the interest of the state and of the people as a whole. But what

C-2 (1995)

Chronicle July 4 is
supposed to contain
T's letter.

Checked: A1-A20
B1-B8
[scratch out] C1-C14
D1-D6
E1-E8

Chronicle checked through
July 12. (First relevant
was June 29)

Could not find T's
letter in Chronicle
July 4 or 5.

N.Y. Times
Friday June 30
Robert D. McFadden:
"calling for revolution
against what he says
is a corrupt industrial-
technological society
controlled by a shadowy
international elite of
government and corporate
figures seeking to
subvert human freedom."

In same article,
Sulzberger complains
about follow up articles.

Guccione: will give one
page of mag for indefinite
period if stop all bombing
including property.
(NY Times July 1)

Photo: NY Times July 4

NY Times checked
June 29 - July 8
(June 29 was first
appearance)

Julian Simon

Wash Post July 1
expressed doubt about
the deal, because
"deal is off if
Law enforcement comes
after him.")

Wash Post checked
from June 29 (first
appearance) to July 8.

LA Times checked
June 29 - July [scratch out] 12

Statements by FBI
agents: "nylon" strapping
tape was used.
"every one" of the [scratch out]
devices worked. (Probably
from Time, early May, 1995.)
FC was marked on
"practically all" of the
devices.

Quotations from Tyler's
letter [scratch out] given in Chronicle
or LA Times are
something like this: he
doubts my claim that

the system can't be
reformed, and suggests
that my revolution is
already in progress.
As evidence, he mentions
that people are moving to
the country and
recycling their trash.

One newspaper
article, probably the
LA Times between
June 29 and July 12,
stated that not one
shred of biological
evidence had been
found, not one
fingerprint, not one
hair.

K-1131 5

According to radio,
exerpts from manu-
script published in
NY Times and
Washington Post on
Aug 1, or 2.

Better way of
characterizing those
revolutionaries who
should not be trusted
by our kind of
revolutionaries: they
have one of two
traits (or both):
1. They devote them-
selves to a cause in
which they have little
personal stake.
2. They put more
emphasis on placing
greater restrictions on

human behavior than on
freeing human behavior
from restrictions.

(Caution: it does no
good if they seek to free
behavior from restrictions
in areas where we
already have almost
complete freedom anyway,
e.g. sexual freedom,
religious freedom, etc.)

C21 (1995)

TYPEWRITTEN MATERIAL

Mosser
Bombing

As for the Mosser bombing, our attention was called to Burson-Marsteller by an article that appeared in Earth First!, Litha, June 21, 1993, page 4. According to this article, "The BC Forest Alliance (a timber industry trade group) has retained the services of the world's largest public relations firm, Burston-Marsteller Ltd. (sic) of New York. This company practices a highly sophisticated form of conflict management, and has previously represented the Argentinean (sic) government, Union Carbide after Bhopal; and Exxon after the Exxon Valdez oil spill. Burston-Marsteller has apparently had quite a bit to do with shaping the provincial media's coverage of forest and other environmental issues." We realized that this article was not necessarily an unimpeachable source of information, but we didn't bother to try to verify the above statement because, as we mentioned in our last letter to the NY Times, our attack on Burson-Marsteller was based mainly on general principles rather than on any specific actions of the company. Now it turns out that though Burson-Marsteller has been representing Exxon, it did not do so specifically in connection with the Exxon Valdez incident. To us it makes little difference. The technique of public relations is part of the system of propaganda that is one of the slimiest aspects of modern society. Today people's buying habits, their voting choices and their attitudes to a significant extent are

(HANDWRITTEN note:
Frontside)

no longer results of their own spontaneous decisions but are molded by skilled propagandists: advertising agencies, public relations firms, political campaign managers and so forth. It stinks.

Someone raised the question of why we didn't attack an Exxon executive. Actually, at one time we had planned to do so, but after the Reso kidnapping we figured that Exxon execs would be too suspicious and cautious.

C3 (1996)

K-2003 A 6

p. 130 I now [scratch out] (Feb, 1996) Feel very sorry about the fact that,
in a few cases, I tortured small wild animals (mice and one flying squirrel) that caused me frustration by stealing my meat, damaging my belongings, or keeping me awake. There were two reasons why I tortured them. (1) I was rebelling against the moral prescriptions of organized society. (2) I got excessively angry at these animals because I had a tremendous fund of frustrated anger built up from the frustrations and humiliations imposed on me throughout my life by organized society and by individual persons. (As any psychologist will tell you, when you have no means of retaliating against whomever or whatever it is that has made you angry, you are likely to vent your anger on some other object.) When I came to realize that I had taken out on these little creatures the anger that I owed to organized society and to certain people, I very much regretted having tortured them. They are part of nature, which I love, and therefore they are in a way my friends, even when they cause problems for me. **I ought to save my anger for my real enemy, which is human society, or at least the present form of society.** I have not tortured an animal for many years now. However, I have no hesitation about trapping and killing animals that cause problems for me, provided they are animals of the more common kinds.

Injustice
Collector

How to hit an Exxon exec:

Send book-like package [insert-to this home] preceded by a letter saying I am sending him a book I've written on oil-related environmental concerns -attacking environmental position-and I'd like to have his comments on it before preparing final versin of manuscript.

For return address: Get names and addresses of several big-time business execs and call directory info to get their numbers, until you hit one who has an unlisted number. Use his return address. Thus you'll have a real return address, but the Exxon exec can't get his number to call for verification.

Or - send package with return address of [an oil ?) exploration firm.

Also, put in the letter a disclaimer stating that the book represents my own personal views and not those of the company I work for this gives a touch of realism, and it also explains why the letter is not on the company letterhead. (But try to fake a private letterhead.)

Send to Abigail Van Buren a letter from a woman who states she discovered that her husband is a member of F.C. She says she does not want to turn her husband in. She will confirm the published description of the suspect.

The second example involves an even more humiliating confession than the one I have just made. **As you know, I have no respect for law or morality.** Why have I never committed any crime? (Of course, I'm not talking about something like shooting a grouse out of season now and then (~~illegible/crossed out~~) I mean felony type stuff - burglary, arson, murder, etc.) Lack of motive? Hardly. **As you know, I have a good deal of anger in me and there are lots of people I'd like to hurt. Risk? In some cases, yes. But there are other cases in which I can figure out ways of doing naughty things (~~illegible/crossed out~~) so that the risk would be insignificant.**

I am forced to the humiliating
 the reason I've never committed
 ^ any crime is
 ^ that
confession that ^ I have been
successfully brainwashed by society.

On an intellectual level I have only contempt for authority, but on an animal level I have all too much respect for it. My training has unfortunately been quite successful and the strength of my conditioned inhibitions is such that I don't believe I could ever commit a serious crime. Knowing my attitude toward psychological manipulation of the individual by society, you can imagine how humiliating it is for me to admit to myself that I have been successfully manipulated.

When I was much younger

Dear Mr. Kaczynski,

Thanks for your letter of Dec. 19, and I'm sorry it has taken so long to get back to you, but we've been in the middle of the Christmas rush.

I've done some research on books about how to locate missing persons. The title you suggested, You Can Find Anyone by Eugene Ferraro, is not available from any of our suppliers, and the publishing company, Marathon Press, has had it's telephone disconnected. Another title, How To Locate Anyone Anywhere, is currently out of stock at the publisher, who says it is due to be back in stock in February. It's a \$10 paperback book, and the total cost, including shipping and handling, would be \$13.50.

There are two titles that are available. You Too Can Find Anybody: A Reference Manual by Joseph Culligan, is updated annually, and would cost \$24.45, including shipping and handling. How to Find Missing Persons: A Handbook for Investigators by Ronald Erickson is available for \$12. (The Erickson book seems to be geared more to private investigators.)

If you'd like to order any of these books, please let us know. We have a new toll-free number: 1-800-769-7323. Thanks for your interest.

Best regards,
/s/ Dennis

Dennis Held, at
Fact and Fiction
216 W. Main St.
Missoula, MT 59802
406-721-2881

(T-132) (1957)

HOW I BLEW UP HAROLD SNILLY

by

Apios Tuberosa

Pseudonym for:

T. J. Kaczynski

463 North Ridge

Lombard, Illinois 60148)

When When I was in highschool I took a course in chemistry. There was only one aspect of the subject which interested me, as any chemist could have seen from a brief inspection of my rather specialized home collection of reagents: powdered aluminum, powdered magnesium, powdered zinc, sulfur, potassium nitrate, potassium permanganate ... in suitable combinations, these things are capable of exploding.

One day in the laboratory, having finished my assigned experiment early, I thought I might as well spend the extra time pursuing my favorite line of research. On theoretical grounds, a mixture of red phosphorus and potassium chlorate seemed promising. (I did not know at the time that it is the red phosphorus in the scratching surface of a match-book, together with the potassium chlorate in the match-head, that makes a match light so readily. I later found that the mixture is extremely sensitive to friction and practically impossible to work with. The reader is advised not to play with it.) Taking a minute quantity of each of these substances from my collection of reagents, I carefully mixed them, and applied them, with the tip of a spatula, to a bunsen-burner flame. The results was a small but promising POP.

Now, at the table behind me was seated an individual by the name of Harold Snilly (the name is fictitious, of course), who was more noted for irresponsibility than for intelligence. It happened that my experiment came to his attention. His interest was immediately and intensely aroused, and naturally he asked me the ingredients of the mixture. I would like to make it clear to any of my old schoolmates who may read this that, contrary to rumors current at the time, my sole error and sole guilt in the matter lay in the fact that I civilly and truthfully answered Harold Snilly's question.

To the adolescent mind, there is a vague aura of romance and excitement about chemistry, an indefinite vision of dramatic reactions, fireworks, explosions. Perhaps it was this that had led Harold Snilly to take chemistry, and perhaps he had been disappointed to find that the course was mostly drab routine, as with any other highschool subject. At any rate, his enthusiasm now knew no bounds. He immediately poured half a vial of red phosphorus and half a vial of potassium chlorate onto a sheet of paper and began mixing them vigorously. Some of us who had had a little experience with this sort of mischief expostulated with him; pointed out to him the folly of conducting this kind of experiment in the classroom; suggested that, if he must do so, then at least he should not use so much of the stuff. But But he was intent on his work, with a bright, happy face and excited eyes, and he did not answer or even seem to hear out warnings. One was reminded of

Toad in Wind in the Willows, sitting entranced in the middle of the road muttering "Poop-poop", oblivious to everything but the vision of the retreating motor-car on which his glazed eyes were fixed. In the chemicals before him on the table, Harold Snilly saw the beautiful flower of fresh new experience, of freedom, of adventure.

Harold Snilly began rolling his chemicals up tightly in the sheet of paper. Seeing that all argument was in vain, I washed my hands of the matter and turned my back. About two seconds later there was an ear-shattering report. I turned around, and there stood Harold Snilly, rubbing his signed palms together, with a strange perplexed and faintly reproachful expression on his face. The beautiful flower had suddenly turned to ashes in his hands--very suddenly and very literally turned to ashes. Our teacher, Mr. Bland, came running out of the supply room where he had been busy, and hauled off Harold Snilly, first to the school nurse (unfortunately he had sustained no significant injury) and then to the chamber of inquisition.

After interrogating Harold Snilly, and extracting from him who knows what truths or falsehoods? Mr. Bland returned grim-faced to the classroom, stalked up to my table, and asked me what I knew of the matter. I told him, and was in my turn marched off to the inquisitorial chamber. The upshot was that I was suspended from the chemistry lab for two weeks and Harold Snilly was kicked out of the class altogether. I thought it a little unfair that I should be punished for Harold Snilly's misdeed. Still, I was not very displeased at being relieved from two weeks of laboratory work.

Whether it was the result of Harold Snilly's reluctance to ascribe his misfortune to his own foolishness, or simply due to the general laws according to which RUMOR OPERATES, I was somehow credited among all of the student body and some of the teachers with the lion's share of responsibility for the affair. In popular imagination, I was the mad scientist and Harold Snilly my innocent victim.

My physics teach was one of those rare teachers with a genuine and spontaneous sense of humor. At the end of the school year I was presented with a rather tawdry award (sponsored by some corporation) for having supposedly been the best science student in the school. When my physics teacher handed me the medal, he informed me that "We decided to give you this for trying to blow up Harold Snilly.". Harold Snilly was in some quarters regarded as a pest.

ENVELOPE Postmark dated UNKNOWN (T-79)

TO: Dave Kaczynski
Terlingua Route, Box 220
Alpine, Texas 79830

FROM: Ted Kaczynski
Stemple Pass Road
Lincoln, Montana 59639

Dear Dave: I have a problem that you may be able to help me with if you are willing to participate in something slightly shady. I want to build a root cellar, and I want to use logs to hold up the sides and roof. I have ~~be~~ picked out a stand of dead but sound standing lodgepole pines. Since they are dead, the forest service says I can have them for nothing. The only trouble is...how to haul~~s~~ them to my place. As for that guy I sold my pickup to...I asked him, and it turns out the pickup is no longer in proper running condition. I also tried to make a deal with Irene, but she says there is something broken in the steering mechanism of her pickup and it is only wired together, so she wouldn't want to ~~ha~~ have logs hauled with it. I don't know any other likely parties to ask, so I guess I will have to try a regular rental outfit.

Now, the trouble is, I believe most or all car or truck rental outfits require a reference from your employer, and you have to have been employed in the same place for at least a year.

Now, I could try this: I could use my Illinois driver's licence for identification, claiming I am on vacation, and give them the name of an imaginary employer, with our home phone number. I take it you are still home, usually, between 9 AM and 3 PM, so you could answer the phone and say "yes, this is so-and-so

company", etc. I would call you immediately before I go to the rental place, so that you would be ~~prep~~ prepared. If you don't want to do this, it's OK, since I suppose conceivably one could get into trouble for it, but I don't suppose it would be very serious trouble, since I'm not trying to pass myself off with a false name or any such thing, I'm only trying to give the impression that I'm employed when I am not.

Here is the fake data we could use:

Horvath Sausage Company

You are:

718 National Ave.

Harold Buldinski,

Lombard, Illinois 60148

Plant supervisor.

629-7235 (THESE TWO COLUMNS ARE SEPARATED WITH A / DOWN THE MIDDLE)

I work on the loading dock, loading and unloading trucks. I have been working there about 3 1/2 years.

Please let me know what you think about this scheme, and also let me know of any modifications, or alternative ways of getting a truck, that you may think of.

One alternative plan would be for Dad to send me a signed, notarized statement to the effect that he takes responsibility for rental of the truck. He is a sufficiently solid-citizen type for that. The only trouble with this plan is the following: An owner, or ~~manag~~ a manager with plenty of authority, would probably accept some such arrangement; but I may not be able to see owner or manager. I will probably be talking to ~~sa~~ some clerk who will say "Sorry, but I don't have the authority to do this, I'm only

supposed to rent to people who...etc. etc."

A variation on this ~~scheme~~ plan might be to have Dad rent the truck by long-distance phone, arranging Dave-- >See other letter enclosed where it's explained that I'm not coming to visit you.

By the way, I remember a few years ago you spoke to me about some woman psychologist whom you saw on television who claimed to have impressive evidence in favor of re-incar-nation. You said she cited all kinds of impressive-sounding (alleged) facts. Well, a few years ago when I was back in Lombard there I found a book called The Geller Papers , edited by some guy named Parati or something like that. It was difficult not to take the book seriously because the papers (those I read, anyway) were by people in the "hard" sciences who claimed to have done experiments under ~~eenla~~ controlled conditions with this guy Uri Geller, and they found he exhibited powers not explainable on the basis of known scientific principles. What was impressive was the fact that there was nothing sensationalistic about the papers and the authors seemed to take a very conservative attitude and made no flat assertions that Geller had any supernormal powers. So I was forced to take the book seriously, though I didn't like to do so. On the other hand, the thing just didn't seem right to me - it all just didn't seem to fit with things that are definitely known, and moreover they seemed to have omitted some obvious and simple experiments that I thought ought to have been done. So I always meant to try to do some checking up to see if the book was on the level. But I didn't get around to it.

However, a few months ago I learned of an organization that

LIST OF MEANINGS

0 = FOR			
1 = BE (all present tense forms, including <u>am</u> , <u>is</u> , <u>are</u> , etc.)			
2 = BE (all past tense forms)			
3 = BE (future tense, i.e., <u>will be</u>)			
4 = THE			
5 = A or AN			
6 = HAVE (all present tense forms)			
7 = HAVE (all past tense forms, i.e. <u>had</u>)			
8 = HAVE (future tense)			
9 = ED, or, when tagged onto the end of any verb, indicates the past tense, even if the past tense of that verb is not indicated by "ed" in normal English.			
10 tagged onto the end of any verb indicates the future tense of that verb.			
11 = ING	32 = WORD-SPACER	60 = R	84 = WHEN
12 = ER	33 = WORD-SPACER	61 = R	85 = WHERE
13 = LY	34 = PERIOD	62 = S	86 = WHAT
14 = TION	35 = COMMA	63 = S	87 = ST
15 = THERE	36 = QUESTION MARK	64 = T	88 = THAT
16 = THEN	37 = PARENTHESIS (65 = T	89 delete
17 = AND	38 = PARENTHESIS)	66 = U	
18 = BUT	39 = A	67 = V	
19 = OR	40 = A	68 = W	
20 = TO	41 = B	69 = X	
21 = FROM	42 = C	70 = Y	
22 = TOWARD	43 = D	71 = Z	
23 = OF	44 = D	72 = delete	
24 = IN	45 = E	73 = delete	
25 = OUT	46 = E	74 = CH	
26 = NO	47 = E	75 = SH	
27 = BIG	48 = F	76 = TH	
28 = SMALL	49 = G	(UNVOICED)	
29 = I, ME, MINE, MY	50 = H	77 = TH	
30 = YOU, YOUR, YOURS	51 = I	(VOICED)	
31 = HE, SHE, IT, HIM, HER, HIS, HERS, ITS.	52 = J	78 delete	
	53 = K	79 = OM	
	54 = L	80 = PLOD	
	55 = M	81 = ILL	
	56 = N	82 = ETONA	
	57 = O	83 = "	
	58 = P	(quotation marks)	
	59 = Q		

(1)

DECODING PROCEDURE
for code used in some of my journals

The coded message will consist of a sequence of numbers, ranging from 0 to 99. Spaces, like gaps between words, may occur in the sequence; but the spaces do not actually represent gaps between words; they are introduced only to mislead anyone trying to break the code.

The meaning of a given number will depend on its position in the sequence; hence the following remarks are important. In a given series of writings, it may be that only a small part of the material is in code -- the rest will be in ordinary English. For decoding purposes, the English passages are simply ignored; all of the coded passages are regarded as forming a single sequence. (See example below.) Such a sequence will hereinafter be referred to as a coded section. All the coded passages that appear in any one notebook are to be treated as a single coded section. In any bundle of consecutively numbered sheets of paper, all coded passages are to be treated as a single coded section. But when you shift from one notebook to another (or from one bundle of sheets to another) you begin a new coded section.

To decode any coded section, proceed as follows.

1. Circle the third number that appears in the section; this number has a special significance.

(2)

2. Delete all punctuation marks; these have no meaning and are introduced only to confuse code-breakers.

3. Delete all of the numbers from 90 through 99 (inclusive) wherever they appear. These, too, are meaningless and are introduced only for confusion.

4. We shall describe as follows a sequence of numbers, which we shall call the unscrambling sequence.

Find the sheet which is marked "Code numbers" on the back. The front of this sheet bears a rectangular array of numbers. Set this sheet in front of you so that the numbers are shown right-side-up. The numbers are in rows running from left to right. Refer to the number that you circled in Step 1. Starting at the top of the sheet, count down until you reach the row that corresponds to the circled number; for instance, if the circled number is 5, you go to the fifth row from the top.

4(a). Now delete the circled number from the section you are decoding.

4(b). The first number of the unscrambling sequence is the number at the left end of the row that you have gone to. The rest of the unscrambling sequence is obtained by reading the row from left to right; then read the next row from left to right; then the next row, etc. In other words, you read off the numbers in the same order that you read the words in a book. When you reach the end of the page,

(3)

go to the upper right hand corner of the sheet and read down the column. Then take the next column to the left and read down that; then the next column, and so forth until the page is finished. then go to the upper left hand corner and read along the diagonals from left to right and down to up. When the page is finished, go to the upper right hand corner and read along the diagonals from left to right and up to down. When all that is finished, start again at the upper left hand corner and again read as you read a book. Thus the cycle will repeat itself.

ORDER OF THE UNSCRAMBLING SEQUENCE:
(ASSUME CIRCLED NUMBER IS 5)

[Diagrams]

FIRST
PHASE
START
HERE ->

· HORIZONTAL
· LINES
· LEFT
· TO
· RIGHT
·
·

fifth row
sixth row
seventh row
etc.

SECOND
PHASE

.....
VERTICAL
TOP
TO
BOTTOM

THIRD PHASE

START ->

· DIAGONAL
· UPWARD
· LEFT
· TO
· RIGHT
·
·

FOURTH
PHASE

.....
· DIAGONAL
· DOWNWARD
· LEFT
· TO
· RIGHT
·

S
T
A
R
T
↓

START ↘

(4)

4(c). Now to proceed with the decoding. After making all the deletions described above from our coded section, we are left with a sequence of numbers that constitutes a coded message. To the first number of this given sequence, add the first number of the unscrambling sequence; to the second number of the given sequence, add the second number of the unscrambling sequence; to the third number of the given sequence, add the third number of the unscrambling sequence; and so on down the line. Whenever the addition gives a number greater than 89, subtract 90, so that you end up with a number between 0 and 89. (See example.)

5. Step 4(c) gives us a new sequence of numbers. For each of these numbers, substitute the letter or letters given in the list of meanings.

6. Remarks: "Word Spacer" of course indicates the separation between 2 words. Two different numbers are used as word-spacers, to confuse would-be code-breakers. Also to confuse code-breakers: sometimes words are permitted to run together, without any spacer between them; sometimes words are

(5)

intentionally mis-spelled; sometimes foreign words are used; and sometimes meaningless nonsense words are included.

Numbers marked "delete" on the list of meanings are to be crossed off as meaningless. (After the unscrambling sequence has been applied.)

E X A M P L E

66, 54, 7, 91, 73, 83, 63, 40, 55, 32, 74,
44, 27, 22, 47, 48, 88, 27. 54, 98, 64, 56 --
63, 56, 60, 48, 24, 27, 24. Outside the
CTA Station, 4, 90, 32, 21, 41, 34, 22, 14, 14,
40, 53, 37, 45, 60, 29, 53, 81,
59, 8, 47, 66, 24, 25, 25, 64, 14, 34, 20, 5, 86,
28, 61, 38, 73. 56, 25, 61, 8, 29, 36, 31, 73, 26,
29, 31, 16, 68, 3, 78, 86, 3, 85, 27
18, 21, 33, 5, 34, 32, 17, 15, 86, 16, 45, 24, 88, 47, 70,
20, 13, 26, 32, 51, 27, 31, 24, 25, 52, 41.
86, 1, 46, 34, 49, 9, 33, 15, 27, 38, 27,
27, 6, 26, 41, 46, 42, 31, 50, 44, 63, 39, 61, 86, 63,
72, 24, 74, 82, 75, 60, 58, 19, 14, 64, 73,
12, 34, 51, 47, 68, 7,, 84, 76,
19, 32, 70, 83, 59, 73, 78, 16, 49. 43, 49, 4,

(6)

46, 76, 80, 50, 1, 30, 12, 17, 46, 10, 12, 10, 63, 29,
67, 48, 49, 44, 19. But yesterday I ate too
much. Bla Bla Bla.... 9, 38, 52, 66,
32, 55, 56, 65, 99, 71, 15, 41, 26, 80, 36, 54, 72,
57, 9, 88, 74, 36, 42, 28, 27, 26, 19, 67, 68,
12, 75, 6, 12, 39, 38, 49, 68, 35, 37, 87, 84, 84, 54,
56, 63, 61, 88, 26, 57, 64, 65, 32, 35,
39, 53, 23, 81, 16, 41, 26, 11, 76, 56.

To decode the foregoing: First we circle the
third number, delete all passages in ordinary
English, delete all punctuation marks and all
numbers from 90 through 99. Marking the
position of the deleted English passages
with ||, we now have:

65, 54, (7), 73, 83, 63, 40, 55, 32, 74, 44, 27, 22, 47, 48,
88, 27, 54, 64, 56, 63, 56, 60, 48, 24, 27, 24, || 4, 32, 21,
41, 34, 22, 14, 14, 40, 53, 37, 45, 60, 29, 53, 81, 59, 8, 47,
66, 24, 25, 25, 64, 14, 34, 20, 5, 86, 28, 61, 38, 73, 56, 25, 61,
8, 29, 36, 31, 73, 26, 29, 31, 16, 68, 3, 78, 86, 3, 85, 27, 18,
21, 33, 5, 34, 32, 17, 15, 86, 16, 45, 24, 88, 47, 70, 20, 13, 26,
32, 51, 27, 31, 24, 25, 52, 41, 86, 1, 46, 34, 49, 9, 33, 15, 27,
38, 27, 27, 6, 26, 41, 46, 42, 31, 50, 44, 63, 39, 61, 86, 63, 72, 24
74, 82, 75, 60, 58, 19, 14, 64, 73, 12, 34, 51, 47, 68, 7, 84, 76, 19,
32, 70, 83, 59, 73, 78, 16, 49, 43, 49, 4, 46, 76, 80, 50, 1, 30, 12, 17, 46
10, 12, 10, 63, 29, 67, 48, 49, 44, 19, || 9, 38, 52, 66, 32, 55, 56,
65, 71, 15, 41, 26, 80, 36, 54, 72, 57, 9, 88, 74, 36, 42, 28, 27, 26, 19
67, 68, 12, 75, 6, 12, 39, 38, 49, 68, 35, 37, 87, 84, 84, 54, 56, 63, 61,
88, 26, 57, 64, 65, 32, 35, 39, 53, 23, 81, 16, 41, 26, 11, 76, 56.

(7)

Since 7 is circled, the unscrambling sequence starts on the 7th row of the sheet of code numbers. We now cross off this number 7. Next, we write the first few lines of the coded section with the corresponding numbers of the unscrambling sequence underneath for convenience in adding. Performing the additions and referring to the list of meanings, we get this:

66,	54,	73,	83,	63,	40,	55,	32,	74,	44,	27,	22,	47,	48
<u>4</u>	<u>83</u>	<u>79</u>	<u>80</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>56</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>9</u>
70	137	152	163	64	45	61	43	130	46	32	29	49	57
	<u>-90</u>	<u>-90</u>	<u>-90</u>					<u>-90</u>					
	47	62	73					40					
Y	E	S		T	E	R	D	A	E	/	I	MY	G O

88,	27,	54,	64,	56,	63,	56,	60,	48,	24,	27,	24,		4,	32,	21,	41,	34
<u>11</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>7</u>		<u>8</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>7</u>
9	33	59	67	60	63	58	61	56	32	36	31		12	33	21	47	41
PAST													HE				
TENSE	/	Q	V	R	S	P	R	N	/	?	IT		ER	/	FROM	E	B

27,	14,	14,	40,	53,	37,	45,	60,	29,	53,	81,	59,	8,	47,	66,	24
<u>5</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>49</u>	<u>43</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>76</u>	<u>72</u>	<u>84</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>72</u>	<u>9</u>
32	56	33	53	68	45	46	60	32	39	63	53	9	51	48	33
/	N	/	K	W	E	E	R	/	A	S	K	ED	I	F	/

As mentioned in the instructions, an occasional nonsense word is to be expected, but here the words before and after the nonsense do not fit together so as to make sense, so something is wrong. Having checked our decoding work and found it correct, we conclude that the person who encoded the message made some error. Now, if a letter has been unintentionally omitted in the coded message, that would throw the unscrambling sequence out of phase with the coded section. By experimenting, we find that this has actually happened, and we correct it:

(8)

66 54 73 83 63 40 55 32 74 44 27 22 47
4 83 79 80 1 5 6 11 56 2 5 7 2
 70 47 62 73 64 45 61 43 40 46 32 29 49
 Y E S T E R D A E / I G

48 88 27 ? 54 64 56 63 56 60 48 24 27 24
9 1 6 5 3 4 0 2 1 8 8 9 7 8
 57 9 33 ? 57 68 56 65 57 68 56 33 34 32

PAST
O TENSE / O W N T O W N / . /

|| 4 32 21 41 34 22 14 14 40 53 37 45 60 29 53
1 0 6 7 5 42 19 13 15 8 1 0 3 76 72
 5 32 27 48 39 64 33 27 55 61 38 45 63 15 35

A
 ||AN / BIG F A T / BIG M R) E S THERE ,

The missing letter was evidently D, so the passage translates as: "YESTERDAY I WENT DOWNTOWN.

|| A BIG FAT... " and then it degenerates into prolonged nonsense. We conjecture that the unscrambling sequence has again gotten out of phase with the coded section. By experimenting, we correct it as follows:

✓ superfluous - delete
 || 4 32 21 41 34 22 14 (14) 40 53 37 45 60 29
1 0 6 7 5 42 19 13 15 8 1 0 3
 ||A / BIG F A T / K W E E R /

53 81 59 8 47 66 24 25 25 64 14 34 20 5 86 28
76 72 84 1 4 72 9 6 8 68 43 32 34 39 37 35
 39 63 53 9 51 48 33 31 33 42 57 66 54 44 33 63

HE
 SHE
 A S K ED I F / IT / C O U L D / S

61 38 73 56 25 61 8 29 36 31 73 26 29 31 16 68
5 4 70 66 4 62 34 28 6 22 16 8 8 0 16 24
 66 42 53 32 29 33 42 57 42 53 89 34 37 31 32 2

HE
 SHE WAS
 U C K / ME / C O C K . (IT / WERE

3 78 86 3 85 27 18 21 33 5 34 32 17 15 86 16
40 64 82 60 54 39 71 41 31 6 0 6 12 18 30 48
 43 52 78 63 49 66 89 62 64 11 34 38 29 33 26 64

I
 D J S G U S T ING .) MY / NO T

Correcting an obvious error, we translate this as
 "|| A BIG FAT QUEER ASKED IF HE COULD

(9)

SUCK MY COCK. (HE WAS DISGUSTING.)
I NOT ..."

Continuing in the same way, we get:

17	15	86	16	45	24	88	47	70	20	13	26	32	51	27
<u>12</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>30</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>78</u>	<u>30</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>30</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>6</u>
29	33	26	64	33	54	46	65	10	32	31	32	44	57	33

									HIM					
									HER					
I	/	NO	T	/	L	E	T	FUTURE TENSE	/	IT	/	D	O	/

31	24	25	52	41	86	1	46	34	49	9	33	15	27	38
<u>0</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>49</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>63</u>
31	33	34	72	89	77	50	73	51	62	32	55	57	60	11

IT
HIM
HER / . TH H I S / M O R ING

27	27	6	26	41	46	42	31	50	44	63	39	61	86
<u>63</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>
0	29	11	27	48	46	57	34	58	47	67	48	62	88

ME
FOR MY ING BIG F E O . P E V F S THAT

Correcting one obvious error, we translate this as:
"I WILL NOT LET HIM DO IT. THIS ..." and
prolonged nonsense. Finding by experiment that another
letter has been left out, putting the unscrambling
sequence out of phase, we correct this as:

86	1	46	34	49	9	33	15	27	?	38	27	27	6	26	41
<u>81</u>	<u>49</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>63</u>	<u>63</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>0</u>
77	50	73	51	62	32	55	57	60	?	11	29	32	7	33	41

I
TH H I S / M O R .. ING MY / HAD / B

46	42	31	50	44	63	39	61	86	63	72	24	74	82	75	60	58
<u>15</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>68</u>	<u>61</u>	<u>47</u>	<u>74</u>	<u>64</u>	<u>68</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>80</u>	<u>5</u>
61	45	39	53	48	72	40	63	64	34	29	8	48	60	66	50	63

I WILL
R E A K F A S T . MY HAVE F R U H S

19	14	64	73	12	34	51	47	68	7	84	76	19	32	70	83	59
<u>45</u>	<u>52</u>	<u>67</u>	<u>68</u>	<u>70</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>61</u>	<u>71</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>42</u>
64	66	41	51	82	54	62	63	82	9	19	47	0	73	4	24	11

T U B I ETONA L S S ETONA ED OR E FOR THE IN ING

73	78	16	49	43	49	4	46	76	80	50	1	30	12	17	46	10	12
<u>48</u>	<u>46</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>29</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>66</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>45</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>72</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>34</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>37</u>
31	34	70	78	50	58	12	22	40	35	4	73	58	15	48	80	13	49

HE
SHE . Y H P ER TOWARD A , THE P THERE F PLOD LY G

(10)

The missing letter is evidently N, so this translates as: "THIS MORNING I HAD BREAKFAST. I WILL HAVE ...", and again we degenerate into nonsense. By experimenting, we find that the encoder has omitted a number of the unscrambling sequence, again throwing things out of phase. Correcting, we get:

72	24			74	82	75	60	58	19	14	?	64	73	12	34
<u>47</u>	<u>74</u>			<u>64</u>	<u>68</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>80</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>45</u>	<u>52</u>	<u>67</u>	<u>68</u>	<u>70</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>11</u>
29	8			48	60	66	50	63	64	66	?	42	53	32	45
I	WILL	HAVE	F	R	U	H	S	T	U			C	K	/	E

51	47	68	7	84	76	19	32	70	83	59	73	78	16	49
<u>16</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>2</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>61</u>	<u>71</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>48</u>	<u>46</u>	<u>54</u>	<u>29</u>	<u>7</u>
67	61	70	32	55	57	60	56	11	35	17	29	42	45	56
											I	C		
V	R	Y	/	M	O	R	N	ING	,	AND	MY	~	E	N

43	49	4	46		76	80	50	1	30	12	17	46	10	12	10
<u>9</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>66</u>	<u>54</u>		<u>45</u>	<u>44</u>	<u>72</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>34</u>	<u>3</u>	<u>37</u>	<u>40</u>	<u>4</u>
52	57	70	10		31	34	32	29	33	43	51	49	47	52	14
					HIM										
J	O	Y	FUTURE]	HER			I				J			
			TENSE]	IT	.	/	MY	/	D	I	G	E	~	TION

63	29	67	48	49	44	19		9	38	52	66	32	55
<u>60</u>	<u>62</u>	<u>62</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>15</u>		<u>20</u>	<u>84</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>81</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>1</u>
33	1	39	57	57	44	34		29	32	43	57	32	56
/	IS	~	O	O	D	.		MY	/	D	O	/	N

If the decoder knows that "Frühstück" is German for breakfast, and if he observes that with each of the 3 letters underlined with ~ the encoder has made an error in the first digit of the number, he can now read: "I WILL HAVE BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING, AND I WILL ENJOY IT. MY DIGESTION IS GOOD. || I DO ..."

Continuing in the same way, we get:

(11)

|| 9 38 52 66 32 55 56 65 71 15 41 26 80
|| 20 84 81 81 0 1 1 0 5 9 12 7 8
29 32 43 57 32 56 57 65 76 24 53 33 88
|| I / D O / N O T T H I N K / T H A T

36 54 72 57 9 88 74 36 42 28 27 26 19 67 68
3 2 6 13 48 58 63 57 81 12 14 21 35 56 42
39 56 78 70 57 56 47 3 33 40 41 47 54 33 20
A N Y O N E W I L L B E / A B E L / T O

12 75 6 12 39 38 49 68 35 37 87 84 84 54
21 14 35 49 7 1 4 9 16 25 35 48 63 80
33 89 41 61 46 39 53 77 51 62 32 42 57 44
/ B R E A K T H I S / C O D

56 63 61 88 26 57 64 65 32 35 39 53
79 62 47 34 24 15 83 3 0 7 1 3
45 35 18 32 50 72 57 68 32 42 40 56
E , B U T / H O W / C A N

23 81 16 41 26 11 76 56
6 10 16 22 40 50 60 70
29 1 32 63 66 61 46 36
BE
I IS
MY etc. / S U R E ?

Putting it all together, our coded section now translates as: "YESTERDAY I WENT DOWNTOWN. || A BIG FAT QUEER ASKED IF HE COULD SUCK MY COCK. (HE WAS DISGUSTING.) I WILL NOT LET HIM DO IT. THIS MORNING I HAD BREAKFAST. I WILL HAVE BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING, AND I WILL ENJOY IT. MY DIGESTION IS GOOD. || I DO NOT THINK THAT ANYONE WILL BE ABLE TO BREAK THIS CODE, BUT HOW CAN I BE SURE?"

Now we re-insert the previously deleted passages of ordinary English at the places marked ||, to get the complete message:

(12)

"YESTERDAY I WENT DOWNTOWN.
OUTSIDE THE CTA STATION, A BIG FAT QUEER
ASKED IF HE COULD SUCK MY COCK. (HE
WAS DISGUSTING.) I WILL NOT LET HIM
DO IT. THIS MORNING I HAD BREAKFAST.
I WILL HAVE BREAKFAST EVERY
MORNING, AND I WILL ENJOY IT. MY
DIGESTION IS GOOD. BUT YESTERDAY
I ATE TOO MUCH. BLA BLA BLA
I DO NOT THINK THAT ANYONE WILL
BE ABLE TO BREAK THIS CODE, BUT
HOW CAN I BE SURE?"

This example was riddled with errors,
but that is good, because it illustrates the
process of correcting the problem when the
unscrambling sequence gets out of phase
with the coded section. Hopefully, most
messages to be decoded will not have so
many errors. But, as we have just seen,
it should be possible (with effort) to
decode the section even when many errors
appear. If serious problems arise, a mathe-
matical mind should be able to help --
consult the math dept. of some
university.